

PHOTOPLAY

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE • 20¢

NE

*The Life
Secret of
Janet Leigh*

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Beefcake!**

**FAVORITE
MALE STARS
IN
FULL COLOR**



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cream deodorant with
long-lasting M-3



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PHOTOPLAY

JUNE, 1954

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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future pictures: "Living It Up," Paramount; "The Black Shield of Falworth," U-I
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to steal the love
that belongs to
another woman!!!*



CO-STARRING

PIER ANGELI · CARLOS THOMPSON · with **BONAR COLLEANO**

Screen Play by

Directed by

Produced by

HELEN DEUTSCH · Based on a Novel by **AUGUSTE BAILLY ·** **RICHARD BROOKS ·** **JOE PASTERNAK**

AN M-G-M PICTURE



Dating Marilyn, Sidney goes formal—but who looks at him?



Bogey and Jennifer in "Beat the Devil" arouse memories

The truth about Monroe and rival Sheree North (right)



That's Hollywood For You

I GET Lex Barker and George Montgomery confused, but I don't think Lana Turner and Dinah Shore do . . . Piper Laurie is a movie star who wants to be an actress . . . I favor Sunset Boulevard as the road to take to the beach. A little longer than Wilshire, but more picturesque . . . There's no sexier-looking dish at a party than Linda Christian. And no one shakes the torso better on a night-club dance floor than Mari Blanchard. . . . I suggest Jeff Chandler and Frank Sinatra for the *Sky Masterson* and *Nathan Detroit* roles in "Guys and Dolls." Sue me!

Remember way back when studios boasted about their contract list of stars? . . . "This is the most wonderful business in the world, but if we start forgetting it—we people who are in it—how can we expect the public to remember?" Joan Crawford said it, and truer words she never uttered . . . Actresses who tell me funny stories and slap me on the back aren't sexy . . . Place a bet on Charlotte Austin, who looks like a younger edition of Paulette Goddard, to make stardom . . . I'll admit I was startled when I overheard Alfred Hitchcock say, "I want to make a typical Hitchcock-type movie."

Jennifer Jones wearing a blonde wig is a ringer for Gloria Grahame . . . "Beat

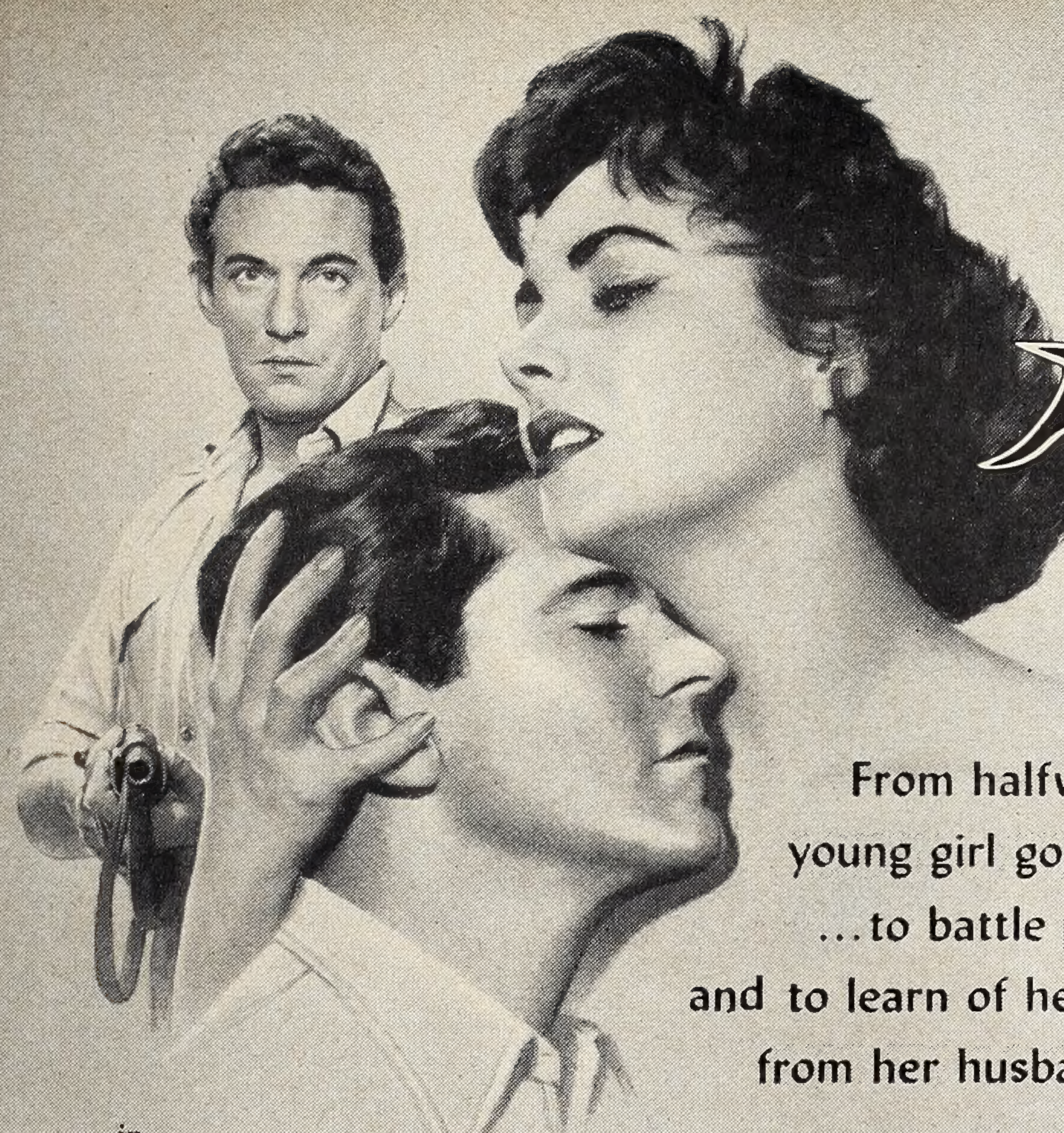
the Devil" made me want to see "The Maltese Falcon" again . . . I like Tony Curtis much, but I like Janet Leigh more. I believe Tony will understand. It seems to me every show on tv satirizes "Dragnet," including "Dragnet" . . . When Marie Wilson arrived late on the set, the assistant director said, "You should have been here at nine o'clock." Marie replied, "Why? What happened?"

I watched Marilyn Monroe being sewed into her gown to attend the PHOTOPLAY Awards Dinner . . . The gal doing the sewing, the gal doing the wearing and the dress itself are all artists in my opinion . . . I wore a regular tuxedo instead of my grey suit. I don't know why. Standing next to Marilyn in that gown, I could have been wearing the grey trousers with the dinner jacket and no one would have known it . . . This was Marilyn DiMaggio's first public appearance since her marriage, and the Crystal Room of the Bev Hills Hotel really jumped . . . Just for the record, I'd like it known that I didn't take Marilyn—she took me . . . I was pinch-hitting again for Joe DiMaggio. I must look up my batting record some night . . . On the way into the Crystal Room, Marilyn and I ran into Sheree North. This was their first meeting, and I introduced them. The great dialogue between them, again

for the record, consisted of "How do you do?" . . . The place was crowded with glamour . . .

June Allyson watched husband Dick Powell m.c. the event with wonder and admiration oozing out of her like tooth paste from a tube . . . The Monroe accepted her Gold Medal from Fred Sammis, saying, "What means most to me is that I got this award for my performance." You must have heard this line quoted, but you had to see Marilyn saying it to appreciate it . . . When the party was over, I delivered Marilyn back to her rooms in the hotel and she gave the Gold Medal to Joe, saying, "Save it, honey."

I'd say Jean Peters is the actress who has made the most improvement, and in the same sentence I'd say Zsa Zsa Gabor is the actress who should make the most improvement . . . Movie casting sometimes causes real amazement. In "No Business Like Show Business" Dan Dailey plays Donald O'Connor's father, although off-screen Dan and Donald both date Gwen O'Connor . . . To illustrate what Hollywood is like, let me tell you about a favorite who refused a part, saying, "In my last two pictures I played the role of an actress. I can't again. I'll be typed. People will think I am one." That's Hollywood for you.



ELIZABETH
Taylor
DANA
Andrews
PETER
Finch

From halfway across the world, a lovely
young girl goes into the Ceylon jungles
...to battle plague and savage elephants...
and to learn of her own secret passions—
from her husband's best friend!

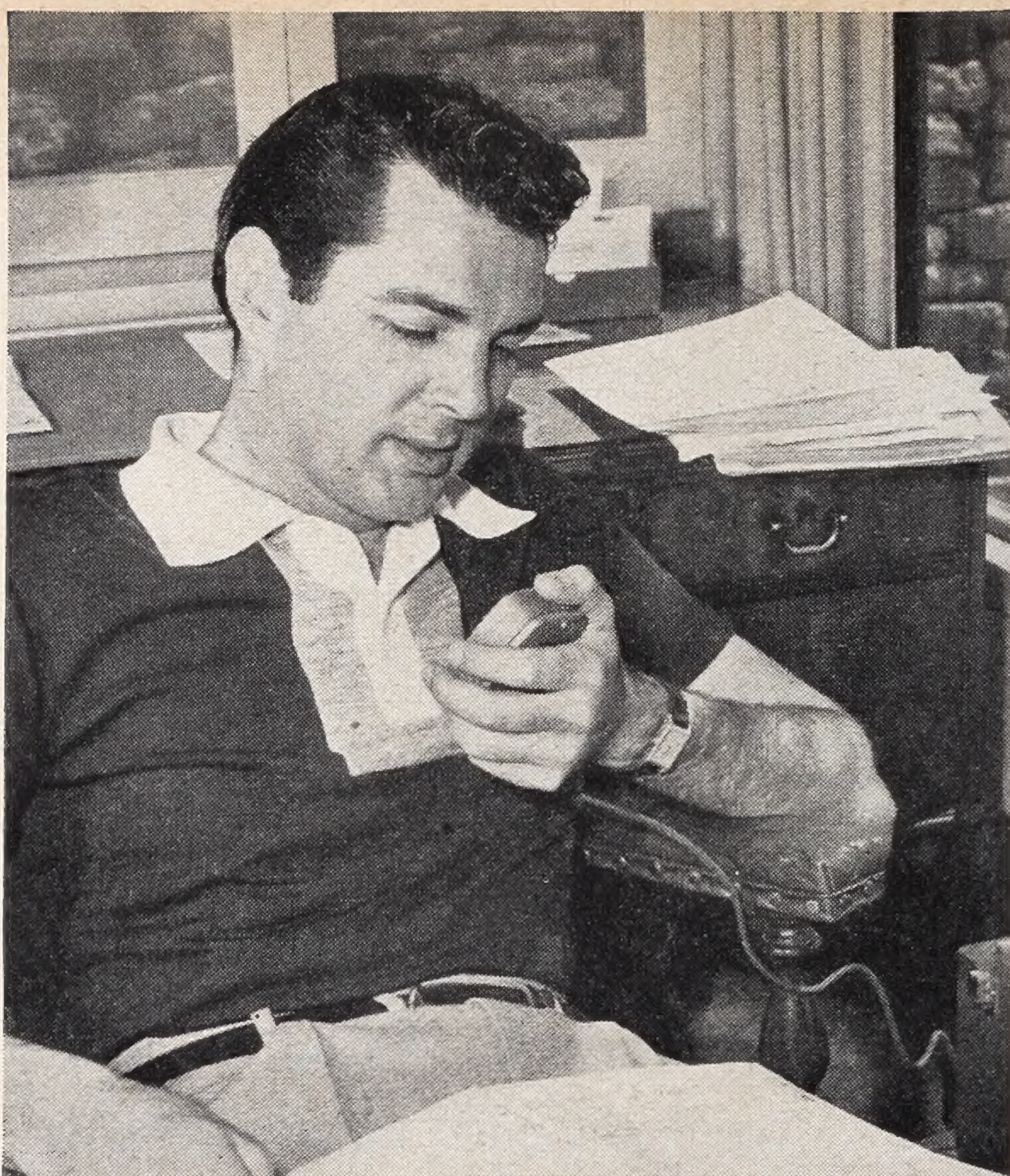
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**ELEPHANT
WALK**
COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**



Produced by **IRVING ASHER** • Directed by **WILLIAM DIETERLE** • Screenplay by **JOHN LEE MAHIN**

Based on the Novel by Robert Standish • A Paramount Picture





Byron Palmer can raise his voice every place but in Hollywood

SINGER ON ICE

BY

HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

B Byron Palmer was on-stage during the dazzling ceremonies of Oscar Night, and, along with other young actors, he stood around being decorative while Connie Russell sang one of the nominated ballads, "Sadie Thompson's Song." And this was a fine frustrating situation. Byron himself is a singer and a good one. This isn't the first time his talents haven't been utilized. Byron scored his first movie hit with a borrowed singing voice: In "Tonight We Sing" Jan Peerce's robust tenor came out of Byron's handsome face. Although Hollywood refuses to use his voice others have no hesitation. Soon after the Awards, he left for a singing engagement in Florida.

Like Gordon MacRae, Byron broke into radio as a studio page boy, and he had barely started to work his way up when the war came along. But this actually helped, it finally turned out. Without even asking for it, he was assigned to the Armed Forces Radio Service in the Pacific and made part of a singing group called the Music Mates, which he says was the real beginning of his career.

Back in civvies, he returned to straight announcing, starting with a part-time stint on the program broadcast from Earl Carroll's night-club in Los Angeles. The presentations always featured plenty of pretty girls. Byron recalls, "You needed blinders to get past those dressing rooms!"

Then he toured with "Hollywood on Ice"

as m.c. and featured singer. "I'd come out front and belt out two or three songs during the scene change," he says. "But I never did learn to skate. In Louisville, I went out on the ice—and landed on it solidly. Two skaters had to retrieve me."

When a friend in California wired there was a good part open for Byron in a new musical, he flipped. He took the big gamble, quit the ice show and flew west, only to find the part had already been filled. But Byron is the kind for whom adversity is often a turning point, and soon he found an even better role in "Where's Charley?" Two seasons on Broadway in the Ray Bolger hit established Byron as an important personality on the musical stage, and when Hollywood grabbed him, he'd sung leads in popular operettas all over the country.

By then, two studios were after him. When Byron finished "Tonight We Sing" at 20th, he went into "Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki," which U-I will release next year. And though 20th had signed him for only one picture, the sneak-preview audience was so enthusiastic over this newcomer that the studio promptly tied him up with a seven-year contract and gave him the romantic (but non-singing) lead in "Man in the Attic."

Off-screen, too, Byron's cast to type for romance. In April of last year, a final divorce decree put him at the top of the eligible class. The reason for the failure

of his marriage to actress Joanne Ransom is simple and unhappily familiar. "I married when I was only nineteen," he says, "and that's too young." But he has no regrets about one result of his marriage. Talk to him for any length of time, and out comes his wallet with the miniature portrait of a chubby eight-year-old beauty with smooth blonde hair—Linda Lou.

"If anything could have held that marriage together, she would have," he says.

Since his divorce in 1952, Byron's had plenty of dates, of course. At the moment, however, there's no indication that Byron is in a hurry to get to the altar again. He sounds pretty well contented with his bachelor quarters in the Hollywood Hills. Music usually fills the European-style, vine-covered cottage. "First thing in the morning, last thing at night, I have the record-player going—classical or popular, but no loud jazz. I like Dinah Shore and Tony Martin, and I love the songs from the corny old operettas."

Byron obviously has his heart in his career, and he has a strange problem to lick, having made his movie debut with only half his talents on display.

"Now all I need is a chance to show what I can do with my own voice in a singing role. After all, I feel pretty silly not doing the one thing I can do best!"

So it seems likely that his future bride—whoever she may be—will have to wait until he's established as a screen singer.



ALFRED
HITCHCOCK'S
"dial
M
for
Murder"

IF A
WOMAN
ANSWERS...
HANG ON
FOR
DEAR
LIFE!



WARNER BROS. PRESENT 'DIAL M FOR MURDER' THE INTERNATIONAL STAGE SUCCESS

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MILLAND • KELLY • CUMMINGS

WITH JOHN WILLIAMS • WRITTEN BY FREDERICK KNOTT AUTHOR OF THE STAGE PLAY • MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN



The Joan Benny-Seth Baker wedding took a big bite out of Jack's bankroll. So Joan figures Dad rates big bite of fabulous cake!



Starry-eyed Ann Blyth was one of almost six hundred guests at the Beverly Hills reception

Hollywood Party Line

BY EDITH GWYNN



Irrepressible Bob Hope salutes the bride's mother, Mary Livingstone, while Ann Sothern stands by. Guests list read like Hollywood Who's Who

WELL, THERE'S NO USE starting off with anything but the story-book wedding and the fabulous reception and dinner dance which Jack and Mary Benny gave their lovely dotter Joan. It was in the Crystal Room at the Beverly Hills that 19-year-old Joan took handsome 26-year-old Seth Baker as her groom—in a room bedecked with thousands of white blossoms, including hyacinths, lilies of the valley, white tulips and rare white lilacs flown in from Holland! Into this bower came the bride in her \$2500 gown of brocaded silk (Don Loper had the material especially woven for her in France).

make! There were thirty-five yards of the white silk, fashioned into Infanta lines, a wide scooped neckline with small up-standing collar, long sleeves with points at the wrists, bodice fitted tightly to her tiny waist. Then great folds of the brocade to form the enormous skirt under which were two pleated white net petticoats, plus two petti's of white silk.

Her bridesmaids were floating in longish, simply cut, full-skirted dresses of real white Alençon lace over pale pink, and the maid of honor similarly togged in the same lace over pale blue.

Also into this bower came almost six hundred guests to feast on caviar at a buffet table laden with imaginative food and

to sip an unending flow of imported champagne. To say nothing of the five-tiered wedding cake—one of the largest ever put together.

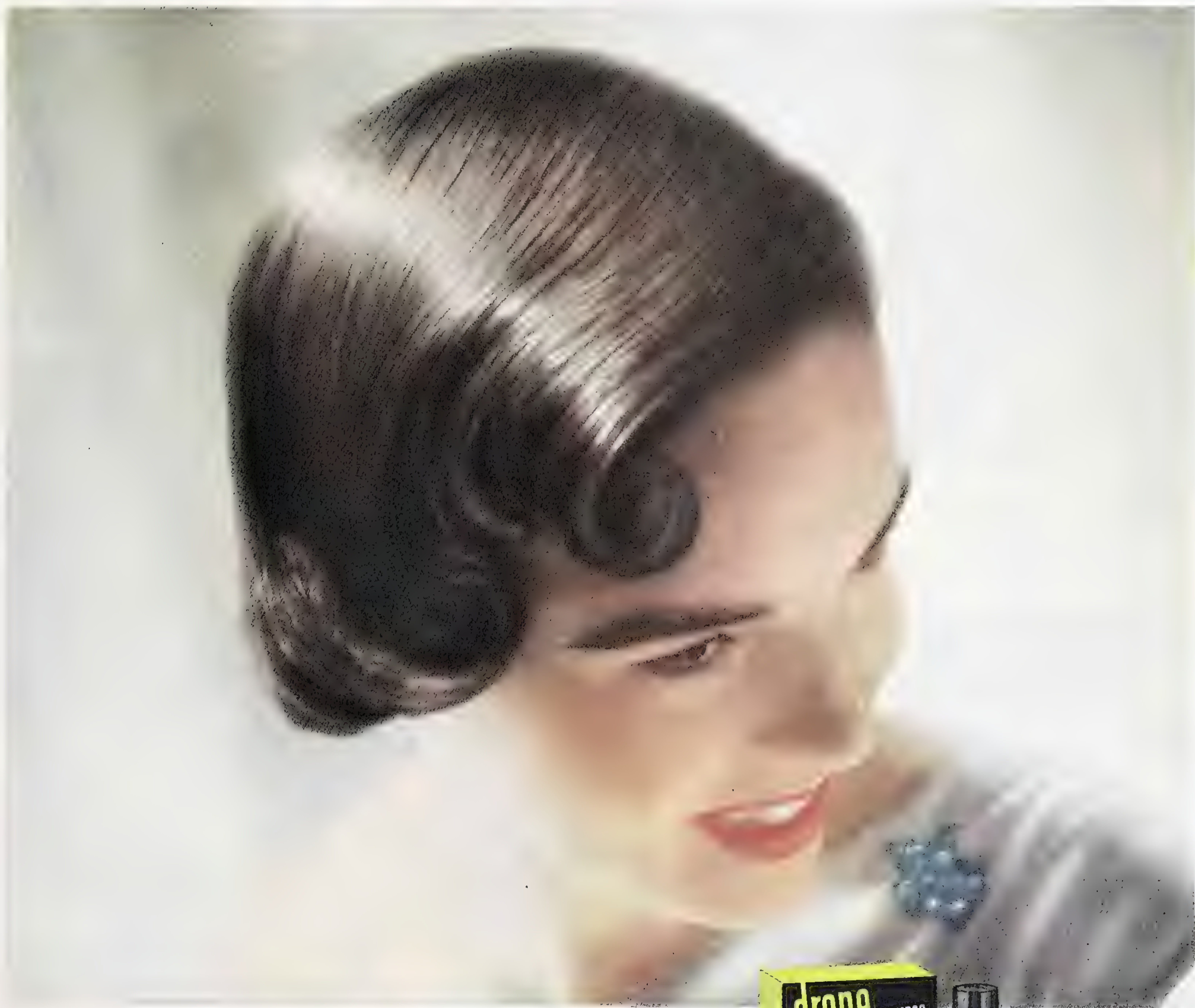
If there was a top star or executive in Hollywood (aside from many of the younger players) who wasn't there, I'll be plumbdarned! No one can ever accuse Jack Benny of being a cheap skate again—for he happily shelled out close to \$50,000 for this event—and all Hollywood is still talking about it. (Not the shelling out—but The Ball!)

Jack and Mary (she stunning in a voluminous gown of pale pink chiffon with long chiffon cape that fastened at the neck) wept a (Continued on page 10)

New! a shampoo that
Silken your hair!

So alluring—so enchanting . . . this silken shimmer for your hair!

Just one shampoo with New Drene and your hair—
yes, yours—will shine like silk, feel like silk, act like silk!



This is a *New Drene* formula—
so **Mild** you could
shampoo every day!



A PRODUCT OF
PROCTER & GAMBLE

Hollywood Party Line

(Continued from page 8)



Jean Simmons, with Stewart Granger, was an elegant figure at Gold Medal party in pale pink mousseline de soie over satin. Below, Doris Day, Esther Williams, Donna Reed, June Allyson make some repairs



bit as Joan and Seth exchanged platinum bands in a double-ring ceremony—later sent them on their merry way to a Honolulu honeymoon. Some wondered how the bride and groom managed to last out the hours of smiling, shaking hands, posing for hundreds of pictures by almost as many photogs—while the guests dined and polished the dance floor to Freddie Karger's wonderful music. When it was all over, someone asked Seth what he thought of big fancy weddings. The tired lad replied, "You wouldn't print it, doll!"

After such a lavish spread, it was hideous to pick up the papers a couple of days later and find Seth being splashed all over the front pages by his ex-wife, Joan Baker, who's claiming her divorce in the Virgin Islands isn't legal yet!

But nothing on the night of the wedding could have marred the beauty of the celebs drifting past my eyes. There were Ann Blyth with Jim McNulty; Evie Johnson, a knockout in white with much glitter. (Linda Christian wore black, saying she didn't think anyone but the bride ought to wear white at a wedding!) Jeanne Martin, in a bouffant white, very décolleté and heavily beaded, danced and danced with spouse Dean . . . ditto Gloria and Jimmy Stewart, Alan and Sue Ladd, who'd arrived from Europe the day before; Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, Barbara Stanwyck (in black lace over pearl gray) and Vic Damone, Ethel Merman and Bob Six, the Ronnie Reagans, the Dennis Days

(Dennis was the only man in the place not in tux), the Jack Palances, the Bob Hopes, Frankie Sinatra and Nancy, too, but not together. Gab from the girls agreed that the gowns on Gracie Allen and Joan Caulfield were the purtiest.

Another smallish and different approach to a party was the one given by Ruth Lewis and Gail Gray, who told their free-wheeling friends to come without dates. This resulted in some new pairings at going-home time. Melinda Markey and Jeff Chandler latched on; Geary Steffen, who's been going with Susie Zanuck, left with Sheila Connolly, and Susie joined up with Casey Adams. Nora Haymes left for a late snack on the Sunset Strip with Brad Dexter, and Gwen O'Connor (Don's ex) was whisked away by Bob Calhoun. Only Suzan Ball (and who had a better right?) brought a feller, her fiancé, Richard Long. Suzan was on her crutches, but as I write this, she is doing so beautifully preparing for the use of her artificial limb that she and Dick expect to be wed by the time you read this! And courageous Suzie (whose U-I contract only awaits her recovery) expects to *walk* down the aisle unaided to say her "I do's"!

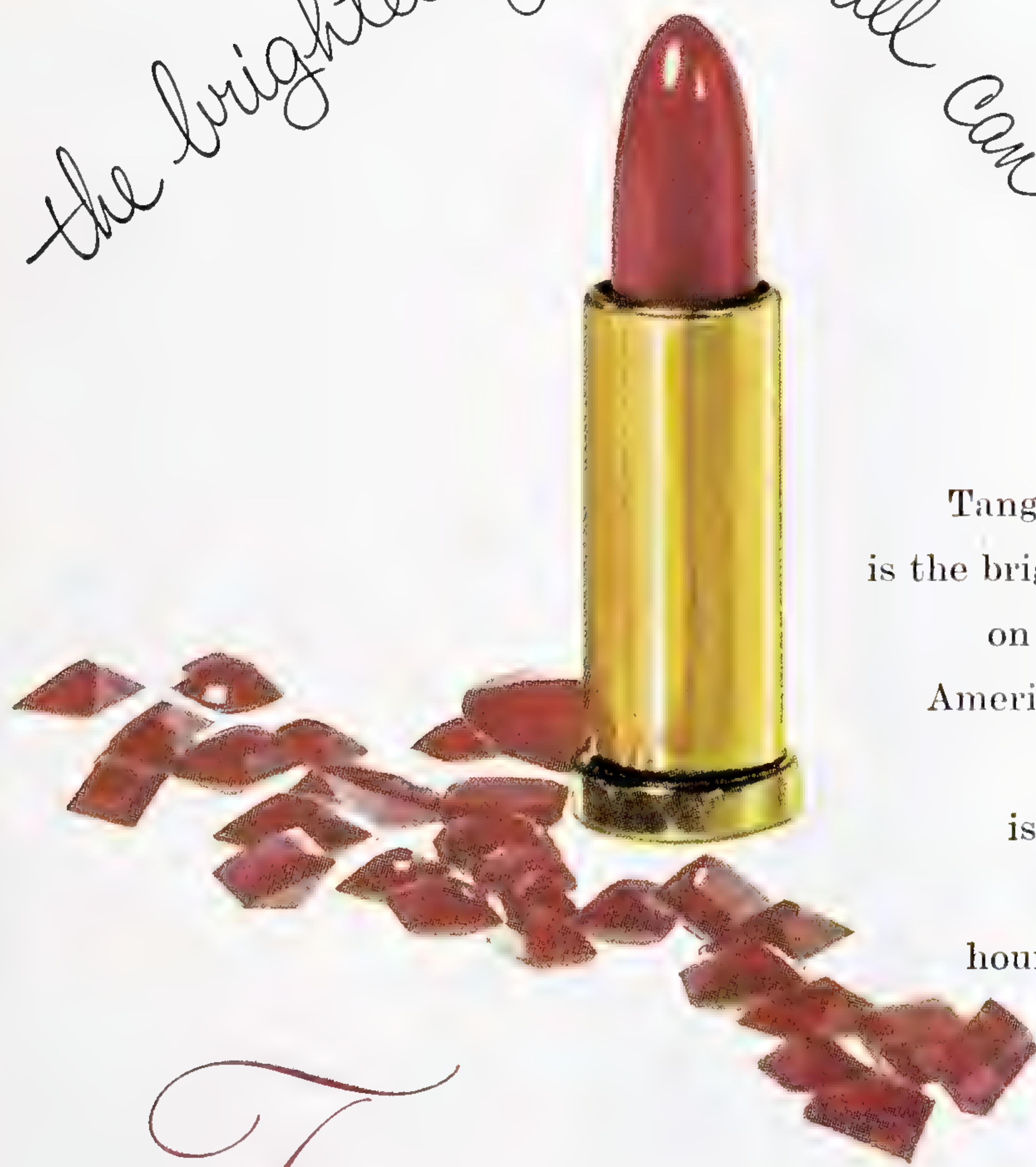
Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill gave their first party in their new home and invited, among others, the crowd who were going along with them to the Brazilian Film Festival. That included June Haver and Fred MacMurray, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Irene Dunne, the Bob Cummingses, Ann Miller, Greer Garson and Buddy Fogelson, Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, Walter Pidgeon, Janie Powell and Eddie Robinson. And y'know something? Several in the group above-mentioned had never met each other!

Of course, I'm not going to go into the details about PHOTOPLAY's wonderful (as usual) Gold Medal Awards Dinner at the Crystal Room on account you'll see and read all about it elsewhere in this issue. But it sure was a dilly—with more stars than ever. And Marilyn Monroe's entrance (again as usual) almost stealing the show. Marilyn looked so well and seems to have won so much more personal popularity as Joe DiMaggio's bride.

And, just as quickly, I have to tell you that glimpsed in the powder room for quick repairs to appearances were Doris Day in a tailored lace over satin formal, Esther Williams in gold tissue faille, Donna Reed in dreamy white with embroidered beading, and June Allyson in the simplest lace over silk. The whole affair was *tres élégante*!



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LAUGHING STOCK

A catty movie queen met Ilka Chase at a party and said, "I loved your autobiography. Who wrote it for you?"

Ilka snapped back: "So glad you liked it, dear. Who read it to you?"

A kiddie on Art Linkletter's show was asked what a zither is.

"Something you use to button up your pants," came the answer.

Irene Ryan was asked about her long radio career.

"Yes, she said, 'I've been in radio since 'One Man's Family' was just a guy standing in front of a drugstore whistling at girls."

Two movie dolls were discussing a third and one of them meowed:

"She's lovely, she's engaged, she uses—*everybody!*"

Sober-faced Jack Palance gave Fox a howl when he answered a publicity questionnaire. Sample questions and Jack's answers:

Q. What is the first thing you notice in a person?

A. Whether the person is male or female.

Q. How often do you have your hair cut?

A. When I don't hear so good.

Hollywoodsman to a friend, "I still yearn for the good old silent days."

Friend: "Then why don't you get a divorce?"

A friend got Bing Crosby on the phone recently from his Elko, Nevada, ranch. Bing apologized for his party line and then quipped, "We've got more listeners on this line than Bob Hope has on his whole radio network."

Fred Allen says he bought a bowling ball and when he got home he found a thumb in it.

Jack Benny, praising Director Mervyn LeRoy's talent for discovering new stars, told a Hollywood group, "He walked into a drugstore for a soda and discovered Lana Turner. That proves what clean living will do. He could have walked into a saloon and discovered Phil Harris."

Overheard at Ciro's:

"She tried to regain her youth, but the Navy wouldn't release him."

Since that \$5,000,000 settlement, how about writing her name B0,000,000, B0,000,-000 Rockefeller?

Sign on a Hollywood delicatessen:

"Bagel and lox sandwiches prepared by native chef."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station

Denise Darcel

soon to be seen co-starring in the Hecht-Lancaster production "VERA CRUZ," (Released through United Artists—Color by Technicolor) says, "No other girdle at any price gives me the support, comfort and freedom of an invisible Playtex Girdle!"



Hollywood Stars Recommend PLAYTEX® Living Girdles

Hollywood stars can afford any girdle—and still they insist on Playtex! Why? Because no girdle does as much for your figure or fashions as *invisible* Playtex.

Playtex slims, trims and smooths away inches—without a seam, stitch or bone! It's all latex—absolutely *invisible* under the sleekest sheaths, skirts, slacks.

Washes in seconds—pats dry with a towel! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



PLAYTEX® Living® GIRDLE (with garters)	3.95
PLAYTEX Living PANTY GIRDLE (with garters)	3.95
PLAYTEX Living PANTY BRIEF (without garters)	3.50
PLAYTEX Fabric Lined GIRDLE	5.95
PLAYTEX Magic-Controller*	7.95

Extra-large sizes, slightly higher

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"Young Skin" Problems?

In the teens, "Young Skin" no longer means the baby-soft complexion you were born with.

All at once, it seems, everything "goes wrong." Excess oil oozes out, in spite of frequent scrubbings. Yet, at the same time, skin grows too sluggish to throw off its daily accumulation of dead cells. These dried flakes cover and choke pore-openings. Then—enlarged pores and blackheads may appear.

Today—skin doctors say that excess oil and dead skin must be cleared off. Now specially for "Young Skin" problems, Pond's brings you a greaseless Treatment based on this medical theory. Hundreds of girls have tested it. They say it really works!

Quick-working "Young Skin" Treatment

**Reduces large pores
Clears off oiliness
Leaves skin soft!**



Pond's "Young Skin" Treatment—used every day—keeps your skin looking fresh and clear! And it takes only 1 minute! Just cover face deeply, except eyes, with greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on 1 full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action dissolves away choking oil and dead skin debris . . . frees tiny skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Now see how tingling *fresh* your skin feels, how much smoother and cleaner it looks!

Heavy make-up doesn't flatter "Young Skin"

For a delicate, natural powder base—use a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Not greasy. Holds powder!

BY FLORABEL MUIR



The showdown's arrived for Greg and Greta

Hollywood Whispers

ROMANCES THAT MAY be on the verge of a surge: Don Taylor and Teresa Wright, Pier Angeli and Carlos Thompson . . . And about how Piper Laurie and Dick Contino, whose romance was first thought even by insiders to be a publicity build-up, are fooling people a little bit and showing signs of being seriously attached. But the wise ones still take this romance with a large grain of salt.

Look for this one to come true about the middle of the bridal month of June, only this time it'll be an unbridling. Jon Hall let the regretful admission fall from his lips to a few pals in an unguarded moment at the Mo-ambo. Frances Langford, he said, is about to give him the matrimonial heave-ho after 10, these many years. That's one marriage which looked more and more permanent as the happy years flew by. Frances, Jon confided, allowed her eyes to linger too long on a handsome lad—but she's been quiet about it.

About Marilyn Monroe's new contract at 20th Century-Fox, which was personally negotiated by her agent, Charlie Feldman, and Darryl Zanuck, with plenty of top-drawer legal talent looking over both their shoulders. Insiders



Marital strife cost Susan plenty cash



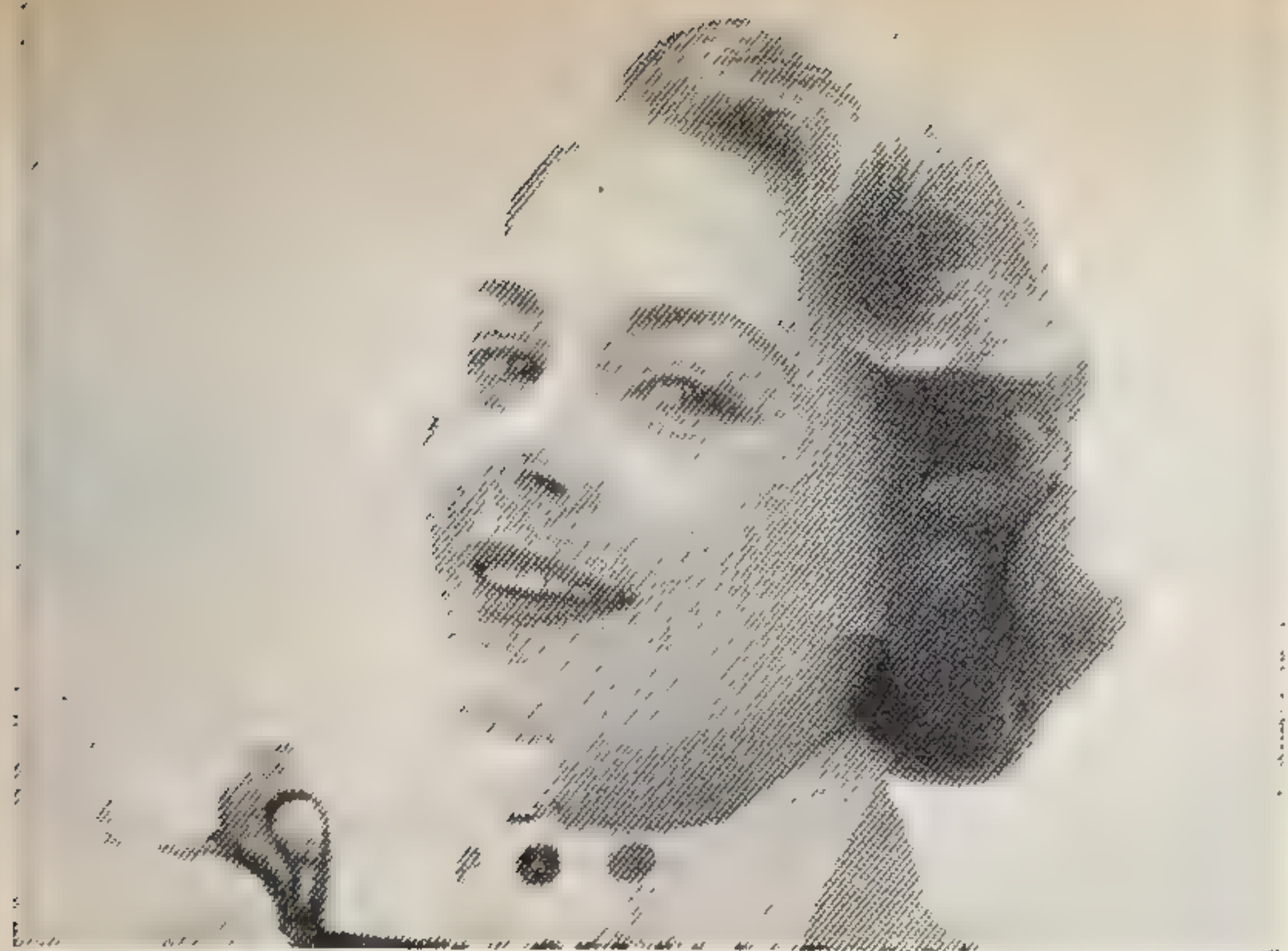
But Edmund Purdom has hit happy days

report that twice-bitten Zanuck, after taking it on the chin from both the Monroe and Marlon Brando, who walked out on the commitments at heavy cost to the studio, demanded and got the ironclad clauses in her ticket, and she'll pay through her pretty nose for any more didoes. . . .

The long-expected crisis and showdown between Gregory Peck, who's been away from Hollywood too long, and his Greta. It was clear all along that Greta wanted to patch it up, but what went on in Greg's heart remained a mystery.

Jess Barker, who hasn't taken the split with Susan Hayward very graciously, capped the climax by refusing to sign a joint income tax return. That set Susan, the wage-earner, back plenty of money.

. . . The rags-to-riches story of Edmund Purdom, who was living over a garage and wondering how he and his bride were going to eat when lightning struck and he captured the Marlon Brando role in "The Egyptian," one of the top acting plums of the year and one which very well could make him an Oscar contender for '55. . . .



Casual, carefree—that's the "Ascot"—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Beau Belle" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Melody" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Ginger" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

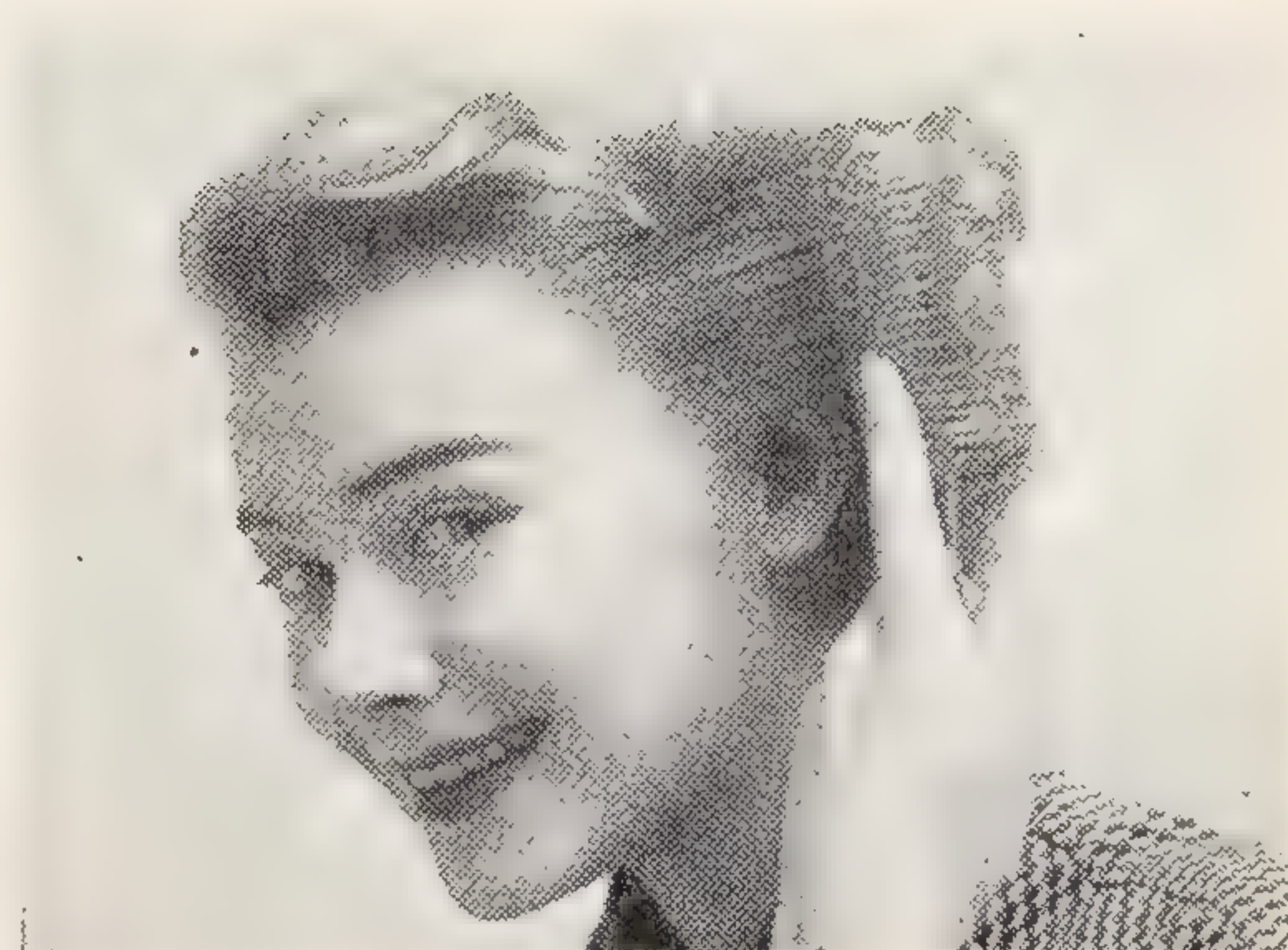
NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls... the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

Marilyn Monroe **TAMES**

HERE, in the savage beauty of the wilderness, she forgot she was the honky-tonk dancer, the gambler's doll, the sultry ballad singer. She was a woman in love, following her man through the churning death-trap of Devil's Teeth, through thundering gorge and Cree ambush ... through the most perilous wilds in all the Americas.



Flaming to furious new heights

CINEMA

IN THE WONDER OF HIGH FIDELITY —

Robert Mitchum • Marilyn Monroe

with **RORY CALHOUN** • Tommy Rettig • Murvyn Vye • Douglas Spencer • From a Story by LOUIS LANTZ • Color by

Robert Mitchum!

for each other...
for **CINEMASCOPE**



of drama and emotion in

SCOPE

DIRECTIONAL-STEREOPHONIC SOUND!

River of No Return



TECHNICOLOR • Produced by STANLEY RUBIN • Directed by OTTO PREMINGER • Screen Play by FRANK FENTON

LET'S GO TO

...S...ELLER...DRY GOOD...GOOD...FALL

For complete casts of new pictures see page 34



Prince Valiant

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The bold old days of King Arthur have returned, in even more spectacular guise than "Knights of the Round Table." In this adaptation of the popular comic strip, Bob Wagner's a stalwart hero, a Scandinavian prince out to defeat the pirates who have driven him and his parents into exile. At Arthur's court, he becomes squire to Sir Gawain, portrayed by Sterling Hayden as a bluff, good-hearted fighting man. Bob's enemy (and King Arthur's, he finds) is the Black Knight, whose identity is a mystery. However, no movie-goer will trust James Mason very far, for all his elegant manners. Wagner, Mason and Hayden are involved in a romantic tangle with Janet Leigh and Debra Paget. But the battles command chief attention and backgrounds have a fine medieval feeling.

FAMILY

Victor McLaglen is Bob's Viking ally in desperate danger

Best Acting: Anne Baxter



Carnival Story

RKO, AGFA COLOR

✓✓✓ A broadly told tale of passion on the midway gives Anne Baxter a real gamut-runner of a part. Battered and bedraggled by life in post-war Germany, she's grateful for a menial job with a third-rate American carnival visiting Munich. Her "benefactor" is Steve Cochran, an obviously no-good barker toward whom she feels instant attraction. But the carnival's chief star (Lyle Bettger) gives her a chance to regain self-respect by training her as partner in his daring high-dive act. She accepts his offer of honest love and marriage, yet can't resist the stealthy advances of her lover. There's a promise of violence in this set-up, and it's kept. Bettger shows appeal, dropping his well-known sneer to share with George Nader the hero's stint in a gaudily effective emotional drama.

ADULT

Anne finds a new experience in Lyle Bettger's gentleness



Casanova's Big Night

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Bob Hope's in fine fettle during his latest jape, undertaking the preposterous job of impersonating Casanova. The famed great lover of Renaissance Italy has skipped out of town to escape his creditors. Just after he's left, these angry tradespeople find he was about to be offered a job—to test the virtue of a nobleman's fiancée (Audrey Dalton). If he succeeds in leading her astray, he'll be paid handsomely. Bob, a humble tailor, cowardly as ever, is drafted to cash in on Casanova's reputation, do the job and collect the pay-off. With him on his crazy venture go Joan Fontaine, a determined shop-keeper, and Basil Rathbone, supercilious valet to the real Casanova. Wild gags mix with hair-breadth escapes; in one scene Joan wields a rapier to defend Bob, reversing the usual routine.

FAMILY

The finery disguises Joan and Bob, crashing a court ball

THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 116

Night People

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Projecting all the shrewdness, toughness and integrity that an American Army officer should have, Gregory Peck paces a first-rate cast in a crackling melodrama of modern Berlin. A youthful GI (Ted Avery, actually borrowed from the Army) is kidnapped into the Red East Zone. Peck, chief Intelligence officer, contacts the boy's captors through a pretty secret agent (Anita Bjork). He's told that they'll return their prisoner—if the Americans will hand over to them two anti-Nazi Germans vengefully wanted in the East Zone. In on the decision is Broderick Crawford, excellent as the GI's influential father. The love interest is hazy; Greg's awfully chummy with both the lady spy and his secretary (Rita Gam). Vigorous dialogue keeps tension high, though there's little physical action.

FAMILY

Off on a secret mission, Gregory bids Rita Gam good night



Best Acting: Gregory Peck

The Naked Jungle

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Here's a neatly constructed thriller with a new and horrifying sort of menace. Isolated in the jungles of South America, Charlton Heston has concentrated his whole life on wresting a plantation from swamps and making it yield him a fortune. Now he wants a wife to grace his mansion in the wilderness, so his brother in New Orleans sends him a proxy bride. Eleanor Parker matches Heston's forceful performance in this husband-wife duel between strangers—her pride pitted against his ingrained possessiveness and ignorance of women. The situation is deadlocked when that menace comes on the scene—no science-fiction monster, but a vast army of soldier ants on the march, devouring everything that lives and heading straight for the plantation. The battle provides a chilling climax.

FAMILY

Braving the jungle with Charlton, Eleanor turns coquette



Rose Marie

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ The conventions of the old-time operetta are lovingly preserved in a musical romance of the great Northwest. Ann Blyth's an orphaned French-Canadian tomboy, adopted as mascot by Howard Keel and his fellow mounties. Finally shipped off to civilization, she's turned into a beruffled lady. The astonished Keel promptly falls in love with her, but he has a rival in Fernando Lamas, a carefree trapper whose natural home, like Ann's, is the wide open spaces. This innocent triangle is complicated by Lamas' arrest for the murder of an Indian chief. Between interludes of plot, the popular classics of the score (like the title song and "Indian Love Call") take over. The comedy relief's handled by Bert Lahr, as a bumbling mountie, and Marjorie Main, as Ann's rough-and-ready foster mother.

FAMILY

The ghost-voice of an Indian girl haunts Fernando and Ann



LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES



Confederate Van and Yank Joanne fight Indians together

The Siege at Red River

20TH; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Plenty of local color and lively action decorate a Western set in Civil War days, according to current fashion. Loyal Southerners Van Johnson and Milburn Stone, pretending to operate a medicine show, are traveling west with one of the newly invented Gatling guns, cleverly stolen from a Union-convoyed train. A pursuing force led by detective Jeff Morrow pins the Confederate pair down in a Texas town. Here Joanne Dru, daughter of a doctor now in the Union Army, is trying to carry on her father's practice. Her beginning romance with Van is smashed by his lie that he's a draft-dodger from Boston. Indians and dastardly Richard Boone also interfere.

FAMILY

Beauties of the Night

LOPERT, U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Dreams, music and sharp comment on modern life mingle enchantingly in a gay French movie (titles in English). Gerard Philipe is a poor young composer, scraping along by conducting a school music class and private piano lessons. The steady racket of city streets and the razzing of practical-minded pals drive him to take refuge in sleep and dreams of the good old days. He goes back to 1900, then to 1840, then to 1789, and in each era he's heroic and successful, wooing such beauties as Martine Carol, scantily clad Gina Lollobrigida, Magali Vendeuil. All Gerard's fancies are wonderfully interwoven with his waking life, in a potpourri of slapstick, sense and beauty.

FAMILY

Riding Shotgun

WARNERS; WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ Can you imagine Randolph Scott being accused of cowardice, treachery, killer instincts and plain inaction? Seems ridiculous, but just such suspicions, inflaming a frontier town, produce a different sort of horse opera. A stagecoach guard, Randy's captured by bandits and left to die. But he escapes, discovering that the stagecoach robbery was a feint, designed to lure a posse away from a town that's due to be looted. He hurries to the threatened town, where he gets an unenthusiastic reception. In fact, a lynch mob forces him to barricade himself in a cheap saloon, befriended only by his sweetheart (Joan Weldon) and the deputy sheriff (Wayne Morris).

FAMILY

Dangerous Mission

RKO; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ It's an interesting notion to set a gangster thriller down in the exhilarating vistas of the Rockies. But this melodrama starring Piper Laurie and Victor Mature doesn't live up to its possibilities. In New York, Piper sees a murder committed. Realizing her own life is now in danger, she goes to Glacier National Park, taking a job in the resort hotel. Two men track her down: Vic, supposedly just a tourist; Vincent Price, an amazingly leisurely magazine photographer. Which is the gang's trigger man? Which is the law? You guess. Betta St. John's a winsome, deluded Indian girl, and the scenery's magnificent—until the climax, when phony sets are substituted.

FAMILY



Barbara is cornered by her persecutor, George Sanders

Witness to Murder

U.A.

✓✓✓ An expert at the portrayal of suppressed hysteria, Barbara Stanwyck has a good vehicle in this ingenious suspense film. She's a sensible decorator, living alone in a Los Angeles apartment. One night she sees an across-the-street neighbor (George Sanders) in the act of strangling a woman. A conscientious citizen, she promptly calls the police. But by the time they arrive, Sanders has hidden the *corpus delicti*—and no evidence of a murder exists. Barbara's continuing protests are (with Sanders' connivance) taken as the ravings of a psychotic. Only Gary Merrill, as a police detective, sympathizes with her. It's an absorbing yarn, marred by an implausible ending.

FAMILY

Rails into Laramie

U-1; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Some unexpected quirks of plot brighten a fast-moving outdoor melodrama. John Payne's a reluctant but dogged Army sergeant assigned to cleanse Laramie, Wyoming, of lawless elements, and to expedite the building of a railroad, stalled at that point. He finds that an old buddy of his, Dan Duryea, is bossing the town, deliberately luring railroad workers with drink and gambling so that Laramie will remain a profitable end-of-the-line boom town. Two women are involved: Joyce MacKenzie, as Dan's disillusioned but loyal wife; Mari Blanchard, as his handsome, knowing partner in the saloon business. Watch what happens when Mari upholds women's rights!

FAMILY

Ma and Pa Kettle at Home

U.

✓✓ The perennially popular series plugs along with a new batch of comic misadventures. It's refreshing to find Percy Kilbride and Marjorie Main, their swarming offspring and their Indian hired men back at the old farmhouse. Their son Brett Halsey has entered a magazine contest with a highly imaginative essay on his parents' "ultra-modern" farm. To keep from making a liar out of their boy, the Kettles try to make the old place live up to his description. They devise makeshifts to fool the prissy magazine editor (Alan Mowbray) and good-natured photographer (Ross Elliott). The knockabout comedy culminates in a fake raid. Brett romances Alice Kelley.

FAMILY

The Long Wait

U.

✓✓ The second movie based on a Mickey Spillane book provides the expected amount of gore and gruesomeness, but it isn't as amusing as "I, the Jury." Anthony Quinn's appropriately tough as the "hero" (not Mike Hammer this time), going through the paces of the amnesia plot. He's lost his memory in a highway crash that also took the skin off his fingertips, destroying his fingerprints. Backtracking to find out who he is, Quinn arrives at a town where he's recognized as a man wanted for murder. Because of his accident, the police now can't pin the crime on him. So he begins investigating it himself, sparring with racketeer boss Gene Evans and four alluring girls.

ADULT

Your hair is romance



...keep it sunshine bright

with *WHITE RAIN*

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter... the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain... the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

*Use New WHITE RAIN Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO
BY TONI



"Dreamy Pink"

New! Angelic pink—
tender, inviting

ly long-lasting!

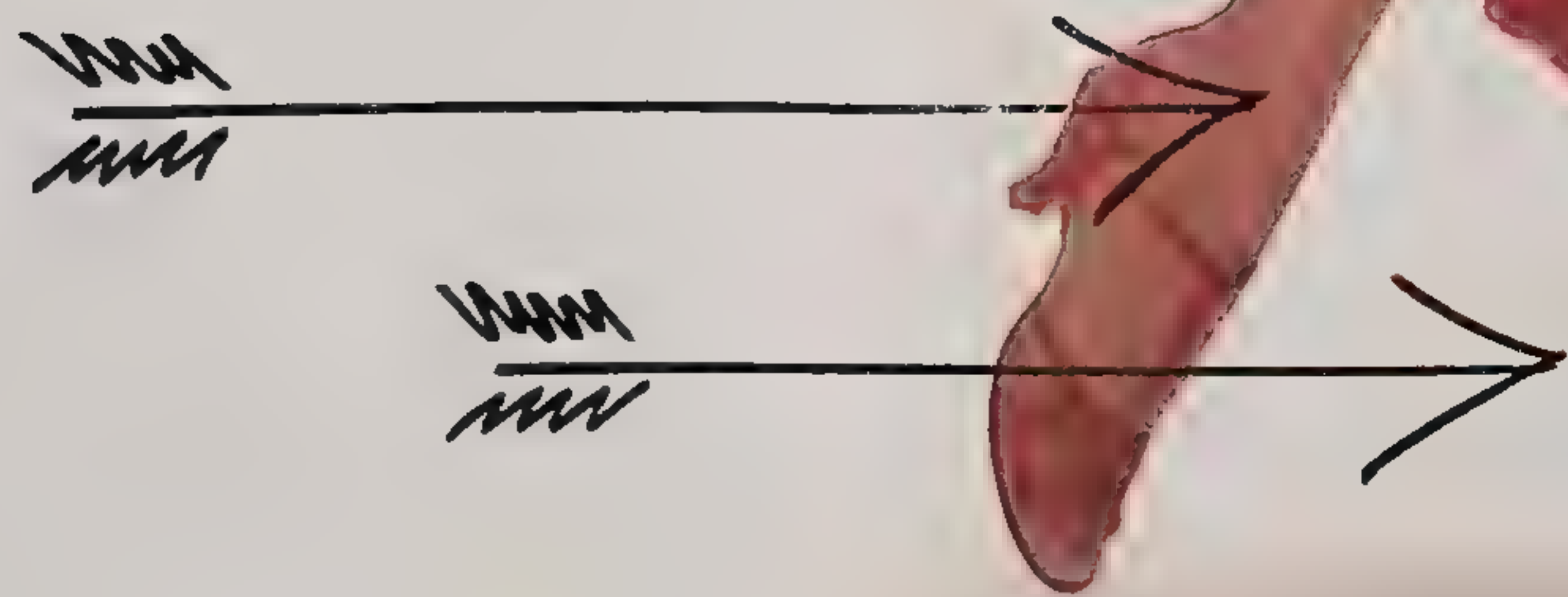
with NO brownish, dull look!
Pond's "Lips" stay on—bright, kissable
are all in exciting new "Ever So Red"!
provocative "Dreamy Pink"!

...AND IN THE BIG NEW GOLDEN SWIVEL CASE, ONLY 59¢

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2 wonderful
new ways
to make a man's
head Spin!



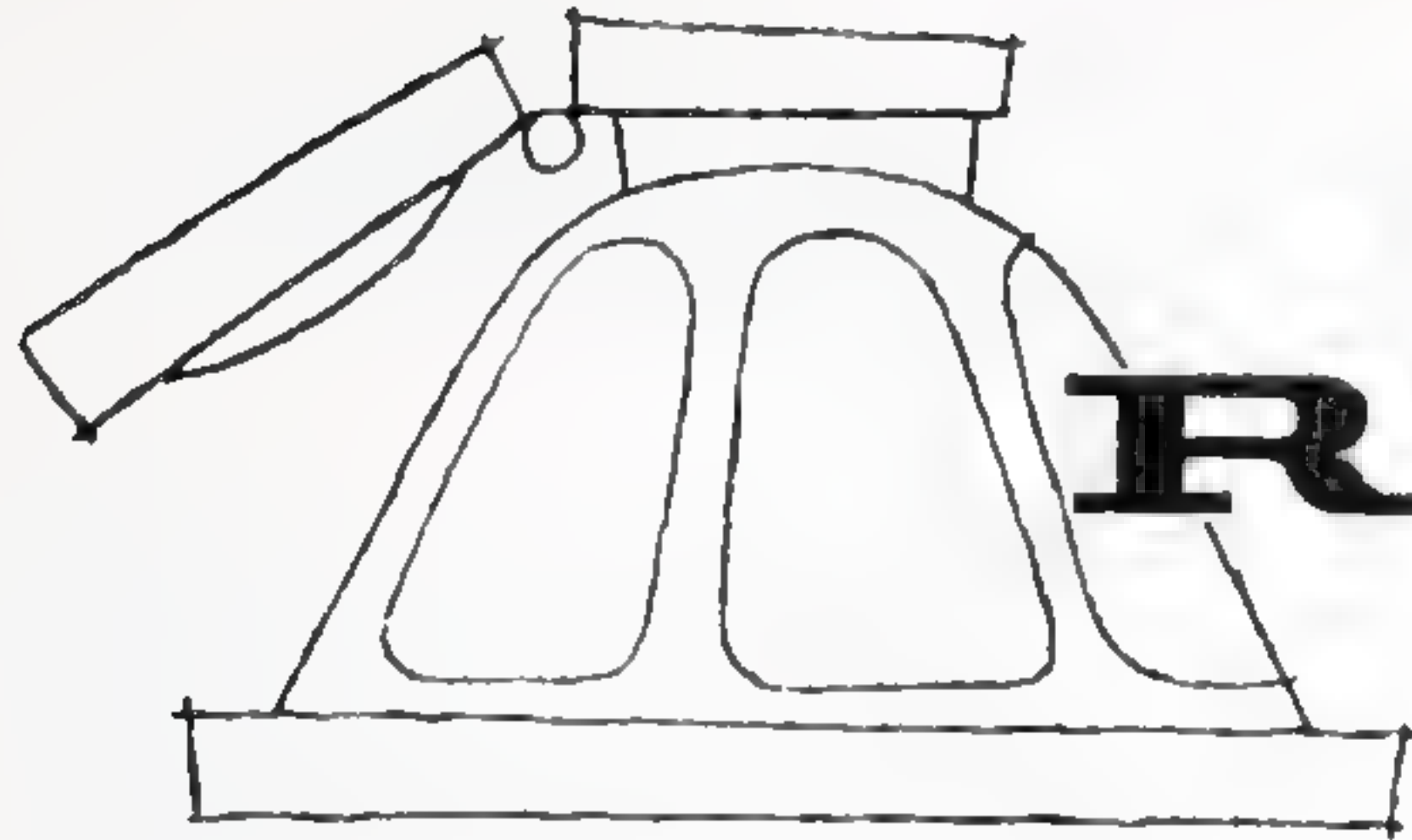
"Ever
So
Red"

New! Daring, dashing—
true, true red

Pond's Lips

Clearest colors...
Creamiest texture... **Real**
At last—a "stays on" lipstick.
Never drying. Really creamy.
—hours longer! Test them! D
Tempt a lovely fate in new, p

STAY ON ... AND ON... AND ON! ONLY 29¢.



READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

The Editors of PHOTOPLAY tell me I have received a lot of criticism because I seem too placid and unconcerned about my future. I'm sorry that fans feel this way because it isn't true. I'm not unconcerned about my future. And if I seem to be too placid, it's because I've learned that for me at least being placid pays off.

Recently the studio presented a stage show called "Inside U-I" in which I was assigned to play a role like every



Lori fooled the critics

other part I've played: a sweet girl. But I wanted to play Nora, the hussy, in the scene from "Here Come the Clowns."

I mentioned it to Estelle Harmon, the U-I drama coach. I guess I mentioned it to her ten times a day, and finally I was given the go ahead although everyone was skeptical—except me. I never worked so hard in my life, but it paid off, and the critics were wonderful. One director came backstage and shook my hand. Another said, "I'd never have believed you could do it."

Maybe now I'll begin to get more challenging roles. I hope so. But if I do, it won't be because I can scream louder than the next girl. Actually I've never even raised my voice. I'm still the girl with the placid personality, and I hope I stay that way. I have a hunch I'll get more of what I want that way.

LORI NELSON

Wouldn't it be wonderful if June Haver and Fred MacMurray really did marry? They each have suffered so much sorrow and unhappiness: Fred with the prolonged illness and death of his beloved wife and June's terrible sorrow over the death of her fiance and her disappointment at the time she left the convent.

I am sure all their fans and friends are praying that these two will find the happiness they so richly deserve—together.

MRS. EDITH LONG
Houlton, Maine

After your December issue came out with a picture of 5 GI's in Germany, they were overwhelmed with mail. One young lady of 17 even went so far as to send a big box of homemade fudge. Being the one elected to write and thank her, I found I had lost her address while moving from one place to another. All of which brings about my writing now, as I know that she'd be glad to hear we all enjoyed her fudge. I would be very pleased if you could print this in your column, as I am quite sure she would see it in a future issue.

Hope I am not pushing my luck too far. I realize that you cannot always be doing favors for a GI.

PFC. R. PEPINO
Det. "A" 7809 SCU
APO 164
c/o PM, New York

Although I usually disapprove of articles which probe deeply into the personal lives of the stars, I want to thank you for the illuminating article on Gail Russell in the March PHOTOPLAY.

Gail has been tops with me for a long time and, if she wants to, I hope she returns to the screen eventually. But her personal well-being comes first and I'd like her to know that I will always be pulling for her—and for Guy Madison, whose dignity in the face of trouble should serve as an example for all of us.

JIM MEYER
Miami, Florida

I would like to see more of Teresa Brewer. She's a doll.

ROBERTA LEWIS
Charleston, West Virginia

Last night I saw "Julius Caesar" at the film festival here in Djakarta and I want to thank M-G-M for giving us



Greer Garson was missed

such a great motion picture with such a wonderful cast. It sure is good to see Greer Garson again after a long absence from the screen.

L. E. WESTPLAT
Djakarta, Indonesia

I wish people would quit criticizing the actors and actresses on their personal lives. I think that what they do is their own business. Take Gene Nelson and Jane Powell. Maybe they made a mistake and maybe not. Maybe if people would lay off, these marriages would last.

Do the people who criticize the stars think they themselves are so perfect that they have never made a mistake? Let the stars alone and let them iron out their own problems.

LAURA HESS
Rockford, Illinois

I guess it matters not if Debbie Reynolds has blue eyes on the cover or brown eyes on page 39, she is still a beaut!

HERMAN BANDY
Cambria, Virginia

CASTING:

When I heard that Bette Davis was again cast as Queen Elizabeth I, it delighted me. Then I read that production



Dick Burton looks the part!

on the film was held up because no Sir Walter Raleigh could be found, so I decided to do some research on my own. I've been going mad trying to find a good portrait of Raleigh in his youth and I've finally found one painted by Zuccaro dated 1583 showing Raleigh at about 31. I found a striking resemblance, and I'm willing to bet anyone that it is practically a spitting image of Richard Burton. He's definitely the man, since he not only looks the part, but after seeing him in "The Robe," there's no one who'll dispute his ability.

JERRY DI IORIO
Providence, Rhode Island

I thoroughly disagree with the suggestion that "South Pacific" should star Gordon MacRae and Doris Day. I was fortunate enough to see the road show of "South Pacific" with Martha Wright and Webb Tilton, and I just can't see Gordon and Doris. My only suggestion—how about Martha and Webb?

DORIS BALABON
Vancouver, Washington
(Continued on page 27)

At Last! The make-up that keeps its promise!

Only **Creme Puff** makes you
look so pretty so quickly . . .
stay so pretty so long!



JUST THE kiss of a puff and this magical make-up—Max Factor's wonder blend of creamy make-up base and powder—brings a soft, lovely look to your skin.

It veils tiny imperfections instantly . . . yet always feels fresh and light.

Yes, Creme Puff is the smoothest of make-ups . . . blended to super smoothness with lanolin-rich creams. It can't dry your skin. It can't absorb the natural skin moisture that causes other make-ups to streak or turn orangey.

That's why only Creme Puff by Max Factor looks so lovely—so long.

Creme Puff comes in 7 complexion-true shades. In star-studded compact, \$1.25 plus tax; in De Luxe golden-tone compact (refillable), \$3.75 plus tax. At department and drugstores.



*Smooth, lasting loveliness—
with just the kiss of a puff.*

Creme Puff

made only by **MAX FACTOR**
HOLLYWOOD

Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor
Hollywood creamy powder make-up.

(Continued from page 25)

If the cast for "Giant" has not yet been chosen, I think the following would be wonderful: Richard Basehart as Bick; Ava Gardner or Jean Simmons as Leslie, Bick's wife; Robert Wagner as their son;



Ava's a "Giant" favorite

Terry Moore as their daughter; Louis Calhern as Uncle Bawley; Susan Cabot as the son's wife and Steve Cochran as Jett Rink.

JOHNNIE LEA SMITH
Corpus Christi, Texas

I have just finished reading "The Devil's Laughter," by Frank Yerby, which would make a wonderful movie with a cast as follows: Lance Fuller as Jean Paul Marin; Elaine Stewart as Lucienne Talbot; Lori Nelson as Nicole la Moyte and Cathy O'Donnell as Fleurette. I think this story would do wonders for the actors I've casted.

MARVIN TERRY
Farber, Missouri

What I feel is a wonderful possibility for a motion picture was presented last night on the popular television program, "This Is Your Life" . . . the life story of Alice Marble, an outstanding athlete and an unbelievably brave woman. Her experiences would certainly include all the material necessary for a top film, comedy, tragedy, courage and fame.

For the title role my thought turned immediately to Shelley Winters who not only physically resembles Miss Marble but who also has the tomboy qualities and the warm and sincere personality so typical of this fine tennis player.

ALICE M. MARGULIES
Bayonne, New Jersey



John Derek passes a "flight" test

. . . We wish Paramount would remake "Wings," using the following stars: Bob Wagner as Johnny; John Derek as Dave; Debbie Reynolds as Mary and Janet Leigh as Sylvia.

BONNIE BUSCH
CAROLINE BRUSEWITZ
Bonduel, Wisconsin

(Continued on page 30)



She has a tremendous
beauty advantage—
she uses

Helene Curtis **spray net**
B R A N D

**No other way keeps hair
so softly in place all day**

**yet won't dry hair—adds flattering silkiness—
and contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion**



Just one magic moment gives your hair flattering, day-long smoothness. Simply press the button—and the magic mist of Helene Curtis SPRAY NET keeps your hair the way you set it—softly, naturally, invisibly—all day, all evening. No more unsightly, straggly wisps nor unruly end curls.



For quick "emergency hair-do" when an unexpected invitation catches you with hair badly in need of setting, just put hair up in pin curls wherever your coiffure needs fresh ening up . . . SPRAY NET it, and let it dry. Presto—hair can be beautifully groomed, for any occasion.



Won't dry hair. Contains exclusive Spray-on Lanolin Lotion. Hair looks soft, natural, silky. No stiffness. SPRAY NET is colorless, invisible—brushes out instantly. Get Helene Curtis SPRAY NET in the pastel green Aerosol container today. Avoid substitutes.

Helene Curtis **spray net**
B R A N D



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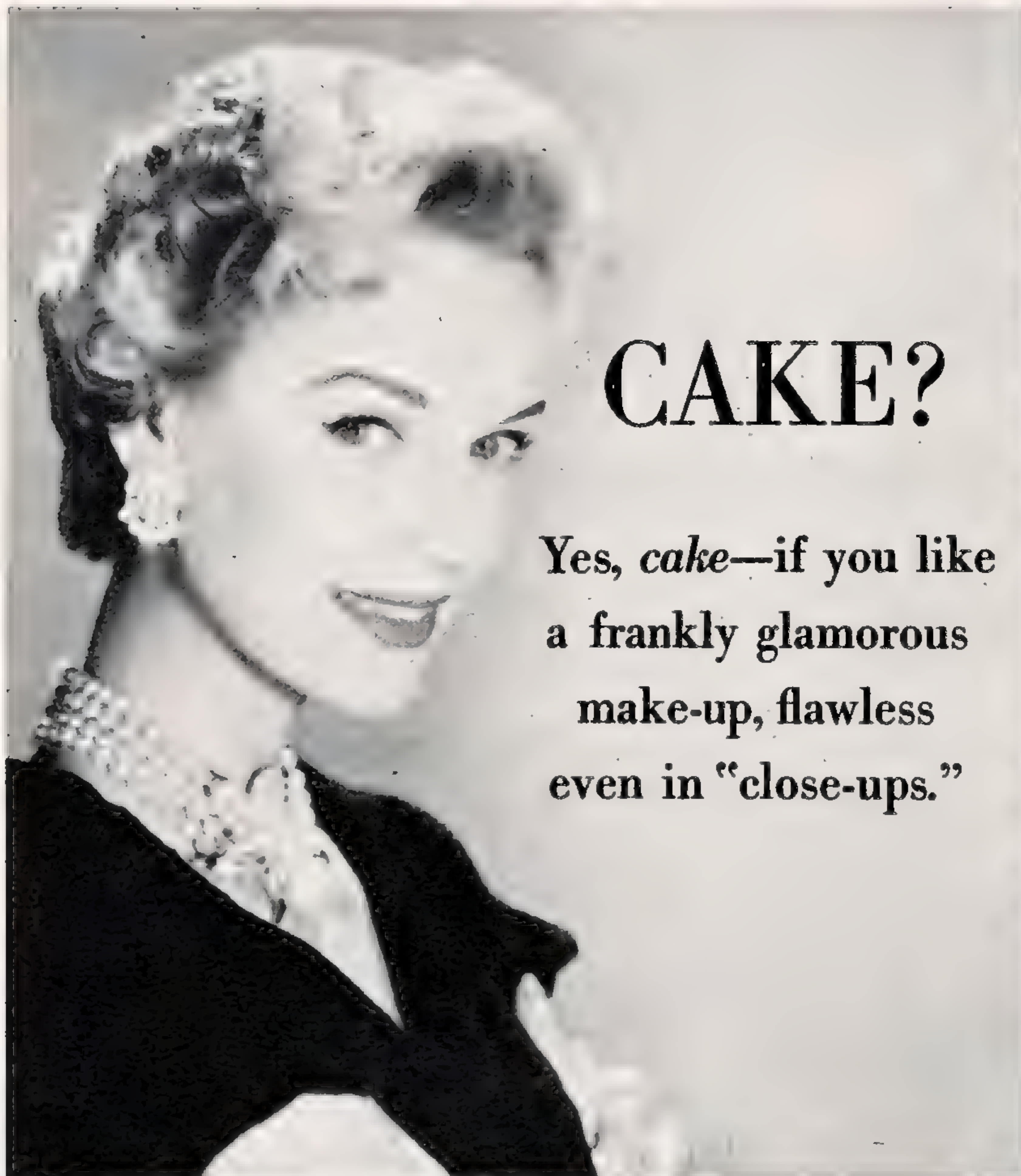
New Large Size, (4½ oz.) \$1.25

Giant Economy Size (11 oz.) \$1.89 (plus tax)

U. S. PAT. OFF.

Created by Helene Curtis, Foremost Name in Hair Beauty

Which of These Make-ups is



CAKE?

Yes, *cake*—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in “close-ups.”

If you're looking for a dramatic make-up then wear Solitair. No other type of make-up “covers” skin blemishes so completely.

With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each tiny line and imperfection is discreetly hidden, leaving only faultless smoothness and beautifully-blended color. You may be amazed at the thrilling difference in your complexion, when Nature's little “errors” are artfully covered!

Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this *non-drying* cake never clogs pores (clinically proved). And so feather-light, it never looks (or *feels*) heavy.

By daylight Solitair is “outdoors-y”, with the freshness of youth . . . by night, alluring perfection—always flawless-looking, even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll *still* like Solitair . . . it's different from all others. (And for shoulders or legs, there's no make-up like it.)



Solitair
CAKE MAKE-UP

7 shades—33¢, 65¢, \$1.00



CREAM?

Yes, *cream*—if you crave the “natural look” or if dry skin is a special problem!

If you fear the “made-up look”—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up desirable, then Campana's Magic Touch is ideal for you!

Magic Touch is a tinted *cream* quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness . . . covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away—so natural, it seems like your own skin!

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with the slight sheen typical of youthful skin. Powdered lightly, it supplies a lovely mat finish. It's rich in Lanolin, soft and pleasant on your skin, richly protective against dryness, dust and grime.

So if you would have your complexion subtly whisper of “*natural beauty*”—or if your dry skin needs *creamy* make-up, you'll find Magic Touch is wonderfully right for you!



Magic Touch
CREAM MAKE-UP

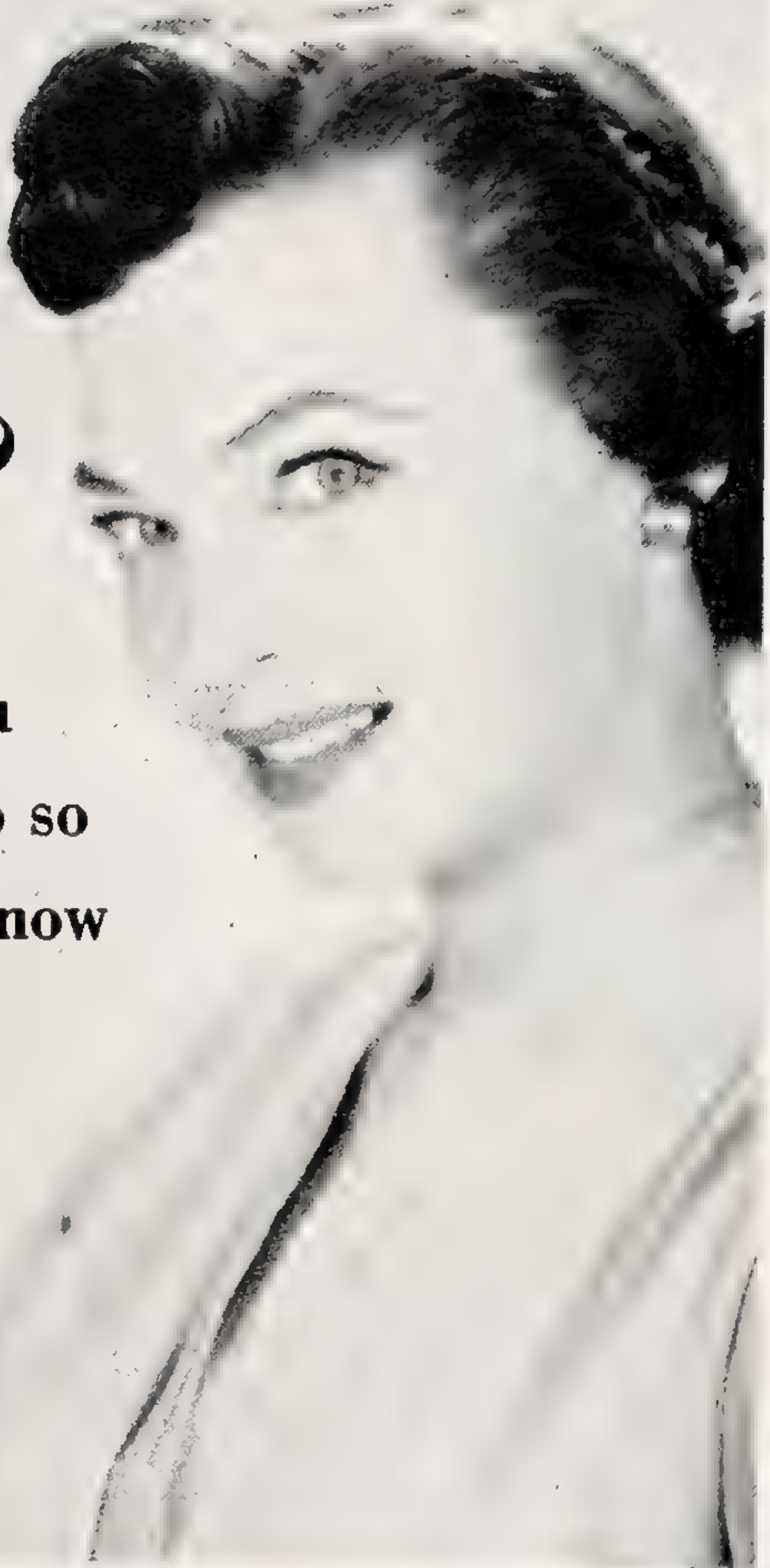
6 shades—43¢ and \$1.00

All 3 by Campana . . .

the Most Flattering to You?

LIQUID?

Yes, *liquid*—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!



If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you'll find the answer in Campana's new liquid, Sheer Magic!

Sheer Magic is a completely new experience in make-up. As you apply this tinted liquid, you'll see its dainty color blend your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually give it the soft bloom, soft look, of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, blended into soft harmony that makes your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet... soft, pliable... actually *baby-soft* to the touch of a finger! Yet this make-up is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents in Sheer Magic create this look, and feel, of youthfulness. Softening as a lotion—it *protects* your skin.

If you can wear a *sheer* make-up, you'll be thrilled with Sheer Magic. Try it and *see*!

Sheer Magic

LIQUID MAKE-UP

6 shades—only 79¢



Creator of Fine Cosmetics

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—*which is right for you?*

Cake . . . Cream . . . or Liquid . . . which make-up becomes *you* most excitingly?

No single make-up is ideal for *all* complexions (just as no one suit is perfect for all figures). Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don't know how lovely you can look. Rare indeed, is the woman who really knows!

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for your type of skin and complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you're not sure—*experiment!* Wear each of these fabulous make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so *inexpensive* to see "for sure"—and so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

Solitaire Cake—Magic Touch Cream—and Sheer Magic Liquid—all from Campana . . . at cosmetic counters everywhere.

From the House of Campana



... where science and research join hands to give you the finest beauty products in the world.

SWIM SUITS BY **B** *Brilliant*



RIPPLE MAID with shirred front panel and double wing bra for dramatic emphasis. Of wonderful Warshaw's Laton Taffeta . . . zipper by Waldes. Sizes 32 to 38. Pink, blue, black, maize, white and navy. About \$11.

Available at better stores everywhere.

BRILLIANT SPORTSWEAR, INC.

1410 Broadway, New York

READERS INC...

(Continued from page 27)

I think Janet Leigh and Grace Kelly should play sisters. There is a striking resemblance between the two . . .

WILLIAM A. ROSE
Cliffside Park, New Jersey

QUESTION BOX:

In 49 years, this is my first letter about an actor or actress. But my friends and I fell very much in love with the young actor



For Bart: love on sight

who played Willie Schwartz in "The Glenn Miller Story," and we'd like to know who he is.

We would like to know his name so we can watch for him when his pictures are advertised. Also, do you have a little information about him?

MRS. JOSIE M. CORAKAS
Miami, Florida

That was Bart Walker. He's nineteen; 5'9", 155, brown hair and brown eyes. The brother of vocalist April Stevens, he has been in show business for sixteen years, played with Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Horace Heidt and Freddy Martin. He is also in "A Star Is Born."—ED.

Could you please tell me if and when a picture named "New Orleans" came out and who were the stars?

ELLEN McLAUGHLIN
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Released by United Artists on April 18, 1947, it starred Arturo de Cordova and Dorothy Patrick.—ED.

Who played the part of Johnny Kisco in "Those Redheads from Seattle"?

VERA RAU
Kansas City, Missouri

Gene Barry.—ED.

Who played the part of the reporter in "Split Second"?

PEGGY JACKSON
Cambridge, Ohio

Keith Andes was Larry Fleming.—ED.

What is the name of the native girl that Burt Lancaster first met in the movie "His Majesty O'Keefe"?

She was not Joan Rice. Would you also tell me where I can get information about her?

RALPH SOLOMON
San Francisco, California

The girl who played Kakofel is Tessa Prendergast. Suggest you write to her at Warner Bros.—ED.

When was "My Darling Clementine" produced? I say it is an old picture. Others in the family say it is a new picture.

EDITH MORIN
Baker, Oregon

20th Century-Fox released it in 1946, so it's neither old nor brand-new.—ED.

Please settle an argument. My friend insists Montgomery Clift is in his middle twenties, and I say he is in his early thirties. Who is right and what is his real age?

BARBARA MEI
College Point, New York

You're right. He was born November 17, 1920.—ED.

My friend and I are having a spat about whether Howard Keel is married or not and how old he is. My friend says he is married and is around 33. I say he isn't married and is about 37 years old. Who is right?

SHARON GREENE
Lowville, New York

Afraid you're wrong, Sharon. Howard was born April 13, 1919, and married second wife Helen Anderson in 1949.—ED.

Cheers for Glynis Johns! My friends and I think she is tops. How about some information on her?

D. K.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Born in South Africa in 1923, she has reddish-blond hair, blue-grey eyes. 5'3½", 108 lbs. Married David Foster in 1952, has



It's cheers for Glynis Johns

one child by a previous marriage to Anthony Forwood. She was in "The Sword and the Rose," "Rob Roy," and "Personal Affair" among others.—ED.

Who played the part of Jeanne Crain's boy friend in "Vicki," and where could I write to him?

EVELAIN STIEHL
Buford, North Dakota

Elliott Reid played Steve Chistenson. Contact him at 20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills.—ED.

Please settle an argument!

I would like to know how many times "Gone with the Wind" was made and who were the leads each time.

MRS. EDWARD REDMOND
Decatur, Illinois

GWTW was only made once. M-G-M released it on January 17, 1941. It starred Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland.—ED.



Often a bridesmaid...
Never a bride



Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily . . . so quickly.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs
Like This . . . Instantly**

Listerine does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. *Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but

Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

**Listerine Clinically Proved
Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.



A Product of The Lambert Company

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
STOPS BAD BREATH**
**4 times better
than any tooth paste**



Sea Siren

SWIM CAPS

with Aqualox Seal

America's most beautiful and fastest selling swim caps — high styled for 1954 "hair do's" by the best U. S. and foreign designers. Only Sea Siren has Aqualox positive water seal — keeps hair dry without uncomfortable pressure.

and with Lustre-Sheen, new miracle finish permanent color guard that keeps white caps whiter, colors brighter, 8 lovely colors, 3 sizes for perfect fit.

get set for summer fun! Get Sea Sirens at your favorite drug, variety or department store.

Pretty Products, Inc., Coshocton, O.

If your dealer can't supply you, don't settle for less — use coupon for prompt post-paid delivery.

Send——Sea Siren Caps @ \$1.00 each.

CIRCLE COLOR: WHITE, YELLOW, RED, BLACK, RIO ROSE, CYPRESS GREEN, BALI BLUE, CHARTREUSE
CIRCLE SIZE: SMALL HEAD SIZE 21 to 22,
MEDIUM 21 1/2 to 22 1/2, LARGE 22 1/2 to 23.

Name _____

Address _____

MONEY, MONEY ORDER OR CHECK ENCLOSED



Jack Palance

HE'S A KILLER DILLER!

● Not since the heyday of the crook-film stars has an actor won so many fans by acting mean and murderous. In only eight movies (latest, "Sign of the Pagan"), Jack Palance has registered as a unique personality. Even in a minor role like the gunman of "Shane," which earned his second Oscar nomination, he stands out. His is an American success saga, from the mining town of Lattimore, Pa., to a Broadway role in "A Streetcar Named Desire," then to Hollywood. His 6'4" frame and bony features (rearranged by a prize-ring fling and a wartime plane crash) are ideal equipment for villainy. But they disguise his actual self. Watch him in action and remember, if you can, that he's a quiet family man, husband of TV actress Virginia Baker and father of Holly and Brook. When he radiates pure evil that's real acting!

His "Man in the Attic" (Constance Smith, Byron Palmer) was a maniac





Minus the menace, Jack gaily squires wife Virginia to Gold Medal dinner



But Joan Crawford in "Sudden Fear" found she had a murder-minded spouse

In "Flight to Tangier" (with Corinne Calvet) he was a rather shady hero



Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL* **HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!**

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. **Reader's Digest** says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.
(It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)
2. **Reader's Digest** says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth—holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.
(Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won't rinse off—won't wear off—all day or all night!)
3. **Reader's Digest** says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.
(Thus, regular morning and night use guards against decay—causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)
4. **Reader's Digest** says—In full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—4 out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate's with Gardol developed no new cavities at all!
(Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed—New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)
5. **Reader's Digest** says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.

NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
CONTAINS GARDOL
(*SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)



For **LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES**

Give
your hair a "
lanolin lift!

Give your hair twice
the twinkle with the
shampoo containing
twice as much lanolin



Lanolin Lotion Shampoo from 29¢
Lanolin Creme Shampoo from 49¢



Helene Curtis
**lanolin
shampoo**

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT—U.A. Directed by Rene Clair: *Claude*, Gerard Philipe; *Edmee*, Martine Carol; *Leila*, Gina Lollobrigida; *Suzanne*, Magali Vendeuil; *Mme. Bonacieux*, Marilyn Buford; *Opera Director*, Paola Stoppa; *Roger the Mechanic*, Raymond Bussieres; *Leon the Policeman*, Bernard Lajarrige; *Paul the Pharmacist*, Jean Paredes; *Gaston*, Raymond Cordy; *The Old Gentleman*, Palau; *The Postman*, Albert Michel.

CARNIVAL STORY—RKO. Directed by Kurt Neumann: *Willie*, Anne Baxter; *Joe*, Steve Cochran; *Frank*, Lyle Bettger; *Vines*, George Nader; *Charley*, Jay C. Flippen; *Peggy*, Helene Stanley; *Groppo*, Adi Berber.

CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT—Paramount. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod: *Pippo Papolino*, Bob Hope; *Francesca Bruni*, Joan Fontaine; *Lucio*, Basil Rathbone; *Elena DiGambetta*, Audrey Dalton; *Stefano DiGambetta*, Hugh Marlowe; *The Doge of Venice*, Arnold Moss; *Foressi*, John Carradine; *Maggiorin*, John Hoyt; *Duchess of Genoa*, Hope Emerson; *Raphaele, Duc of Genoa*, Robert Hutton; *Emo*, Lon Chaney; *Bragadin*, Raymond Burr; *Signora Rosa DiGambetta*, Frieda Inescort; *Corfa*, Primo Carnera; *Casanova*, Vincent Price; *Carabaccio*, Frank Puglia; *Signor Alberto DiGambetta*, Paul Cavanagh; *Giovanni*, Romo Vincent; *Captain Rugello*, Henry Brandon; *Signora Foressi*, Natalie Schafer; *2nd Prisoner*, Douglas Fowley; *Gnocchi*, Nestor Paiva; *1st Prisoner*, Lucien Littlefield; *Maria*, Barbara Freking; *Beatrice*, Joan Shawlee; *Amadeo*, Oliver Blake.

DANGEROUS MISSION—RKO. Directed by Louis King: *Matt Hallett*, Victor Mature; *Louise Graham*, Piper Laurie; *Joe Parker*, William Bendix; *Paul Adams*, Vincent Price; *Mary Tiller*, Betta St. John; *Katooni*, Steve Darrell; *Mrs. Elster*, Marlo Dwyer; *Dobson*, Walter Reed; *Pruitt*, Dennis Weaver; *Elster*, Harry Cheshire.

LONG WAIT, THE—U.A. Directed by Victor Saville: *Johnny McBride*, Anthony Quinn; *Gardiner*, Charles Coburn; *Servo*, Gene Evans; *Venus*, Peggie Castle; *Wendy*, Mary Ellen Kay; *Carol*, Shawn Smith; *Troy*, Dolores Donlon; *Tucker*, Barry Kelley; *Lindsey*, James Millican; *Packman*, Bruno Ve Sota; *Bellboy*, Jay Adler; *Logan*, John Damler; *Pop Henderson*, Frank Marlowe.

MA & PA KETTLE AT HOME—U-I. Directed by Charles Lamont: *Ma Kettle*, Marjorie Main; *Pa Kettle*, Percy Kilbride; *Sally Maddocks*, Alice Kelley; *Elwin Kettle*, Brett Halsey; *Alphonsus Mannerling*, Alan Mowbray; *Geoduck*, Oliver Blake; *Crowbar*, Stan Ross; *Billy Reed*, Emory Parnell; *Billy Kettle*, Richard Eyer; *Pete Crosby*, Ross Elliott; *Farmer Maddocks*, Irving Bacon.

NAKED JUNGLE, THE—Paramount. Directed by Byron Haskin: *Joanna Leiningen*, Eleanor Parker; *Christopher Leiningen*, Charlton Heston; *Incacha*, Abraham Sofaer; *Commissioner*, William Conrad; *Boat Captain*, Romo Vincent; *Medicine Man*, Douglas Fowley; *Gruber*, John Dierkes; *Kutina*, Leonard Strong; *Zala*, Norma Calderon; *Foreman*, John Mansfield; *Indian Boy*, Ronald Alan Numkena; *Gruber's Indian*, Bernie Gozier; *Fat Man*, Jack Reitzen; *Bit Indian*, Rodd Redwing; *Indian Wife*, Pilar Del Rey; *Indian Lover*, John E. Wood; *Gruber's Indian*, Jerry S. Groves; *Bit Indian*, Leon Lontoc; *Native*, John E. Wood; *Indian Husband*, Carlos Rivero.



Rory Calhoun plays pal to Tommy Ritter, on U-I's "Dawn at Socorro" set. You too can join Rory by sending in a contribution to United Cerebral Palsy, care of your postmaster during the month of May.



CAN'T CUT
CIRCULATION
Anywhere

Made of
CREAMY LATEX
Non-Allergenic

S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S
4 times its size

SOFTER
SMOOTHER

WATERPROOF
Everywhere



MIRACLE STRETCH!

No other baby panty has it.
Let your own hand prove it.

KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE" IN PLAYTEX® BABY PANTS

See how the Baby-in-Motion picture (on top) proves that Playtex Pants—and only Playtex Pants—can shield baby with such complete comfort and provide such practical and gentle protection. Stitchless, seamless, longer lasting. Washes in seconds. No wonder more mothers buy Playtex than any other make!

*T.M.
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International Latex Corp'n, PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del. In Canada:
Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario

NIGHT PEOPLE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Nunnally Johnson: *Col. Van Dyke*, Gregory Peck; *Leatherby*, Broderick Crawford; *Hoffy*, Anita Bjork; *Miss Cates*, Rita Gam; *Foster*, Walter Abel; *Sgt. McCulloch*, Buddy Ebsen; *Frederick S. Hobart*, Casey Adams; *Frau Schindler*, Jill Esmond; *Petrichine*, Peter Van Eyck; *Kathy*, Marianne Koch; *Johnny*, Ted Avery; *Burns*, Hugh McDermott; *Whitby*, Paul Carpenter; *Stanways*, John Horsley; *Lake-land*, Lionel Murton.

PRINCE VALIANT—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry Hathaway: *Sir Brack*, James Mason; *Aleta*, Janet Leigh; *Prince Valiant*, Robert Wagner; *Ilene*, Debra Paget; *Sir Gawain*, Sterling Hayden; *Boltar*, Victor McLaglen; *King Aquar*, Donald Crisp; *King Arthur*, Brian Aherne; *King Luke*, Barry Jones; *Queen Mother*, Mary Philips; *Morgan Todd*, Howard Wendell; *Sir Kay*, Tom Conway; *Small Page*, Sammy Ogg; *Viking Warrior Chief*, Neville Brand; *Seneschal*, Ben Wright; *Queen Guinevere*, Jarma Lewis; *Sir Brack's Man at Arms*, Robert Adler; *Gorlock*, Ray Spiker; *Sligon*, Primo Carnera; *Old Viking*, Basil Ruysdael; *Strangler*, Fortune Gordian; *Doctor*, Percival Vivian; *Sir Launcelot*, Don Megowan; *Sir Galahad*, Richard Webb; *Sir Tristram*, John Dierkes; *Herald*, Carleton Young; *Patch Eye*, Otto Waldis; *Patriarch*, John Davidson; *Captain of Guards*, Lou Nova; *Prison Guards*, Hal Baylor, Mickey Simpson; *Viking*, Eugene Roth.

RAILS INTO LARAMIE—Universal. Directed by Jesse Hibbs: *Jefferson Harder*, John Payne; *Lou Carter*, Mari Blanchard; *Jim Shanessy*, Dan Duryea; *Helen Shanessy*, Joyce MacKenzie; *Lee Graham*, Barton MacLane; *Judge Pierce*, Harry Shannon; *Mayor Brown*, Ralph Dumke; *Ace Winton*, Lee Van Cleef; *Con Winton*, Myron Healey; *Orrie Sommers*, James Griffith; *Higby*, Alexander Campbell; *Grimes*, George Chandler; *Pike Murphy*, Charles Horvath; *Gen. Augur*, Steve Chase.

RIDING SHOTGUN—Warners. Directed by Andre de Toth: *Larry*, Randolph Scott; *Tub Murphy*, Wayne Morris; *Orissa Flynn*, Joan Weldon; *Tom Biggert*, Joe Sawyer; *Dan Marady*, James Millican; *Pinto*, Charles Buchinsky; *Doc Winkler*, James Bell; *Fritz*, Fritz Feld; *Walters*, Richard Garrick; *Bar M Rider*, Victor Perrin; *Hughes*, John Baer; *Col. Flynn*, William Johnstone; *Ben*, Kem Dibbs; *Johnny*, Alvin Freeman.

ROSE MARIE—M-G-M. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy: *Rose Marie Lemaitre*, Ann Blyth; *Mike Malone*, Howard Keel; *James Severn Duval*, Fernando Lamas; *Barney McCorkle*, Bert Lahr; *Lady Jane Dunstock*, Marjorie Main; *Wanda*, Joan Taylor; *Inspector Appleby*, Ray Collins; *Black Eagle*, Chief Yowlachie.

SIEGE AT RED RIVER, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Rudy Mate: *Jim Farraday*, Van Johnson; *Nora Curtis*, Joanne Dru; *Brett Manning*, Richard Boone; *Benjy*, Milburn Stone; *Frank Kelso*, Jeff Morrow; *Lieutenant Braden*, Craig Hill; *Chief Yellow Hawk*, Rico Alaniz; *Sheriff*, Robert Burton; *Lukoa*, Pilar Del Rey; *Anderson Smith*, Ferris Taylor.

WITNESS TO MURDER—U.A. Directed by Roy Rowland: *Cheryl Draper*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Albert Richter*, George Sanders; *Lawrence Matthews*, Gary Merrill; *Eddie Vincent*, Jesse White; *Captain Donnelly*, Harry Shannon; *The Blonde*, Claire Carleton; *Psychiatrist*, Lewis Martin; *Charlie*, Harry Tyler; *Woman*, Juanita Moore; *Woman's Co-Worker*, Joy Hallward; *The Old Lady*, Adeline DeWalt Reynolds; *Policewoman*, Gertrude Graner.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDS PARTY

BY KATHLEEN GERHOLD

*Gold Medal Award
Contest Winner*

I HELD my breath as I went into the lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel Crystal Room to attend the Gold Medal Awards banquet and ceremonies—and I don't think I let it out again until Mom and Dad took me home at midnight. There wasn't time to do anything as earthly as breathing.

Above everything else, I had wanted to meet Esther Williams and as soon as I entered she materialized in front of me. Then, even before she could hand back my autograph book, the second portion of my dream came true—Tony Curtis bent down to whisper something and suddenly his arm was around me and photographers were taking my picture.

Is it any wonder now I'm back home in Van Horne, Iowa, that I have to look at my autograph book, see the beautiful evening gown hanging in my closet and take out the pictures to reassure myself that my attending (Continued on next page)



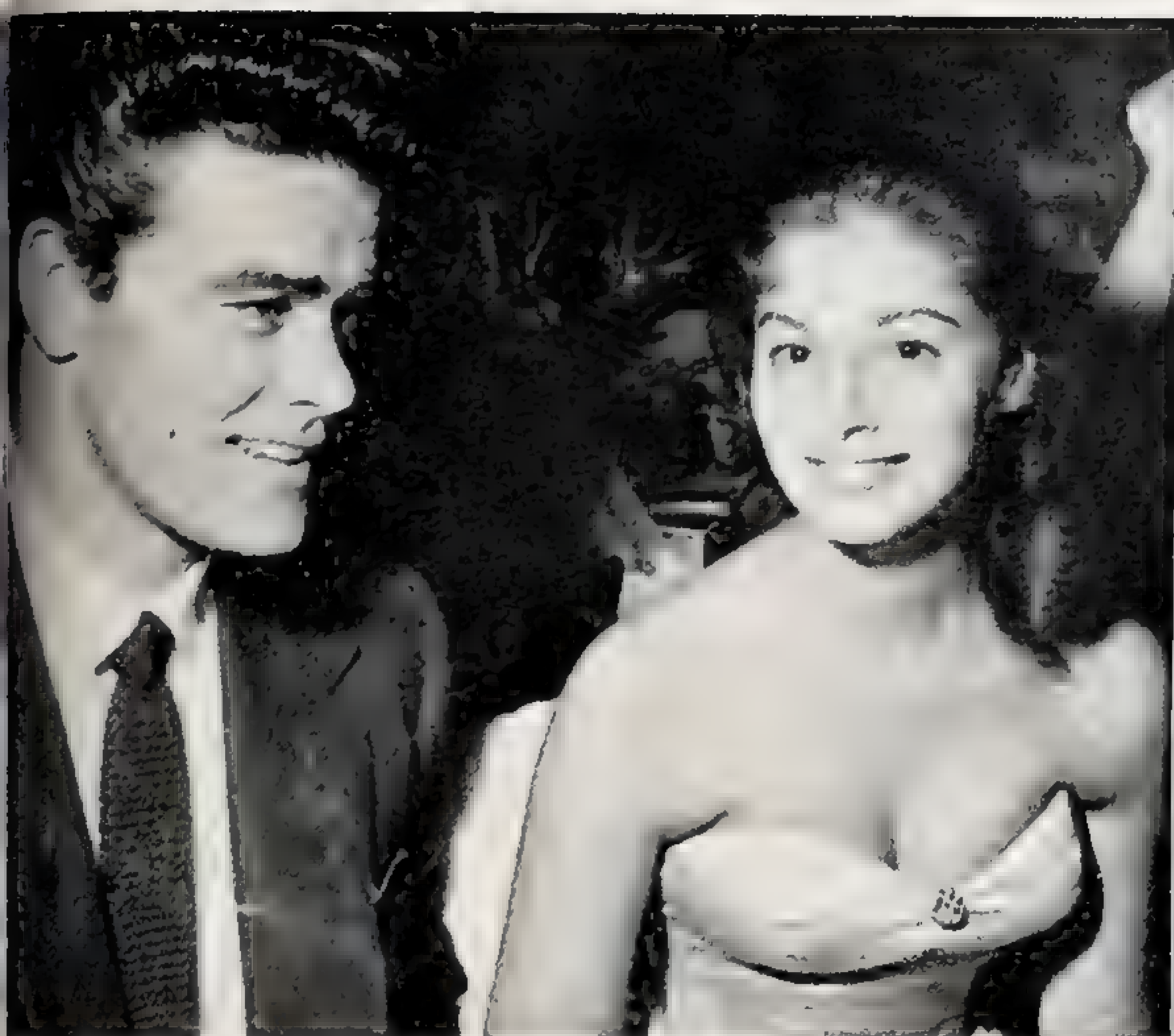
Lex and Lana. Her controversial dark hair made dinner conversation

Janet's home resting these days, but party lured her out with Tony



M.c. Dick Powell hadn't sung in public for years—but did at PHOTOPLAY party!

The red carpet was out for the Gold Medal guests who'd come to share in PHOTOPLAY's biggest night of the year



Pier Angeli gave youthful sparkle to party. Date is Jeff Richards



The Mike O'Sheas. Her gown was gorgeous and so was Ginny Mayo!



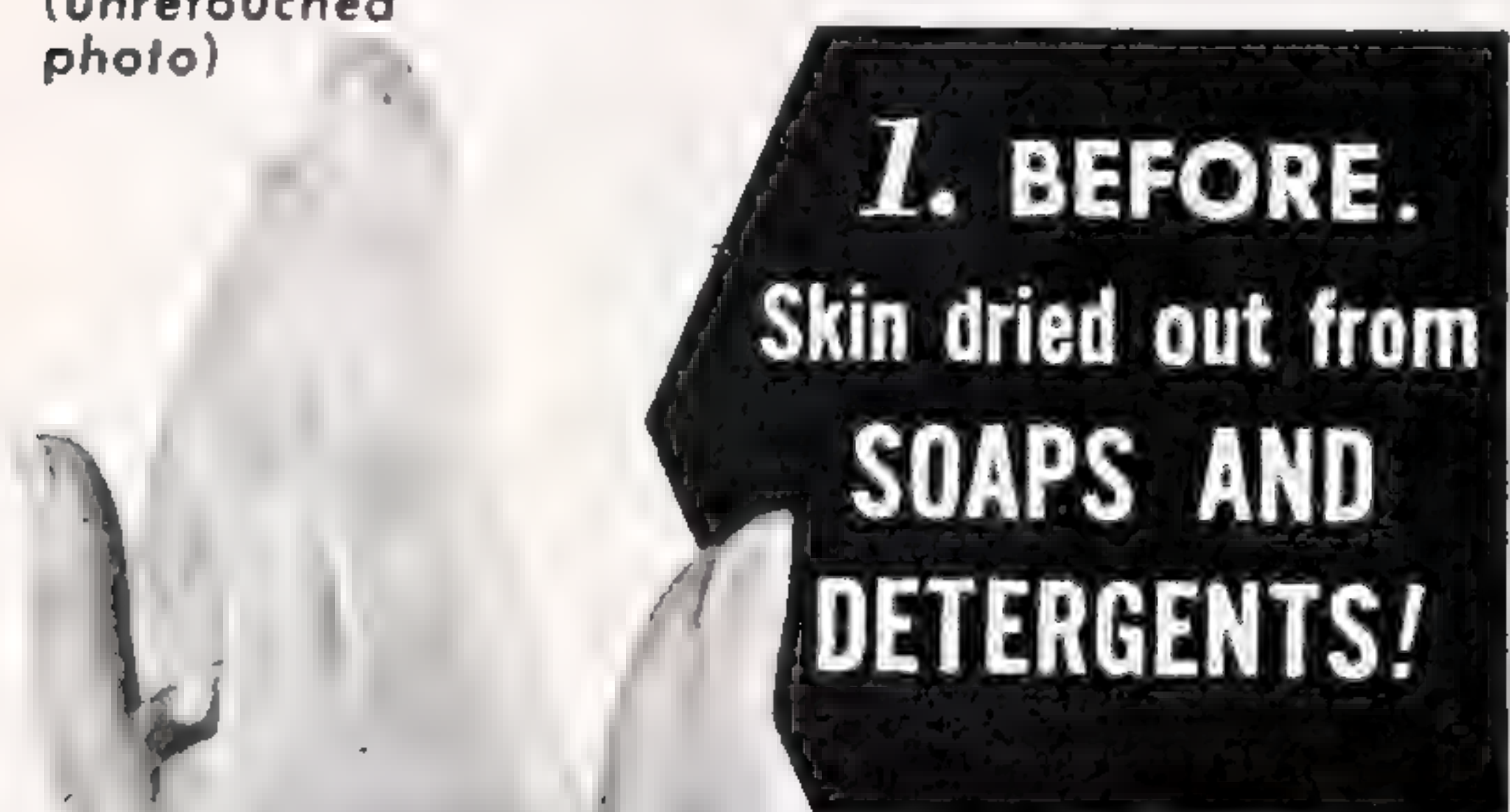
Jeff, with rising newcomer Bella Darvi, left next day to plug songs



Alan Ladd and Marilyn Monroe were abroad when they were named top performers of 1953. But they came back for those Gold Medals!

New sure way to
**LOVELIER
HANDS
IN ONLY 9 DAYS**

(unretouched
photo)



1. BEFORE.
Skin dried out from
**SOAPS AND
DETERGENTS!**



**2. Protect with
PLAYTEX
GLAMOROUS
HOUSEWORK
GLOVES**

(unretouched
photo)



3. AFTER.
Softer, smoother skin
**IN ONLY
9 DAYS!**

The best protection is
prevention. And: The first
manicure you save can
pay for your gloves.

PLAYTEX® \$139
LIVING GLOVES
FABRIC-LINED LATEX

Prices slightly
higher
outside U.S.A.

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**GOLD
MEDAL
AWARDS
PARTY**

(Continued)



Autographs from stars like June Allyson and Dick Powell convinced contest winner Kathleen Gerhold dinner wasn't a dream!

the Gold Medal Awards dinner was for real? For nearly a month before the dinner, I'd let my imagination run riot—ever since the day I received the telephone call from PHOTOPLAY telling me I'd guessed the winners of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medals and I would be going to Hollywood.

I met so many of my favorite stars before the banquet that my head was still swimming when we sat down. I can't begin to tell you all the wonderful people I met, but they included all my favorite stars and probably most of yours too. I met Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, Piper Laurie and Dick Contino, Janet Leigh, Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler, Cameron Mitchell, Dick Powell and June Allyson, Donald O'Connor and Julia Adams and Ethel Merman and, oh, so many others!

Then Mom actually gave me a sip of her champagne just so I could feel really grown up, and after we were finished everyone watched Alan Ladd receive his Gold Medal. And then Marilyn Monroe—everyone gasped when she got up, she was so beautiful, all shimmering in a silver-looking dress, and everyone applauded when she smiled as she received her Gold Medal. I was so grateful to both of them for winning and making it possible for me to win too, I was speechless. Then, after Ethel Merman and Donald O'Connor sang the duet which ended the show, I was so sleepy I could hardly stay awake until we reached our apartment at the Chateau Marmont.

And magnificent as the Awards dinner was, that isn't the end of my memories of this fabulous trip. I'll never forget Biff Elliot, who was the star of "I, the Jury," and his beautiful wife, Bette. When they met me at the station and Biff greeted me with "Hello, princess!"

I really felt like Cinderella. Then we stepped into a beautiful new Ford sedan, which had been placed at our disposal by Joe Saunders of the National Car Rental System, and we were off to Hollywood.

And how could I ever forget that magical moment at 20th Century-Fox when we were taken into the office of Charles LeMaire, who designs all the glamorous clothes for the stars at 20th, and he brought out the dress that had been made especially for me to wear at the party. Beautiful Bella Darvi, next to be seen in "The Egyptian," stopped by the fitting room and when she saw the dress, she said that when she was a little girl, it had been her dream to wear a dress exactly like this one.

While I was waiting for the dress to be finished, I was taken into the beauty parlor at the studio and Gladys Rasmussen, who fixes Marilyn Monroe's coiffure, set my hair.

And even just going to the Gold Medal banquet party was exciting. Lance Fuller, who is going to be seen in "This Island Earth," and Rand Saxon, who was discovered by Mr. Sammis of PHOTOPLAY and is now under contract to Universal, picked us up at the hotel.

Nor did the excitement stop when the party was over. The next morning we went to the Universal-International studios and met Audie Murphy entering the commissary, then took a tour of the Farmers Market until it was time to change clothes and be taken to the Holiday House on Malibu Beach for dinner.

The last day we spent at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, which is located in some of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

And then finally it was all over, and I was almost glad to be going home. Everything had been so perfect I'll have these wonderful days to look back on and remember.

"cute tomata"!

by **CUTEX**

NEW...the FRESHEST, RIPEST RED ever Cultivated...

Prettiest Pick for Lips and Fingertips!

Warning to bachelors! Here comes the gayest, brightest, cutest breath of spring that ever breezed into town! It's *YOU* . . . flaunting this season's fresh and flirty new red . . . "CUTE TOMATA" by Cutex.

*a stop, look and whistle red . . .
that's just your dish for spring!*

Separates by
Cole of California;
Fabric by A.B.C.;
Look for "Cute Tomata"
fashions when you shop!



Help Yourself to "Cute Tomata" . . . in

Chip-Pruf Cutex, America's best-wearing nail polish, 15¢

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Prices plus tax

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S
COLD CREAM

NOW IN
CAMAY



"Your skin will love it!"

says Mrs. James Fritzell, a radiant Camay Bride. "Camay with cold cream is so luxurious! I tried it the minute I heard about it, and I think it's the most marvelous complexion care ever!"

NEW LUXURY AT NO EXTRA COST! Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that contains precious cold cream. And women everywhere tell us it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened to complexion care.

WHETHER YOUR SKIN IS DRY OR OILY, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll love Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, rich silken-soft lather, and caressing fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!



Now more than ever

...The Soap of Beautiful Women

a new look at the movies

during the past few years there has been a tendency on the part of all of us to scoff at motion pictures and the town of Hollywood in which they are made. Television came along to usurp momentarily the place of Hollywood in our hearts. Idols fell. It was smart to "dig the dirt" on actresses and actors, to hint in public print the things not fit to be said in polite parlors in proper homes. It's true that certain persons in Hollywood brought on much of this scandal by publicly flouting the ideals of decent behavior. But, to Hollywood citizens' plea that they were cleaning their own houses, many of us turned a deaf ear.

With such clean, wholesome entertainment as "The Glenn Miller Story," gripping drama such as "The Caine Mutiny," colorful pageantry such as "Prince Valiant," being shown on our nation's screens, it is time to take stock of this community called Hollywood. It is time to reaffirm our faith in the human decency that is inherent in the stars and in the leaders of an industry which can create such fine entertainment.

To this purpose, PHOTOPLAY is now rededicating itself.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Beefcake!

Cal
York's
Gossip
Of
Hollywood



Ornitz

Rock Hudson: Working overtime on "Bengal Rifles" gave pal Jeff Chandler a break!

INSIDE STUFF

The Beefcake Boys: Bob Wagner tore all the way back from La Jolla (he was visiting his parents) to keep a promise. A close friend has three little girls who worship Bob and every year they ask him to ride in the Girl Scouts parade and help them sell cookies. This year the cookies sold like hot cakes! Debbie Reynolds was in the parade too and later, just like old times, she and Bob had coffee together in Beverly Hills . . . Scott Brady's buddies refer to him as "Nature Boy



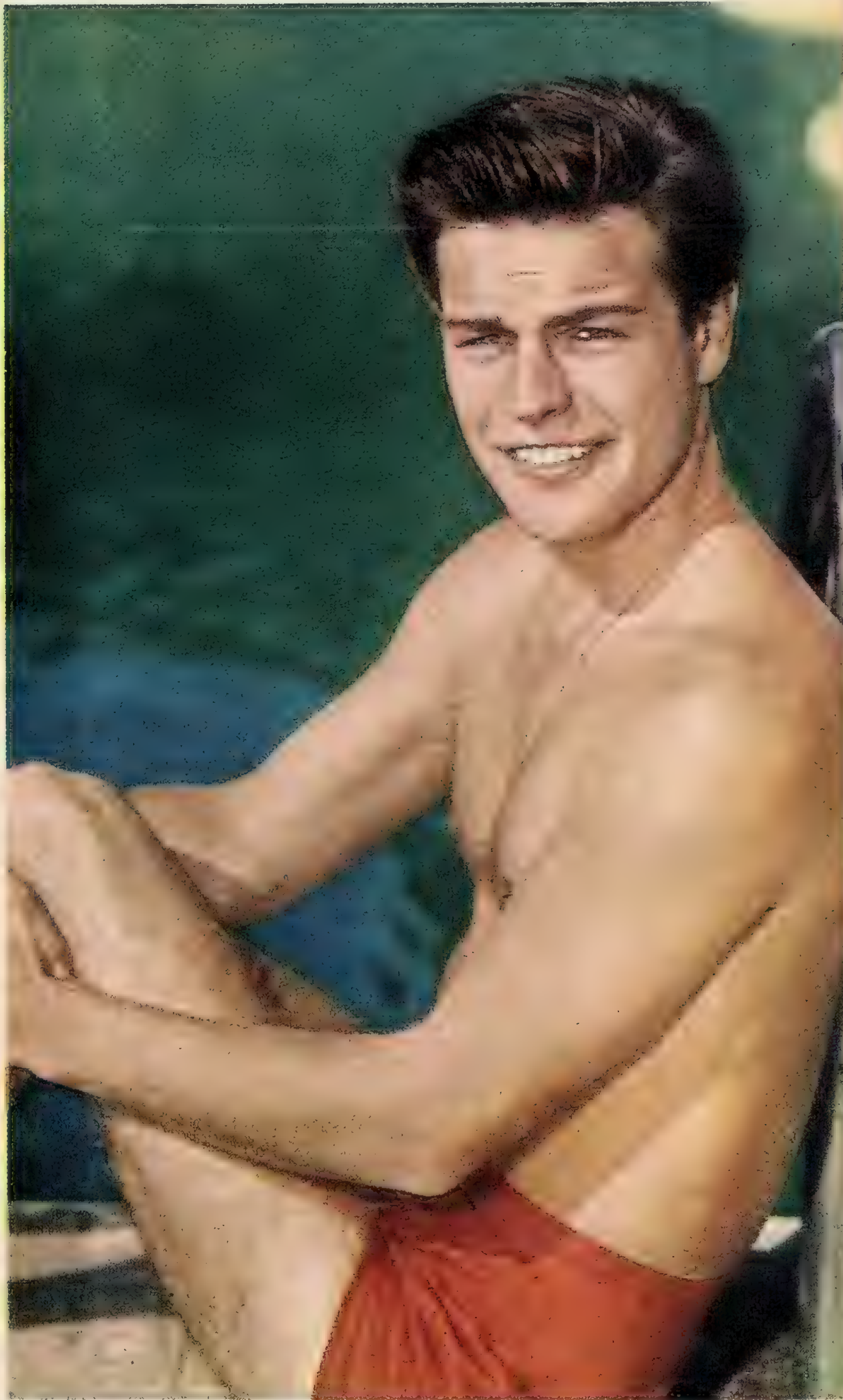
Fernando Lamas: His disappearing acts are keeping the glamour girls guessing

Apger



Tab Hunter: Lori Nelson's gift will take care of active Tab on any location "trips!"

Stern



Ornitz

Bob Wagner: As a salesman, Bob proved to be the hit of the Girl Scouts parade

Brady" since he makes those daily trips to Malibu Beach where May Wynn lives. The cold waters of the Pacific hold no terrors for the year-round swimmer, who's also a steak-and-potato man who loves to barbecue for May's guests. According to Scott, he's had his fill of free-lancing and will willingly settle down with any studio that offers him the right deal . . . And speaking of contracts, Tab Hunter who prefers to free-lance had to give Warners an option on a long-term con-

tract before they'd cast him in "Battle Cry." When he left for the Puerto Rico Island location, Tab received a first-aid kit from Lori Nelson. It contained pills for everything from a toothache—to a toe ache! . . . While Rock Hudson worked all night in "Bengal Rifles," it was a break for Jeff Chandler. He got to date Betty Abbott! And speaking of Rock, a fan sent him that white leather-bound album of "Glenn Miller" tunes that cost twenty-five dollars. There was no return address, so

Rock asked Cal to express his gratitude here! . . . Personal to Fernando Lamas: "Every unattached glamour girl in Hollywood wants you for dinner parties—but they can't find you! Even your agent swears he's out of touch!" The truth is, Fernando's back bothers him much more than his heart. He's suffering from sciatica, the result of an old and painful back injury, so his doctor ordered him to remain incommunicado in Palm Springs. Once a week, Fernando slips into (Continued on page 98)

BY HERB HOWE

Liz takes French Leave

● Out of this world with Liz, riding the clouds toward the sun, an old Liz-lover felt he was on the plane for paradise. Liz too was elated—Mike was waiting in Paris.

"We are having another honeymoon, Mike and I," Liz said.

"How many does this make?"

"The first was at Alpe d'Huez," Liz said. "Only a week because of work. Later, three months honeymooning in Copenhagen and Rome and Capri. Now every weekend in Paris."

It seemed to me there must be a clause in the motion-picture Moral Code forbidding actresses to go on honeymoons every weekend, even married actresses.

"Have you read the Moral Code, Liz?" I asked.

"I have read all Mickey Spillane," Liz said.

"Mickey Spillane did not write the Moral Code, Liz."

"I love the way sleuth Mike Hammer melts women with his kiss of fire," chortled Liz. "The kiss of fire!"

"Liz!"

Paternalism is pardonable in a pappy who remembers Liz the whizz on roller skates, black hair flying in a cloud or a sprite on a wild horse taking the jumps.

Daredevil Liz must now content herself with *reading*, rather than living dangerously herself.

Switching from kiss-of-fire Hammer to Phil Marlowe, private eye of Raymond Chandler's epics, she expressed concern over Phil's frigidity under women's fiery kisses. Was he inhibited? Her anxiety was relieved when I revealed that Phil was melted down by a millionairess in Chandler's latest book. He still showed abnormal virtue though, I said, in rejecting all gifts, even the engraving of Abe Lincoln on a treasury note. This abnormality did not disturb Liz. (Continued on page 113)



A weekend in Paris with
Liz and Mike gave this author some-
thing to write home about!

G. Morris • Liz Taylor, in
costume for "Beau Brummell"



**Their millionaires
could give them every-
thing but—the love
no money can buy**

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● It's the most natural thing in the world to want to marry the richest boy in the block. Doesn't the dream of every young girl contain a tall, dark, handsome youth with whom she can drift through life without financial worries? To catch a man who can buy tickets to the ends of the earth today, instead of waiting for a possible tomorrow, who can afford a Cadillac right now instead of a beat-up jalopy, who can match diamonds to the gleam in a girl's eyes—isn't this part of the dream? And when you are among the world's most beautiful and most talented women, why should your dream be different?

Unfortunately, to the bitter disappointment of Hollywood's beauties, dreams are not the stuff reality's made

of. Could anyone be more beautiful than Elizabeth Taylor or Lana Turner? More talented than Leslie Caron? Just as you and I are enchanted, so were the men whose millions can buy anything for the lady of their choice. Almost anything, that is.

I remember the beginning of the romance between sweet Leslie Caron, star of "Lili" and "An American in Paris," and handsome Geordie Hormel, the young heir to the fabulous meat-packing fortune. He had his music, his money; Leslie had her dancing feet, her career. And so they were married. I lunched with Leslie when she came back from the honeymoon and she was still on cloud number nine. "We are so (Continued on page 102)

\$1,000,000



"Marriage is more important to me than a career," said Leslie Caron. But two years later she danced away from the Hormel millions

Janet Leigh passed up a fortune when she rejected Arthur Loew Jr. for the love of Tony Curtis. Below, with Arthur, Nancy Sinatra





Marriage to Dan Topping put Lana Turner in society, left her with heartbreak and debts. She's a million times happier with Lex Barker



As the wife of Aly Khan, whose father, the Aga Khan, controlled the purse, Rita Hayworth paid a bitter price for title Princess

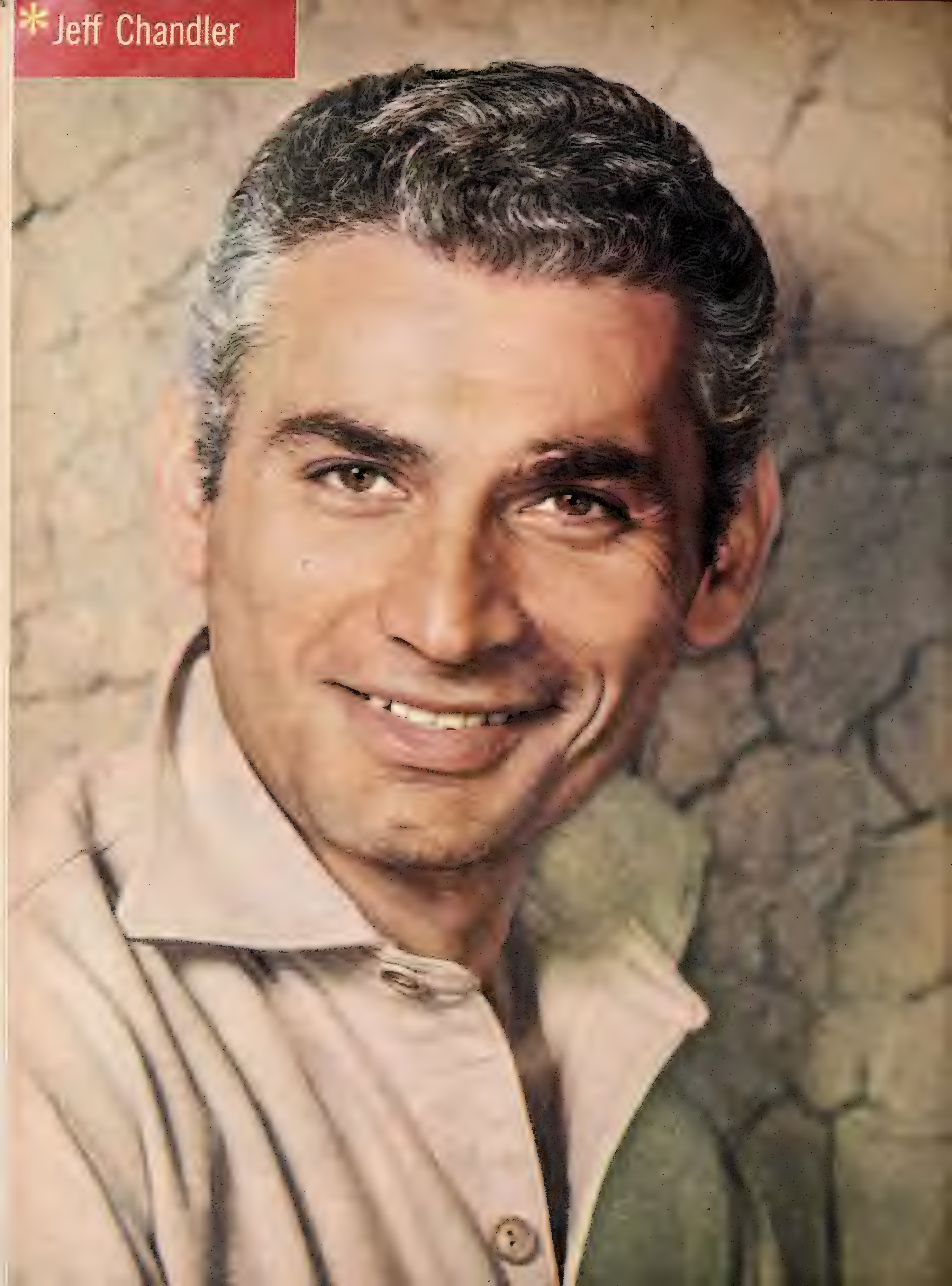
HEARTBREAKERS

Her marriage to Nicky Hilton was a fabulous fairy tale with an unhappy ending. But it matured Liz Taylor for life with Mike Wilding



Now Hollywood wonders whether Gene Tierney will profit by the experience of Rita—or take that chance on love with playboy Aly

* Jeff Chandler



STRICTLY PRIVATE AFFAIR?

* How much should be printed about a star's private life?

IN JANUARY, PHOTOPLAY featured an article called "Jeff's Other Love," describing the childhood friendship of Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler in Brooklyn and their unhappy marriages in Hollywood after they had each achieved success.

The Editors thought it was a powerful and revealing story of two top stars in whom PHOTOPLAY readers have shown extraordinary interest. It was a warm story of ambition rising above all obstacles and a hopeful one for the future. But Jeff Chandler feels that his past should be his own. Was Jeff justified in his stand?

You are the final judge. Does a star have the right to make his personal life a strictly private affair? Or is the public—you—entitled to know all the things you want to know, and need to know, about your favorite stars?

.....

PHOTOPLAY

Should or Should not write about a star's private life?

You decide.

Think carefully before you answer the question above. What you tell us will influence the type of articles you'll read in Photoplay in the future.

ANSWER _____

NAME _____

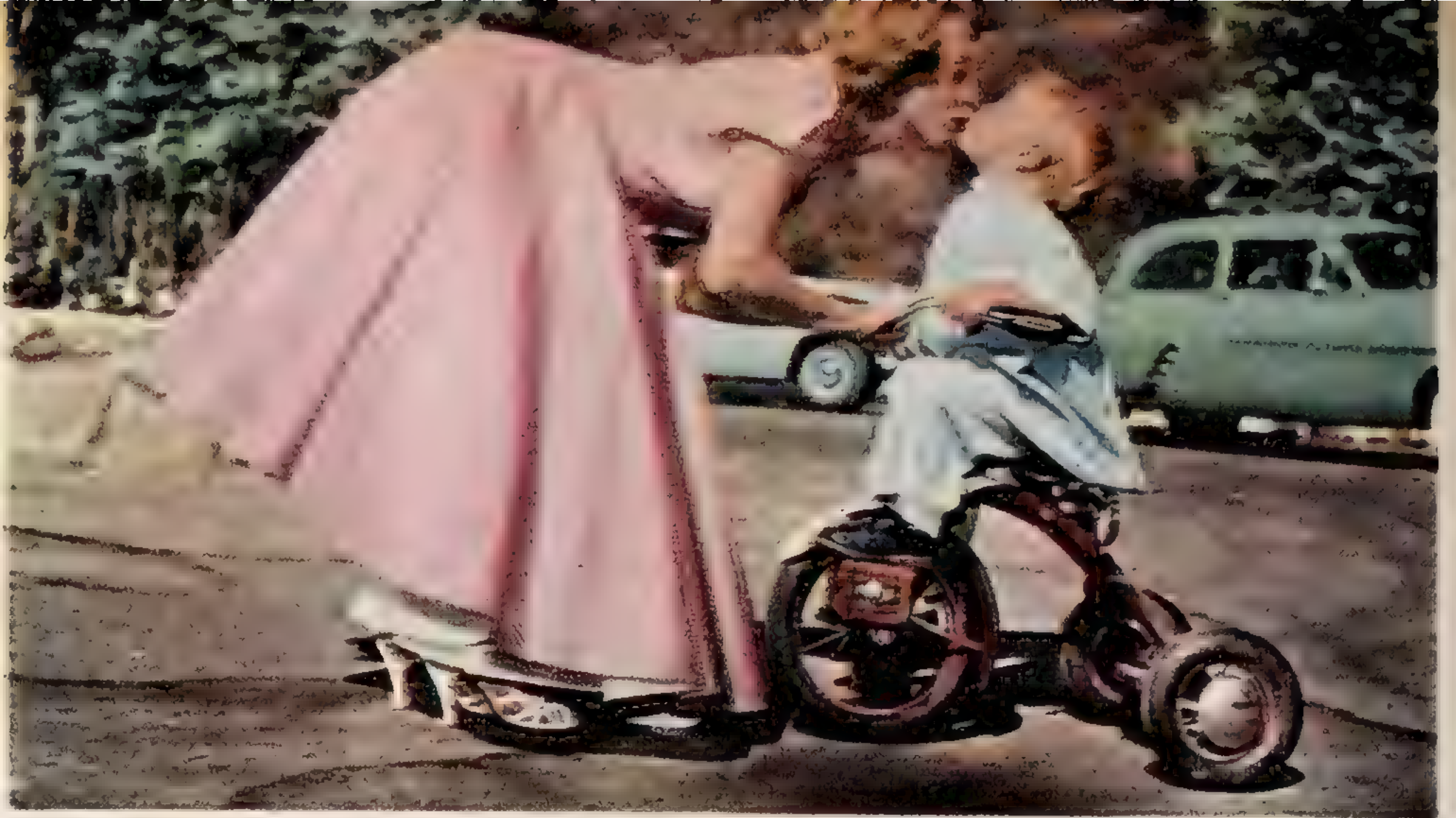
ADDRESS _____

Paste this ballot on a two-penny postal card and mail to Readers' Dept.,
Photoplay, P. O. Box 1282, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

.....



Ricky's always laughing, the life of the party. Pammy is gentle and thoughtful



I'm an incurable sentimentalist where children are concerned

*I found I didn't need
books to bring up my
children. The right
answer was in my heart*

MOTHERS ARE FOR LOVING!

BY JUNE ALLYSON

● As a mother, I've always had to work things out concerning my children, in my own way. Some mothers find their solutions in psychology books. But for me, I know that deep down within my heart I'll find the answers. When Pammy and Ricky have to be disciplined I try to make them understand it's a sign I care. Youngsters have to feel that from parents. Take away love and you take away the surest guarantee that a child will attempt to work through his problems. As far as I am concerned children can be children. And if that means noise, that's all right with me. I draw the line only when I think Pammy and Ricky might be endangering themselves or others. As a working mother, I've learned to make the most of the time I can be with my children, to relax and enjoy them. And when I hear their happy voices, I know I needn't worry. Pammy and Ricky know for sure—mothers are for loving.

Pictures by Ornitz • June Allyson is in "Executive Suite"



My playtime with Pammy and Ricky is . . .

brief when I'm working. I make every minute count

*Cuddling and love
—they mean so
much to a child*



Terry
can
take
it!



*Terry Moore's ermine
bathing suit made her vulnerable
to criticism from everyone.
Here's how she's met it*

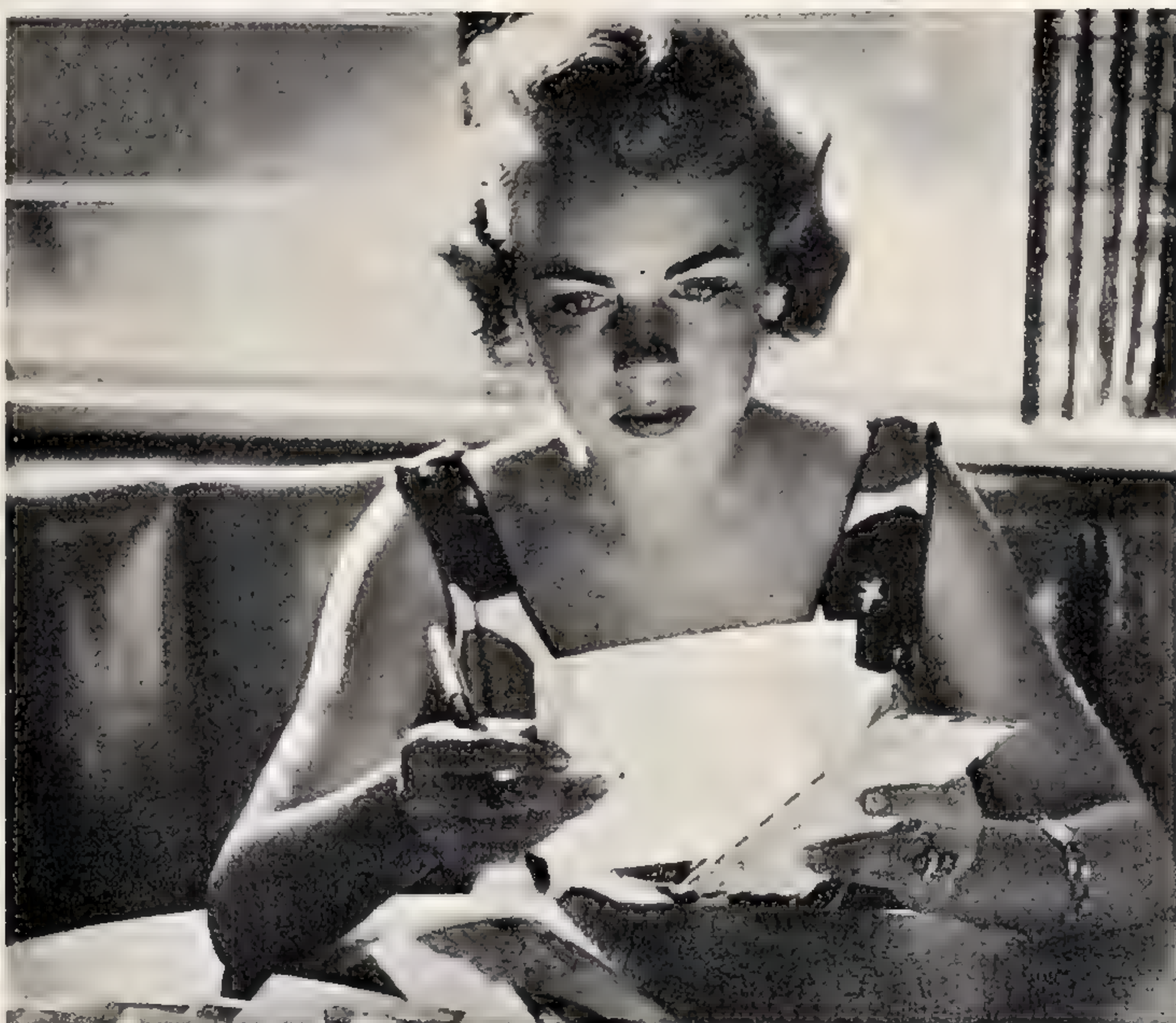
BY MAXINE ARNOLD



Terry prizes her taped interviews with GI's in Korea



Letters still pour in, bringing hope and encouragement



Terry's mother has lent help and guidance



On Christmas Eve, a heartbroken Terry Moore lay face down on an Army cot in the Far East and tried to cry away the hurt and shock and bewildered disappointment that had engulfed her a few hours ago.

Until then, everything had been so perfect, and Terry's heart was filled to overflowing. In her mind she could see the upturned faces of the audience she would soon be playing to, the most appreciative audience in the world—the lonely GI's in Korea—happy and smiling because it was Christmas and someone from home had remembered and come all the way to entertain them. It wouldn't take away all the loneliness that comes from being away from home on Christmas, but for a few hours, at least, they would be happy. Terry had almost cried when she thought how lucky she was to have this opportunity.

And now she lay sobbing.

Continued on next page

Terry can take it!

Continued from previous page

Terry's philosophy in life is to learn from everything that happens to her

She had just been told that she was not good enough to entertain these lonely men and been ordered home because the authorities said her ermine bathing suit was so sexy it constituted a menace to the morale of the GI's.

Terry buried her head in the pillow and her body was torn with wracking sobs at her disappointment. And as she thought of the world-wide publicity that was probably being given her deportation order, shame was added to the disappointment. Everyone would be laughing at her and even her friends would think the whole thing was nothing but a deliberate publicity stunt.

"It's so unfair," she sobbed bitterly. "It isn't a bathing suit at all. And it certainly isn't sexy. If I'd wanted to be sexy, I'd have worn something slinky and black with a slit in the skirt—and put out one knee like Dietrich. Fur isn't sexy. Fur makes me look like a

little round Teddy bear, and in white it's perfect for Christmas." And she couldn't help wondering why all this had happened to her. Her costume wasn't anywhere nearly as abbreviated as the one being worn by another girl in the troupe.

The next morning, Terry was still red-eyed from crying the entire night, but her bitterness was gone. "I guess that's just one of those things," she said to her mother. "But I did want *so much* to entertain the boys." Her mother patted her gently on the arm and continued packing, and after a little while Terry went outside.

Almost before she was out the door, a group of GI's spotted her and rushed over, surrounding her and all talking at once. Out of the confusion, Terry caught one sentence. "If you think that bunny suit of yours is sexy, you should have seen the show before this."

For a moment Terry began to think she was besieged by autograph hunters and she reached in her bag for a pencil. Then suddenly everyone was quiet and one of the men handed her a little piece of metal. Terry looked at it and gasped. It was a medal, a symbol of bravery on the field of battle, and Terry knew how much it meant to the man who had earned such distinction.

She tried to pull her hand away. "Oh no! I couldn't accept this from you."

"Please, Terry, take it," the man said. "It isn't much but it's all I have, and I want you to know we're glad you came and we want you to stay."

And then—almost as if they were doing her a favor—the other men filed past and laid their medals in Terry's numb hand. "We're with you, Terry. Thanks for coming."

Terry's eyes filled as she realized what these men were doing. All over the world people might be laughing at her—even her friends—but here were these men, the lonely GI's who really knew what was happening, giving her the most touching testimonial possible.

Finally Terry turned and stumbled inside the hut, speechless and touched to the heart.

And in a few hours this spontaneous verdict was reinforced by a wire from Washington reading: "We prefer Terry Moore stay." It came a scant hour before Terry and her mother were to board the plane for their ignominious trip home, and Terry's disappointment vanished as she went happily about the business she had come for—entertaining the GI's.

But much of the shame remained from the publicity that had been given her bathing suit. As she had suspected, many people did think she had staged the whole thing as a publicity stunt, and some of them even began to imply that the only reason she had gone to Korea was for publicity. Even many of the people she had thought were her friends began to sing the same chorus. Terry was hurt and shocked beyond words.

But then letters began to pour in on

Terry and her mother are close companions, discuss her future and career





Terry and her mother flipped when told they were going to the Cannes Film Festival, all expenses paid, later were heartbroken when Terry was hospitalized and they couldn't attend

Terry that told an entirely different story. Grateful letters, thanking her "as the parents of one of the boys so far from home—God bless you for brightening their lives—even for a little while." Angry letters from GI's decrying "the pseudo-patriots who try to dictate to other people what's right and wrong." Admiring letters saying what a lucky guy her brother is "to have a sister like you." And lonely letters still pour in, letters straight from the heart to her own, beginning, "It's raining tonight in Korea, Tiny Terry—and there's only the memory of your visit. I've relived it a thousand times. . . ."

And in a white bungalow in West

Los Angeles these many evenings, Terry Moore has relived it too—with them. They've answered her own heart in a troubled time when she's been accused of using her Korean trip for personal publicity. When she's been maligned by the very people she had thought were her friends and criticized for socializing too much, butterflying around, for being fickle and flitting from date to date for sweet publicity's sake. When she's been stabbed in the back in print with untruths and sexy innuendoes and tabbed heartbreakingly as Terry 'Ermine Panties' Moore.

It isn't true, the things they have been saying, but that doesn't take away

very much of the sting, and being one of the top stars in the business just makes her all the more vulnerable, because everything she says and does is in the public spotlight.

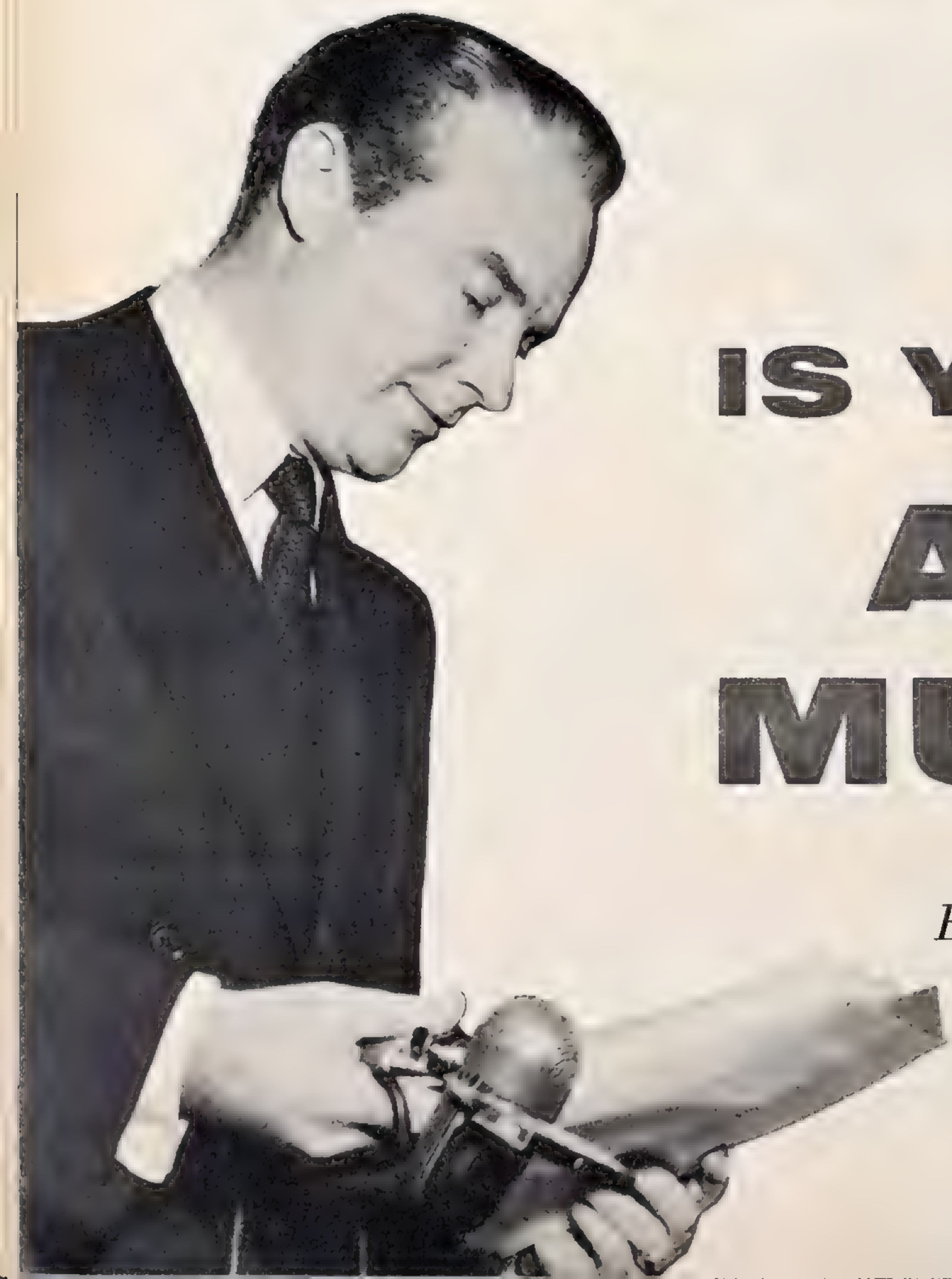
Right now Terry is facing the same thing that almost every girl faces at one time or another—that sudden day when friends are no longer friends and nothing you can do seems to be right. It happens to everyone, and when it does, it is one of the stiffest challenges a person can face. Sometimes it even marks a turning point in the person's life, especially for a star who has not only her personal life to worry about but also has (Continued on page 99)



WHO STOOD OFF 250 NAZIS DEALS SHOW FROM GENERALS

han, Who Came Up Hard Way to Bat-
ld Commission, Wears About All
Decorations There Are.

... machine gun fire, alone at-
tacked a machine gun nest. In close
combat he killed six Germans,
wounded three and captured five.
entirely disregarding bullets which
glanced off rocks about him and
hand grenades which exploded on
every side. He fought like a mad-



THIS IS YOUR LIFE AUDIE MURPHY

BY RALPH EDWARDS



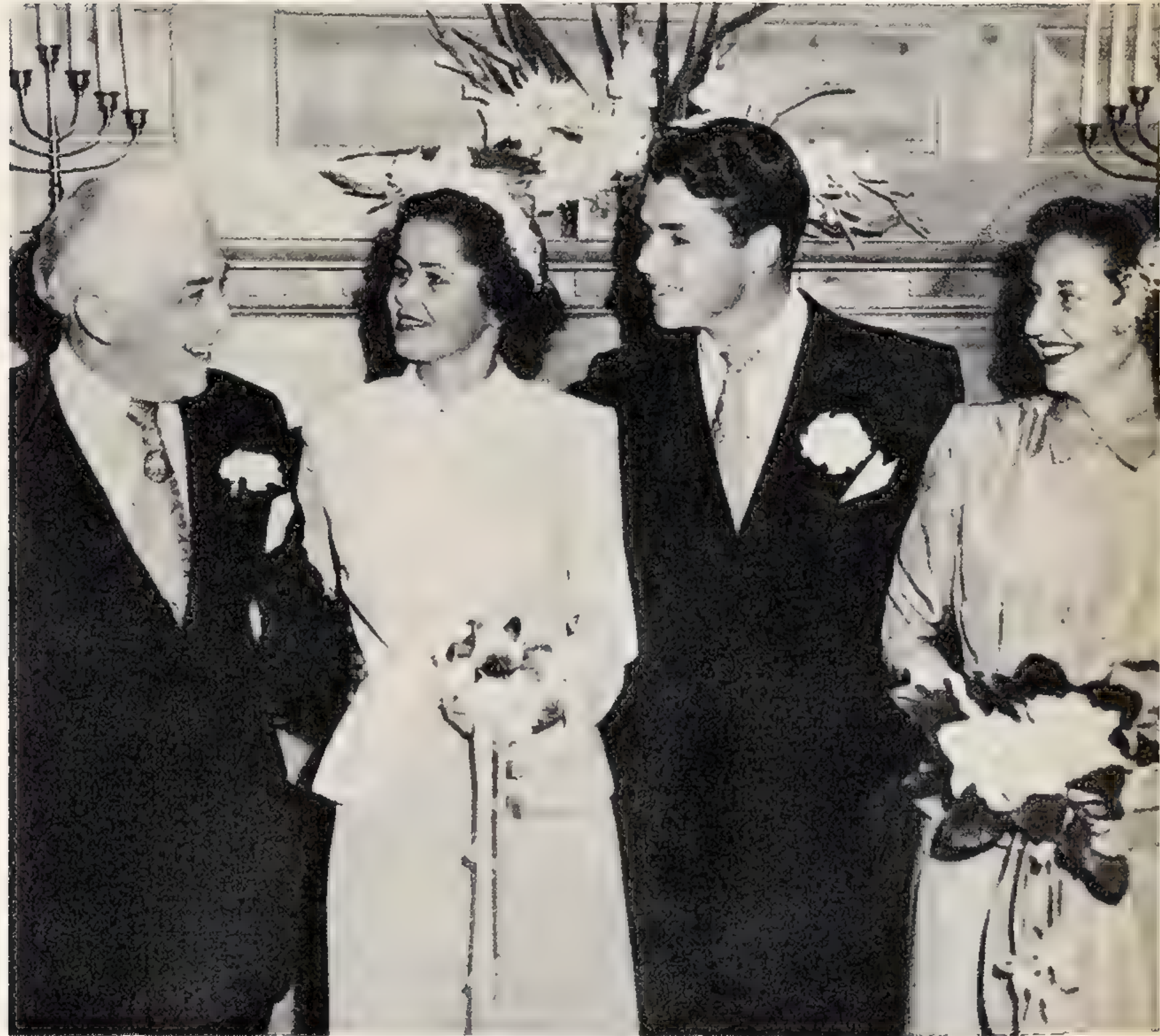
Audie Murphy thought he had won all his battles when he made his heroic exit from war. But he had still harder fights to win

You need no introduction here. Not only have the eyes of Texas but the eyes of the whole world been upon you since you were seventeen. Soldier and star.

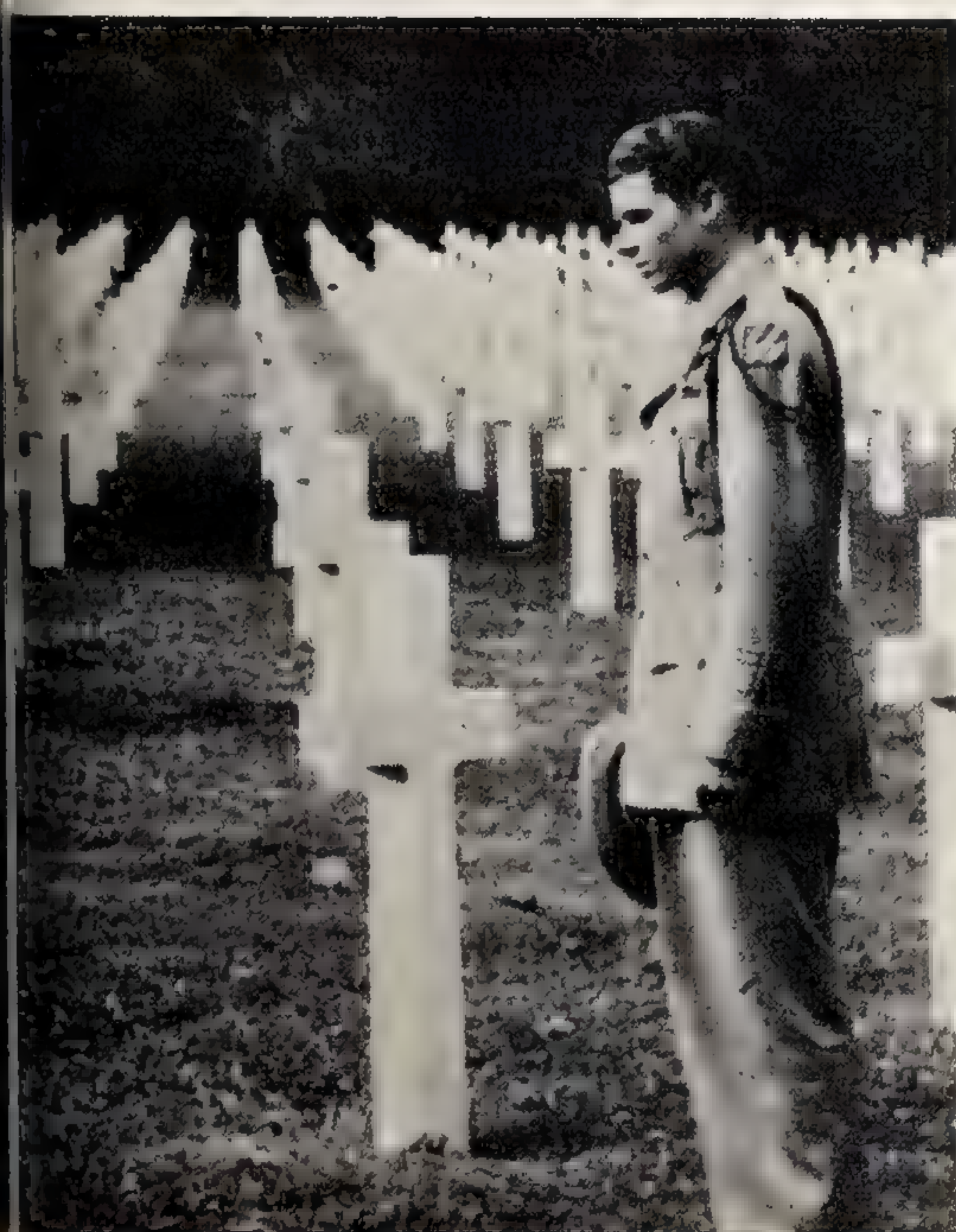
Yours is a life that stretches from cotton fields to carbines and now before the cameras in Hollywood. PHOTOPLAY hasn't pages enough to present here all those who've shared your eventful twenty-nine years. Among them, those so well remembered who've walked with you through misery and victory. From the deep heart of your own homeland, through the desert of North Africa, across the beachhead at Anzio and through green vineyards in France.

Through the years, you've had many names. They've called you "Short-breeches" and "Irish" and ducked when they called you "Baby-face." Many have called you hero—though you yourself called heroes those "who didn't come home." Courage in any form is still a tender word to you. A word nobody uses who calls you friend.

Once you defined bravery. "I'll tell you what bravery is," you said. "It's anger, and hunger, and wet and cold—and wanting to be back in a (Continued on page 94)



His marriage to Pam Archer (Anna-bel Schiesher in attendance and James Cherry, guests) brought peace



War has no glamour for a man who knew it. Back in France, he paid tribute to other heroes



Fellow Texans hailed him at a university ball. No college man, he'd earned higher degrees



But he remained a fighter. Trooper Brandon heard how Audie licked a hitchhiker bandit

Motherhood can be a

Nine Months' Beauty



Esther Williams is in "Jupiter's Darling"

This star has had three children and still kept her famous figure.

Course



Here is how she did it



Esther with her third child, daughter Susan Tenney Gage

BY ESTHER WILLIAMS

As told to Maxine Block

● If you want to know my qualifications for this particular article I can only give you the facts, Ma'am. In less than four-and-a-half years I've produced three babies—the first August 6, 1949 and the third (and I hope not last) on October 1, 1953. As a motion-picture actress, my work calls for tip-top physical health and constant attention to what I laughingly call "my looks." And I'm convinced that any Lady-in-waiting can emerge from pregnancy with the expectation of looking better and feeling better than ever and also with a better figure than she had before.

To do this is not easy. For nine months, from the time a gal feels she is being followed by some bird that could turn out to be a stork, she needs to fortify herself with large amounts of will power and self-imposed discipline. And after the Great Day arrives, she must continue for a few months to pay strict attention to exercise, diet, rest and beauty routines.

Pregnancy makes tremendous physical, emotional and mental changes in a woman. And because of these new, and sometimes frightening, sensations it is easy to slip into seclusion, neglecting daily

Continued on next page→

Motherhood

can be a

Nine Months' Beauty Course



beauty routines, foregoing daily exercise in the open air, nibbling all day long on everything in sight, wallowing in self-pity while contemplating not a Lost Weekend but a Lost Waistline.

Still I say Life Can Be Beautiful if you'll make it so.

Obstetricians are in agreement that pregnancy is not an illness but a perfectly normal experience. They also feel, as one of them said, "The informed woman today realizes that in pregnancy she should have care as exacting as in pneumonia; she in turn should be as obedient to her doctor as if she were diabetic. For nine months a pregnant woman is in training as surely as an athlete, and for a much more precious cause than the honor of the greatest alma mater, you'll have to admit."

Before our eldest son was born, I developed a profound respect for my body which I had too long taken for granted. I planned to give it the very best care possible so that it, in turn, could do its natural job effectively. When Dr. Bradbury said, during my first visit to his office, "This is what you were designed for," I knew he spoke the truth. And when he discussed diet, weight control, rest, I resolved to obey his commands as if he were a hard-boiled Marine sergeant.

Let's talk first about exercise. Today, more and more women are saying, "I want to have my babies and my figure too!" They're living proof that a Blessed Event does not, in itself, ruin a woman's figure. Just look at the curvaceous mothers of two and three children on the

7

APPROVED EXERCISES

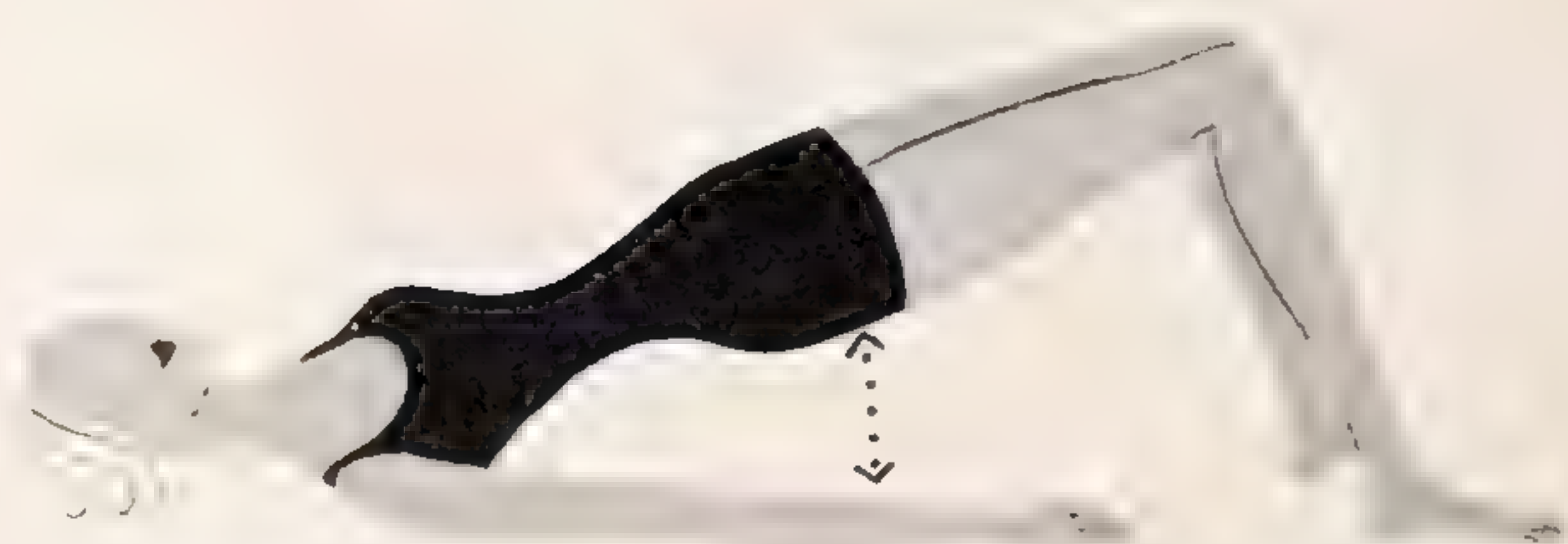


Sketches by
Mary Suzuki

1. Stretch arms sideways, then raise, bring hands together. Lower arms, rest. Repeat five times



2. Relax arms at sides, breathe with abdomen five times



3. Feet slightly apart, bend knees upwards. Raise buttocks so body rests on soles and shoulders. Press knees together, contract muscles of lower abdomen at same time



4. Raise one knee sharply towards abdomen and bring foot down to the buttocks. Then straighten out leg, lower it to bed. Do this first with one leg, then with the other

stage, in films and TV. Control of diet and general health, firm support of maternity bra and (if needed) maternity girdle, exercises to strengthen the abdominal wall and the pelvis before and after delivery and a good-sized dose of determination are needed. An athletic girl may get right back to her prepregnant figure; a girl who has gained far too much may have a real fight on her hands. But her figure is always within a mother's control, for the changes wrought by pregnancy are not permanent.

When one friend who has heard me stress exercise while awaiting a pabulum-muncher—and afterwards—asked her doctor why he hadn't prescribed exercises for her, he said, "Oh, I've given instructions and given them but I've found that so few mothers have the will power to

do them that I just don't bother any more. They say they are too tired and too busy and then they get guilt complexes about neglecting their exercises and it only upsets them."

I believe that simple daily exercise before and after baby comes prevents flabbiness, poor circulation, helps tension and insomnia, eases the stages of labor and also pays a pleasurable dividend in rediscovering a pre-baby waistline and bustline. Those who pay no attention to diet and exercise increase their size—as they increase their families.

Your doctor will tell you what exercise you may take during pregnancy and he'll stress that the important thing is to avoid overdoing it and (*Continued on page 84*)

TO REGAIN YOUR FIGURE



5. Raise first one leg then the other without bending the knee, lower slowly, using abdominal muscles. Then raise both legs at once, lifting higher as you grow stronger



6. Lying flat on bed—be sure to discard pillows—raise head and try to place chin on your chest without moving any other part of the body. Repeat exercise ten times



7. Stretch out on bed, without pillows, cross arms on chest. Then raise head and shoulders, just enough to clear bed at first. Later, try to rise to sitting position with your feet crossed and arms clasped behind your head





Janet's and Tony's home will be seeing a lot of Tony's wife!

*For a month she'll be plain
Mrs. Curtis—for reasons
that will surprise you!*

BY ROBERT EMMETT

● When early last spring, Janet Leigh politely told her M-G-M bosses that, please, she would like a month's leave of absence, those bosses were startled and perturbed—not so much by the request itself, as by the glint of determination in Janet's hazel eyes hinting that if she didn't get what she asked for, she was prepared to take it. This, they felt, was not like the Janet they knew. They were so right.

"A month's leave of absence?" they asked. "What for?"

"A vacation," Janet told them.

"Oh—you're thinking of going somewhere? Taking a trip?"

But Janet shook her blond head. She was not thinking, she said, of taking any trip. She just wanted to stay home. And when she spoke the word home, she seemed to be hugging to herself a special secret delight.

"But," she said, "it has to be a real leave of absence. No telephone calls, no interviews, no photographers taking pictures for a magazine layout, no publicity cocktail parties or appearances at premières. No scripts to read—definitely underlined, no scripts to read!"

"Well!" said the bosses to one another, resignedly. "Women! Actresses! Even sensible, businesslike, co-operative actresses like our Janet (*Continued on page 106*)

the
secret
life
of

JANET



LEIGH

Jane Russell's Happiest Year

BY BEVERLY OTT

She was living in Columbus at the time — in a state bordering on heaven!

● Mrs. Coney still remembers that night when she saw young Mrs. Waterfield sitting alone on the front steps. A light rain had begun, but the girl apparently hadn't noticed. She sat looking into the apartment, where the lights were warm and the atmosphere homelike.

"What in the world are you doing out in this weather?" Mrs. Coney asked quietly.

"Thinking," said the girl. "I've been thinking. I guess I'm happier right here than I've ever been in my whole life." . . .

"And I believe she was," says Mrs. Coney today. "Of course, I knew nothing about her life — except that she had been in movies. She never talked about it. No one here had seen the film she'd made, but everyone had heard of her."

In Hollywood, and elsewhere, Mrs. Waterfield was known as Jane Russell. This was 1943 . . . another wartime year when people lived uneasily in a (Continued on page 109)



Signed photo is from film, "The Outlaw"



Home, sweet home in Columbus, Georgia



Bob's the only star in Jane's Hollywood life

Bachrach • Jane Russell is in "French Line"



"One of the nicest men," says Eva Marie Saint, Marlon's co-star in "On the Waterfront"



THE



But to his critics, Marlon is more like the character he portrayed in "The Wild One"

BY
HELEN
BOLSTAD

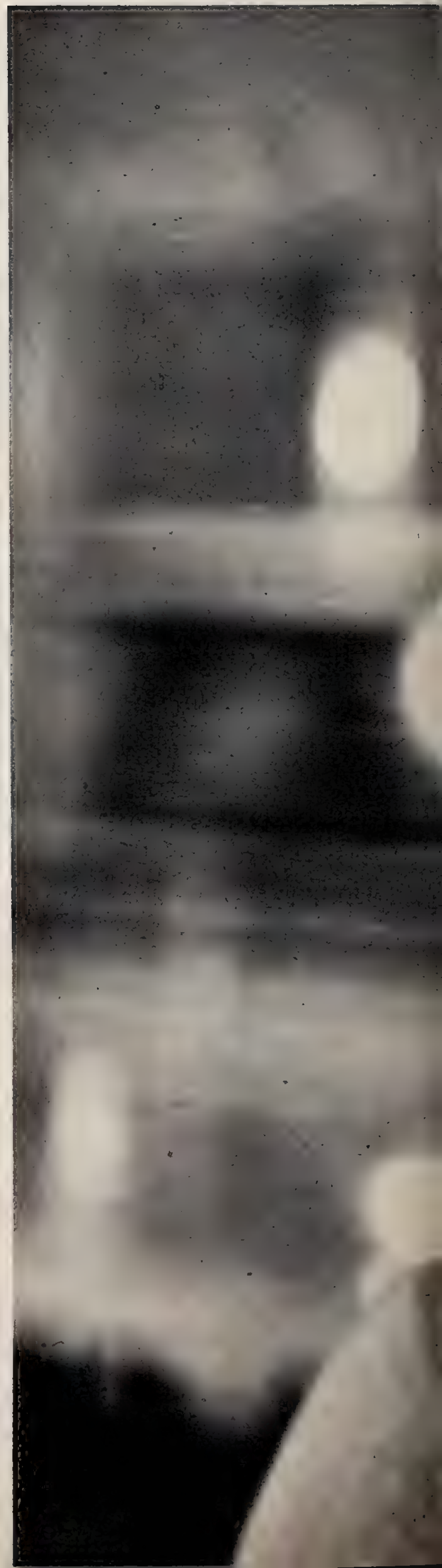
● The young man standing at the door had his arms so full of bags and bags of groceries, his face was half-hidden and he could scarcely spare even a pinky to buzz the bell. He had grapefruit and soup and potatoes and milk and lettuce and celery and *pate de fois gras*—and a huge slab of mouth-watering steak big enough to feed at least ten people! It was the greatest.

When the woman opened the door, she didn't bat an eye. "I'm sorry," she said. "You have the wrong apartment. I didn't order any groceries."

Then she saw who was behind the small mountain of paper bags and flipped, "Marlon! Come in! Come on in!" She hugged his arm and tried to rebuke him. "But you shouldn't have brought anything."

Marlon Brando grinned happily and swaggered into the kitchen as if he owned the place. "You said it was pot luck," he quipped, "and that's what I brought—a pot o' luck."

As usual, Marlon was crossing up the people who claim he is selfish and (Continued on page 104)



*Is Marlon Brando as bad as he's printed? Here is what
an ace reporter learned about the man some critics call...*

WILD ONE





by Ruth Waterbury

Beauty Secrets

This is not something
for the boys! But you will be if
you follow Elaine Stewart's
beauty routine

● Definitely in the Crawford-Dietrich-Turner tradition, Elaine Stewart, M-G-M's newest glamour doll, smiles provocatively and says, "I have no beauty secrets—no special creams made for me at midnight by a mermaid under water, no incantations to make my eyes shine or potions to keep my skin flawless. But," she adds, seriously, "I do have my own particular beauty routine. I devote one night a week to it—absolutely regularly and absolutely every week."

Elaine knows that pretty faces are a dime a dozen in Hollywood. And beautiful figures are no novelty either. But the combination of both is rare—and potent. Elaine has both and she means to keep both. And more than most girls, this rising young star understands the basic beauty techniques that make the difference between being just another pretty girl and an irresistibly appealing woman. It is to her own brand of feminine allure that her weekly beauty sessions are dedicated.

She chooses Monday evening for her beauty rites. One of Hollywood's most sought-after dates, she looks forward to it as a luxurious time to relax after a busy weekend. On Mondays only, Elaine eats her heaviest meal at noon, with only a light supper at night. That's to help her get a sound nine-hour beauty sleep—not the least important part of any beauty program. This girl is too smart to overlook what sleep can contribute to sparkling eyes and satiny skin.

An hour after supper, Elaine starts her (Continued on page 92)

Apger

Elaine Stewart is in "Brigadoon"

*Marriage is no cure
for loneliness
when a girl can't put
her heart into it*

Don't Twist Cupid's Arm!

by Piper Laurie

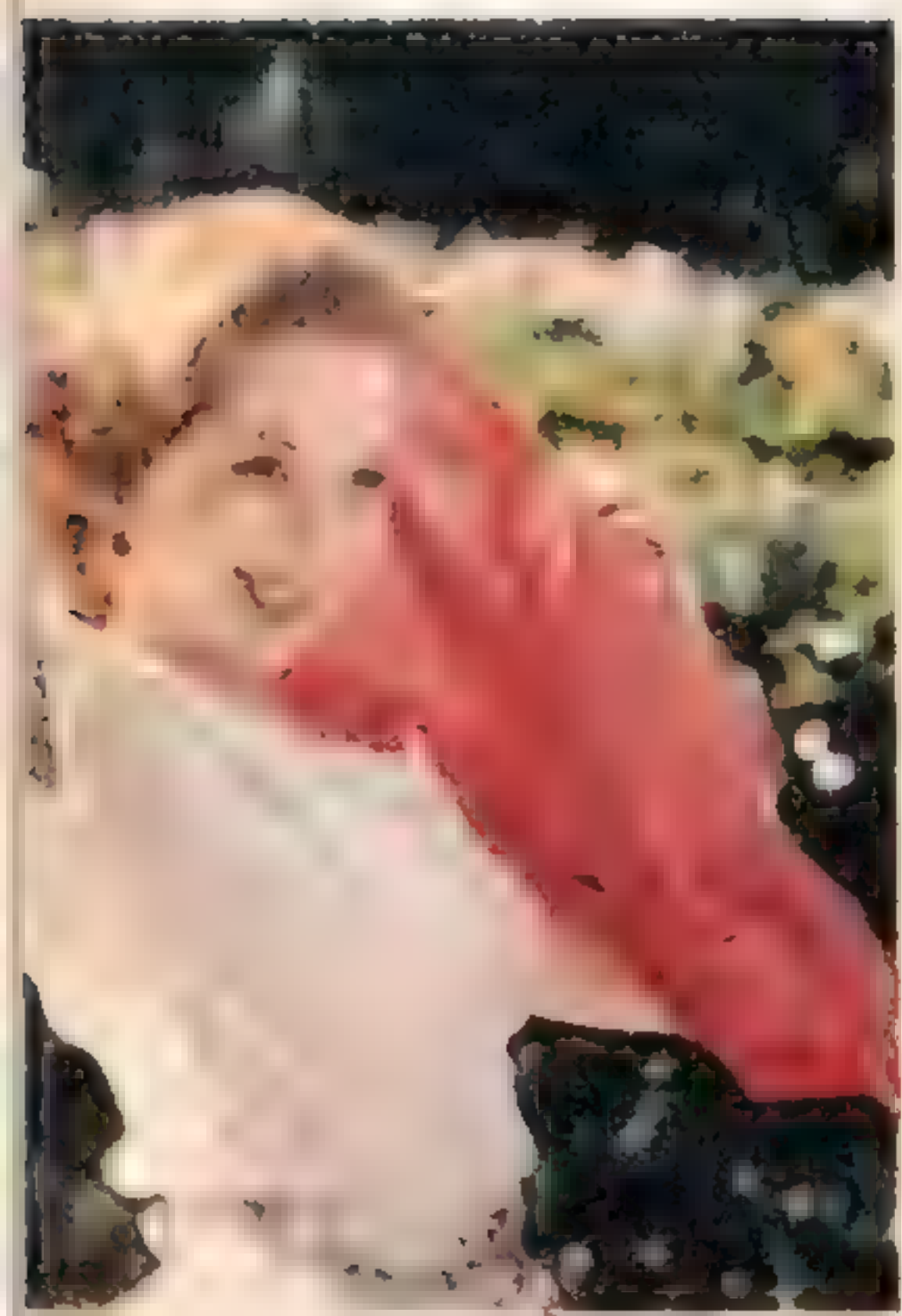
● Not long ago, shortly before my twenty-first birthday, I sat with my escort—a boy I'll call Jimmy—at a ringside table in Ciro's. I'd just finished a superb dinner, the orchestra was playing my favorite dance music and before long I'd be watching one of the most famous night-club acts in the world. Despite all this, I wasn't having a particularly good time.

When Jimmy excused himself for a moment to table-hop and say hello to some of his friends across the room, I sat there feeling miserable and not knowing why. Just then Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. Jim McNulty, came dancing past. Both of them smiled at me. Ann was radiant with happiness, and Dr. Jim looked like a man who'd won the most

precious prize in the world, as indeed he had.

I thought, "There goes the girl I'll be like when I'm twenty-six, if I'm lucky—and smart." Five years ago Ann was my age, just getting well established, not married and not engaged to anyone. I remembered how people had been constantly asking her why she didn't do something about marriage and how she'd laughed at them all in her sweet way. The laughter had said in effect, "When I find him, you'll know it."

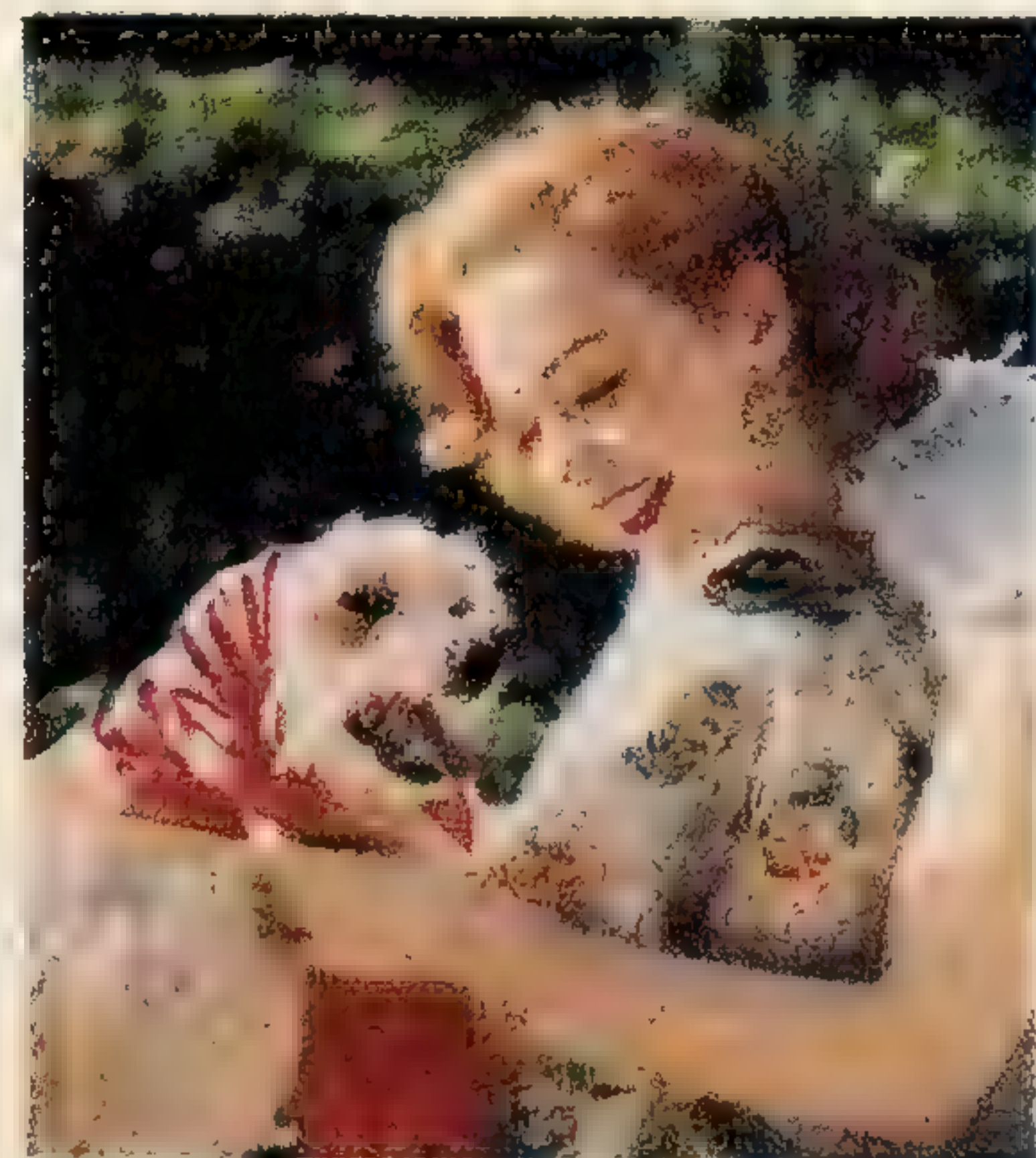
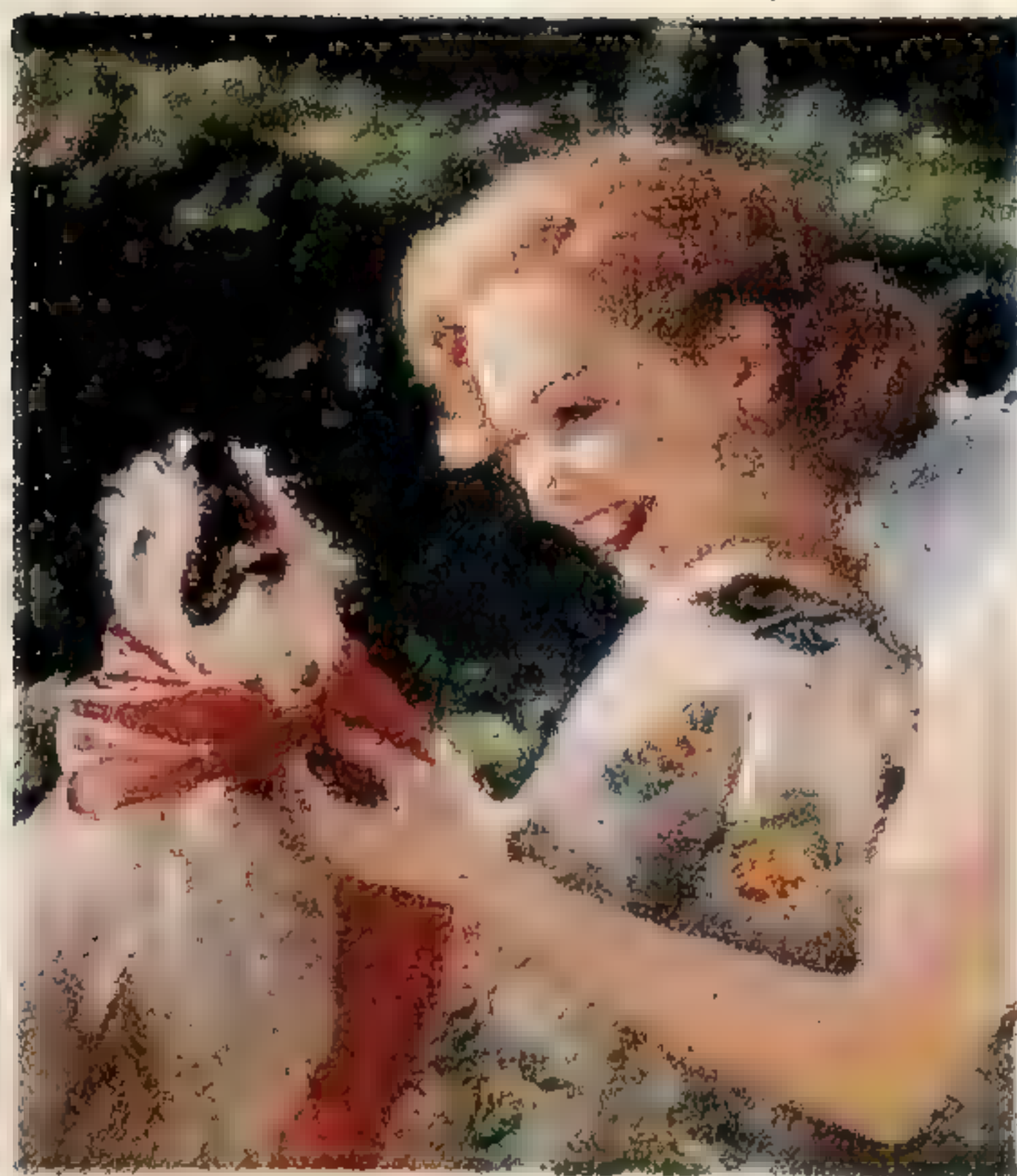
She probably chose to put in many an evening alone before she finally found her Dr. Jim—rather than date just for the sake of going out. But here before my eyes was the result of her patience and good sense—the happiest girl in (Continued on page 86)





Stern • Piper Laurie is in "Johnny Dark"

"When a girl's lonely it's easy to be grateful for companionship. But gratitude certainly isn't love."



PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS
PRESENTS

A WEDDING WONDERLAND

The Bride Is

Queen for a day in beautiful silver-white—silvery tones mark gown as 1954's most elegant. A PHOTOPLAY Exclusive! Rita Gam is enchanting in traditional imported lace over satin and nylon tulle. Bodice is frosted with iridescent appliques, gathered skirt sweeps into handsome cathedral train which may also be worn floor length. 8-20. \$125. By Arden of Campus Bridals Inc. Matching jeweled pillbox, silk illusion veil. By Lori. Cultured pearl necklace, earrings. By Imperial

The Bridesmaid Is

Lovely Eva Marie Saint in soft froth of nylon chiffon, a pretty and gay complement for the bride's gown. Attendant's dress is proper for the wedding ceremony, dances happily on for later party-time wear. Draped cowl neck scoops becomingly in front and back ending in fly-away panel. Coral, pink, blue, aqua, white, maize, lilac. 7-15, 8-16. \$40. By David Klein. Organdy bonnet in matching colors. By Bridal Modes. White glacé shortie gloves. By Alexette Bacmo

For "where to buy" turn to page 89

All photos by Del Hayden



*Rita Gam's latest
is U-I's "Sign
of the Pagan"*

*Eva Marie Saint
is in Columbia's
"On the Waterfront"*

*Bouquets
courtesy of
Irene Hayes*

*For helpful hints on how to apply
wedding-day make-up see page 89*

FOR MORE FASHIONS →

A WEDDING WONDERLAND

The Bride's Jewels



Matching diamond and gold engagement and wedding rings. Artcarved. 17-jewel watch with gold-filled expansion bracelet. \$47.50 (plus tax). Orloff

The Bride's Gifts

Pretty bed linen set: double-size white percale sheet, white pillowcases with gay candy-stripe trim, in blue, pink, yellow, green. \$14.95. By Wamsutta

Always-fresh fitted percale sheets in yellow, pink, blue, lilac, green, rose. \$2.89. Matching cases, 98¢. By Stevens-Mohawk

For sleepy heads, a foam latex pillow with washable cotton cover. \$8.95. By Wamsutta

All-matching ribbed bath accessories—face cloth, 49¢; hand towel, \$1.29; bath towel, \$2.98; bath mat, \$4.95. White, pink, aqua, blue, green, coral, yellow, burgundy, orchid. Wamsutta

To cook foods quickly and deliciously, a 4-qt. aluminum pressure cooker. \$12.95. Wear-Ever

For good-tasting coffee brewed just right, a 2-cup aluminum percolator. \$2.95. By Wear-Ever

Any bride can cook with this 10" fryer with non-tarnishable cover. \$8.25. Haillite. by Wear-Ever

Complete your cooking utensils, a deep pot and cover to match fryer. \$6.25. Hallite, Wear-Ever

To dress a handsome table, six-piece sterling-silver luncheon place setting in the new "Rose Solitaire" pattern. \$29.75 per setting (tax inc.). By Towle

Easy-to-clean round aluminum covered serving dish, 9" in diameter, can double as two individual dishes. \$10. Kensington

For hot sauces, a fine sterling silver pipkin. \$17.50; sterling tray, \$5 (tax inc.). Towle

On opposite page: "Black Forest" 400-day clock, polished brass, glass dome. \$26.95. Kundo

Good tools are practical help-mates. Set of six steel knives, will not chip or peel. \$45.30 with handsome holder included. Cutco

Set of eight stainless steel steak knives in mahogany case. \$43.40 with case. By Cutco

Table-chest for all your sterling and stainless steel services. Blonde or dark finish, with 5-piece starter set of "Silver Rhythm" pattern in sterling, plus one 4-piece setting in stainless steel, "Stockholm" pattern. Complete: \$186 (tax inc.). By International Sterling

Sectional sterling-silver candelabra to be used in variety of ways for entertaining. Console candleholder \$17.20 each; pillar \$17.15 each; branch \$38.60 each (tax inc.). Westmorland

Regency aluminum canape plate can also be used for fruit or flower or vegetable arrangements. About \$10. By Kensington





Iron-legged dining table courtesy of W & J Sloane

Cup and saucer in new "Cross-roads" pattern. Grey and white or all white. \$2.95. By Arzberg.

For the most precious part of your table setting, this six-piece solid sterling set in new "Decor." \$42.25 (tax inc.). By Gorham

Elegant tall teapot in solid white porcelain. \$5.95. Arzberg

For informal or formal table settings, silver-plated bread tray in "Spring Garden" pattern. \$10 (plus tax). Holmes & Edwards

Decorative matching sterling-silver berry spoon, \$18; server, \$13 (tax inc.) "George & Martha." By Westmorland

The Bride Goes Away

In a fabulous Weathervane suit. Fabric looks fresh in most wilting weather. Ten-button jacket has contrasting stitch trim, $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeves. Six-gored slender skirt. 7-15, 10-20. Grey, navy, black, gold, green. \$30. By Handmacher. Red-velvet stole studded with rhinestones. \$11. By Glentex. Matching pill-box by Dani. White and gold jewelry by Sperry. Amelia Earhart luggage. Sheer seamless hosiery by Hanes

For "where to buy"
turn
to page 89

MORE FASHIONS



Suit modeled by Rita Gam



PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS
PRESENTS . . .

THE KEY TO A LOVELY



For smooth, slim lines, a fabric-lined latex girdle without seams, stitches, stays and bones. Full Freedom. Wonder White, pink, S, M, L. \$7.95. Playtex

For
"where to buy"
see page 89

Necessities To Assure

FIGURE



White nylon embroidered "Life" bra, 32-36. A. \$4. Lace and nylon "Skippies" girdle. White, black. S, M, L. \$10. Formfit

That Best-Dressed Look

FOR MORE FASHIONS, TURN TO PAGE 90

To bring out the hidden glamour of your beauty zone*



Wear
Life Bras
by **FORMFIT**

If you are one of the 47 out of every 100 women who are dissatisfied with the bra they're now wearing, know the thrill of wearing the right LIFE BRA! Because only Formfit makes bras for every figure need!

In all the world there's not another figure quite like yours. It's this difference that makes it necessary to have bras designed to fit the under developed bust, as well as the firm, the pendulous, the "A" through the "D" cup.

Perhaps you are one of the 47 out of every 100 women now dissatisfied ... perhaps you didn't know that brasieres, whether strapless, longline, padded or bandeaux are available to meet your own individual requirements.

Know, as our designers know, a bra

must fit you — you must not be uncomfortably molded to a bra. No other brand offers the precise fit made possible by LIFE Bras. LIFE by FORMFIT offers the largest selection in the world. Surely you'll want to make your next bra—a LIFE Bra. All the better stores have them. Prices \$1.25 to \$5.00.

FREE! "Your Figure Type—What To Do About It"—This new, informative Formfit booklet shows how you can determine your figure type, and how to make the most of it. No cost or obligation. Mailed in plain envelope. Write to The Formfit Company, Dept. S-54, 400 S. Peoria, Chicago 7, Ill.

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**PICTURE
GALLERY**



*Photographs
by
Sterling Smith*



**DANCING
SPRITE**



Debbie Reynolds is in "Susan Slept Here"

Once upon a time Debbie Reynolds vowed she'd quit movies if "stardom ever became dull!" We don't think there's a chance of such a catastrophe happening to Deb's admiring fans. For nowadays, life's anything but dull for this dancing doll who, in between picture chores,

voice and fencing lessons, finds time to study ballet. Deb, who recently scored in the St. Louis stage show of "Gigi," loves to dance, hopes to do more musical films. Deb's date life is busy too. And once a boy holds her in his arms on a dance floor, she has him floating on air!

**GOOD MAN GETS BETTER**

*Richard Allan
is in
"The Egyptian"*

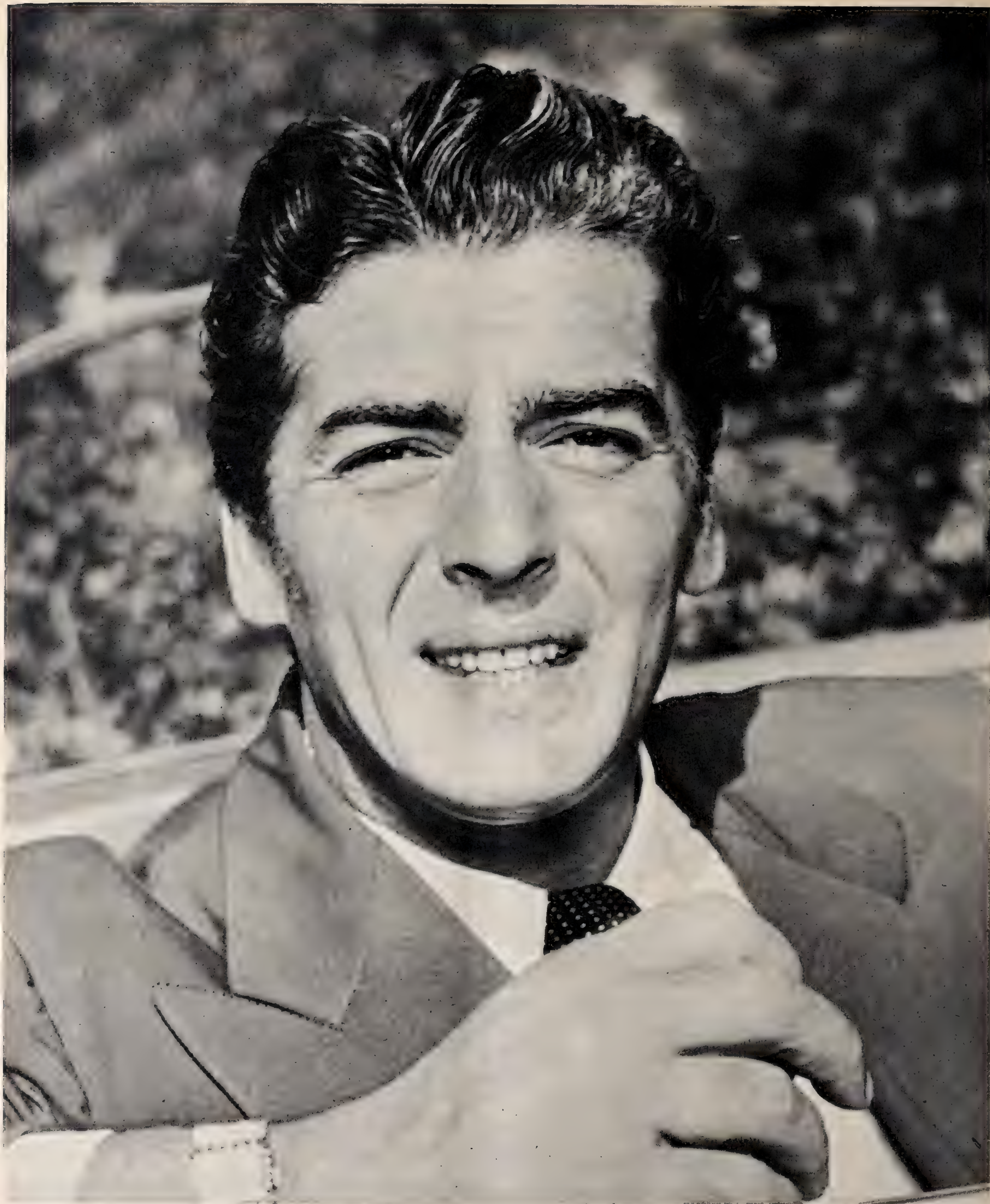
Our boy Dick Allan got off to a great start. In "Niagara," he was Marilyn Monroe's secret lover. In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," his dancing lured Ava Gardner from Gregory Peck's side. And the readers of PHOTOPLAY voted him tops in the "Choose Your Stars" contest. He knows he's lucky to be in 20th Century-Fox's "The Egyptian," though he has a minor part. In a sure hit, Dick Allan's on his way to the top



Donna Reed's slip from the motion-picture ways of virtue was brief but profitable; her "hostess" in "From Here to Eternity" led the Academy to designate her the best supporting actress this year. Now she has reformed, back in the popular Westerns—and no heroine can be more virtuous than a Western heroine. That's good casting, for in real life, Donna is sweet Mrs. Tony Owen, the devoted mother of Penny, Tony, Jr. and Timothy

BAD GIRL MAKES GOOD

Donna Reed
is in
"They Rode West"



MAN FROM OLYMPUS

*Victor Mature
is also in
"Betrayed"*

A colorful, offbeat character when he first arrived in Hollywood, Victor Mature is no longer just a "beautiful hunk of man." With his simple, moving portrayal of *Demetrius* in "The Robe," Vic established himself firmly as an actor of real stature. The role won him a PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Citation as one of the most popular performers of the year. It was natural that Vic would follow this success with "Demetrius and the Gladiators"



If a Duke can succeed a King, then John Wayne is the logical successor to Clark Gable. For this rugged guy has the same hold Clark has had on people of all ages. Always good copy, on-screen or off-, John proved his popularity with his fans during his fiery divorce bout with Chata. Now he's dating another Latin lovely, Pilar Pallette. How serious they are, only they know. But one thing we know—John's not the lone-ranger type!

ROMANCE, WESTERN STYLE

John Wayne
is in
"The High and the Mighty"

Motherhood Can Be a Nine Months' Beauty Course

(Continued from page 61)

resulting fatigue. If you are used to a great deal of active exercise, as I am, naturally you can take more.

Besides gardening and walking a couple of miles every day (more probably than you ever did before) many doctors advise simple exercises for general fitness, to make the muscles elastic and freely moving, to strengthen the joints of pelvis and lower back and to maintain good posture. Check with your own doctor, since in each case the exercises may vary. The post-natal exercises shown on page 60-61 are generally approved by most doctors. In addition to those shown, many doctors recommend the standard knee-chest exercise. Do not, however, attempt to use these without checking your own doctor.

Also ask your doctor about continuing the sports you've always indulged in. He'll most likely tell you that during pregnancy, a woman can safely do anything she's used to doing, so long as she doesn't let herself get overtired.

So while I'm pregnant—and as soon after as possible—I swim daily. Dr. Bradbury permitted me to keep on teaching blind children to swim until my seventh month. After that, he decided that lifting the children and staying in the water might prove dangerous. Each time, at the beginning of the seventh month I lose an argument with my good doctor on the subject of simple, nonstrenuous swimming as a prenatal exercise. Once he said, "I'm not much of a swimmer and I never took a course in med school on how to deliver a baby under water!"

The right diet is, of course, of enormous help too in keeping you well and controlling weight gains during pregnancy. And at times, it may be difficult.

The temptation to overeat is a constant hazard with many pregnant women. I once saw an expectant mother, awaiting her first baby, dig into the whipped-cream pie too vigorously at a party. I almost felt like putting on my schoolteacher face and saying something. I restrained myself, but I did ask her, "How much does your doctor want you to gain?"

"Oh," she said, "the silly man says not more than twenty pounds."

"That's what my doctor has always told me," I said. "And I have never gained more than that. Six weeks after a baby comes, I'm down to my normal weight."

"But I'm so *hungry* all the time," she whined. "I still have two weeks to go, but I've gained forty-two pounds."

"Didn't you follow your doctor's diet?" I asked.

"Oh, no, my mother says I've got to eat for two. And, anyway, she says I'll lose it all as soon as the baby comes."

There's a very foolish girl—wrong on two scores. She'll neither lose forty-two pounds immediately after Junior is born nor should she eat for two. And she's both paying a doctor and—paying no attention to him! Why not let him be the final authority? The pregnant woman should choose an obstetrician she likes and trusts and then follow his instructions as carefully as if he were the coach on a football team and she were the star player.

Doctors are quick to admit that many of the complications and most of the discomforts preceding a Blessed Event stem from overweight. So it is not unusual these days for an overweight woman, or one who begins to gain excessively, to be put on a strict 800-calorie reducing diet with adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals and calcium added. Fat or slim—the woman who doubles her food intake multiplies her troubles. A comfortable pregnancy, an

efficient labor and a fast comeback depends to a large extent on diet.

As my doctor explained it to me, the old wives' tale of eating for two is half right—in a special way. He urged me to "eat for two" in the *quality* of food—not the *quantity*. Good nutrition, he assured me, is twice as important as usual during pregnancy. Two lives depend upon it.

Accordingly, I ate a balanced diet, essentially the diet anyone should follow for glowing health. Every day I drank a quart of milk or substituted some cheese for part of it; a liberal serving of lean meat (liver once a week); two eggs; three servings of fruit, raw or stewed; two or more servings of green and yellow vegetables; raw salads; whole-wheat bread and butter; occasional baked potato and, now and then, a simple dessert such as custard or sherbet. Vitamin pills and calcium I swallowed daily, but I avoided fattening foods, highly seasoned dishes and salty foods. I cut down on salt and had no more than six glasses of liquids daily. Too much salt makes for water retention in the tissues; during pregnancy, this is more pronounced and shows up in puffy cheeks, fingers and ankles.

A friend of mine gained thirty-eight pounds in her first pregnancy. Because of her cumbersome size, she had a difficult and long delivery and was told that those unnecessary pounds were partly responsible for a delicate and sickly baby. During her second pregnancy she cut down smoking, gave up cocktails, but kept on playing golf until she couldn't see the ball at her feet. She weighed 136 pounds at the beginning (thirteen pounds too much for her small frame and 5 foot 1 height). So her doctor urged her not to gain over seven pounds . . . and she didn't. Just before her delivery she was therefore twenty pounds above her ideal weight.

Looking at herself one day in my mirror, she said, "My skin looks actually luminous; my hair has a wonderful sheen and I never felt better. I think I'll just keep on with the diet the doctor gave me if it makes me feel and look this good. And I won't forget plenty of sleep and resting, with my feet up, every afternoon."

She was right. Rest is important as part of a pregnancy routine. But don't overdo it and become too inactive. Boredom and inactivity, while anticipating, result in nibbling and munching all day long for lack of something better to do. Working wives illustrate this very well. Most of them go blithely along while expecting. They haven't time to daydream of double chocolate-fudge sundaes.

I'm not one for working in a picture until the stork is circling the sound set for a landing. Other actresses can cover up with cleverly designed clothes. But I can't very well do that when half of my costumes are bathing suits. I've worked during the first four or five months of each of my pregnancies—and felt fine. In fact, my co-workers joke about my unerring ability to enlarge my family after a picture has begun. "It must be that Esther knows she can make us hurry to finish in time. Then she can spend more time with her other children at home," they say.

Though I keep active while waiting, I always manage time for rest periods during the day. And I continue those rest periods for a time after the baby arrives. For the new mother, eight hours of sleep is a must and so are frequent rest periods with an hour's afternoon nap—if it can be managed. Day rest periods should feature pillows under the hips and feet high (either on the wall or propped on your bed's headboard). This beauty angle af-

fords a complete change of circulation to the body. Even if you don't sleep (and sometimes with children in the house that's difficult) you'll relax.

Whoever invented that slang expression—"take a load off your feet"—expressed perfectly the idea behind pregnancy rest.

And exercise, diet and rest still aren't enough. Because you'll still want to look your very best—and you can. Daily attention to beauty routines are exceedingly important for the Lady-in-waiting. No one can look pretty without feeling pretty. Therefore it's a dreadful mistake to take advantage of your delicate condition and slop around the house in old slippers and a messy housecoat. After your afternoon nap, give yourself a refreshing facial, cologne and body-powder dousing and a change of clothing before your husband arrives. In that way, you'll convince him that he has a very special, a very gallant wife.

Prebedtime care is necessary too. And it takes only two minutes to smooth cleansing cream thoroughly over face and neck with upward strokes and then tissue every bit of it off, another minute to massage face and throat with a rich lubricating cream and two minutes to brush teeth.

After that, the bath—most important during this period, for perspiration is more profuse and carries off waste matter from baby as well. (No tub baths during the last month though—too dangerous.) A minute suffices to push back fingernail and toenail cuticle while it is soft and easy to work with and another minute to swish softening lotion onto elbows, legs, heels. At this time, the skin sometimes becomes very dry and scaly so remember—lots of cream (not the calorie kind) but that which you lavish on dry hands, elbows, legs. And gently massage over the mid-section with cream to help prevent the tiny white lines which form there.

Hair wants extra attention too at this time—brushing with a natural bristle brush; frequent cream treatments and shampoos followed by drying in the sun (if feasible). You can always distinguish well-brushed hair by its silky texture and satiny gloss. But don't put off your permanent until the last month. Doctors say that hair is not in best condition to take it then and dry broken ends may be the unhappy result.

Nothing helps the mother-to-be as much as knowing that she's suitably and becomingly dressed. And with the pretty and inexpensive maternity clothes on the market, it's so easy to flatter and camouflage the figure. But don't start wearing your maternity costumes too soon before your pregnancy is apparent. I turn my profile to a full-length mirror and see if it's time to take steps.

Finally, I don't say that having a baby is a breeze. You wouldn't expect to build a house without some harassments. The production of a baby is certainly as impressive an achievement. If you follow the rules, you'll be sure to hear someone say, "How wonderful you look. Nobody would guess the Big Event is only two months away!"

Nicest thing about the time and effort you give to insuring your health—and the baby's—is the big dividend it produces in radiant skin, gleaming hair, sparkling eyes and better-than-ever figure. In addition, you'll feel a tremendous spiritual growth during these months. For there is never a time in a woman's life when she feels more worth while and, well, to be exact, productive. And what could be more rewarding than children?

THE END

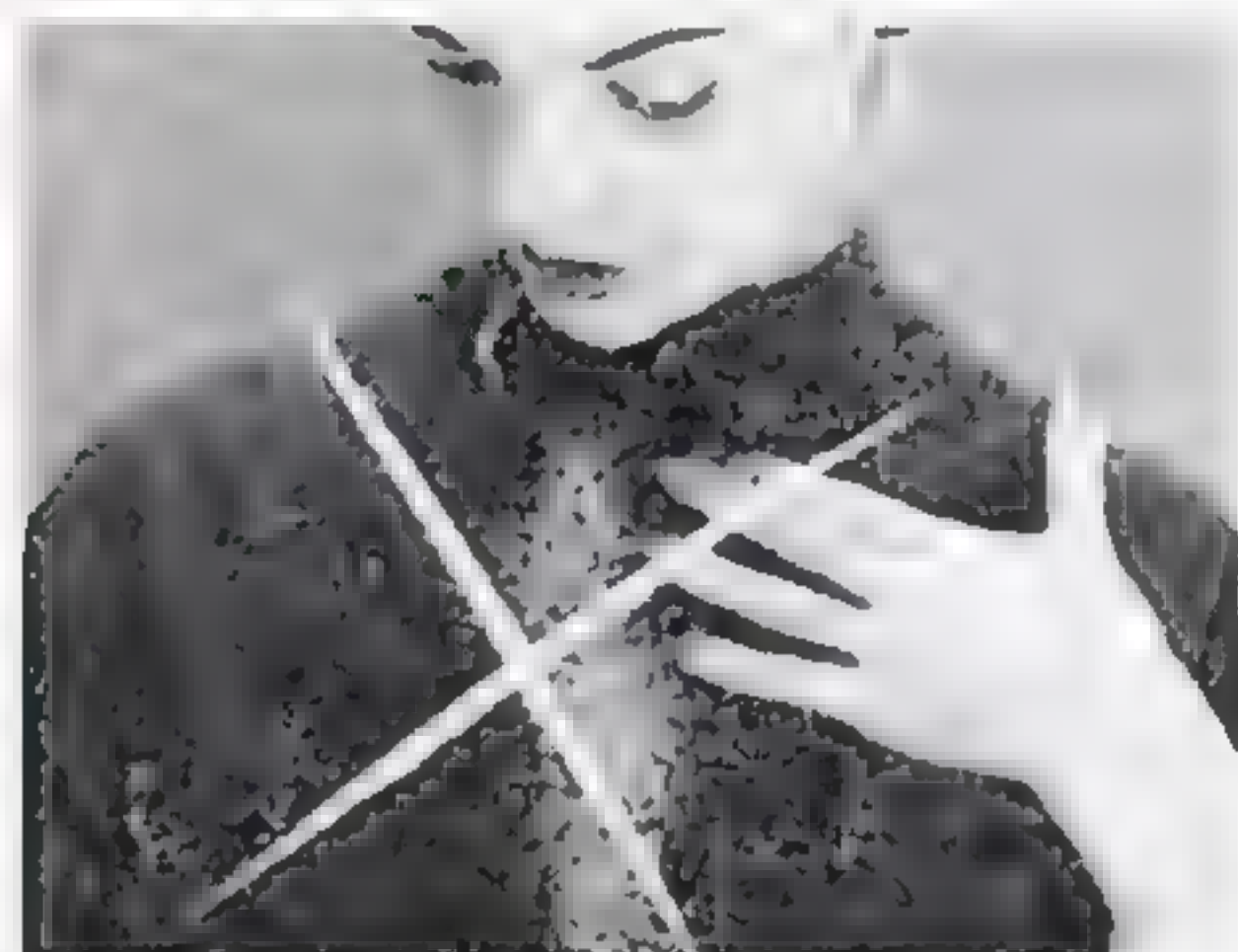
POND'S

**Today's No. 1
make-up fashion**

Angel Face



**Makes all other
make-ups "old hat"**



Not a greasy make-up! Not drying or "cakey"!

No wet sponge or gooey fingers. Here is the world's *easiest* complexion glamour! Just a touch of the Angel Face puff—and a delicate, soft-tinted, born-beautiful look is *yours*!

No loose, spilly powder!

No overloaded, sifted puff. No powdery "clumping" on your face. Angel Face goes on like velvet . . . clings much, much longer than plain powder. Can't spill! Because Angel Face by Pond's is creamy-smooth *powder and foundation in-one*!

Better than money in your purse! The adorable ivory-and-golden *Mirror Case*

When you need to "look like a million" in a hurry—nothing's so valuable as an Angel Face Mirror Case in your handbag! Proof—more women use it than *any* make-up! With puff, mirror, choice of 7 heavenly skin tones—the Mirror Case is only **\$1***

Angel Face also comes in this sweet blue-and-gold box, in two sizes, 89¢, 59¢*
*plus tax



Don't Twist Cupid's Arm

(Continued from page 70)

Hollywood, dancing with the proudest man.

Suddenly the parallel between Ann and myself hit with a stunning impact. I was the girl Ann had been five years ago, but I was doing exactly the opposite of what she had done. I was here tonight with Jimmy, not because I was interested in him but because I hated to face a lonesome evening at home.

I'd come back from a trip to New York where I'd been made to feel important and desirable and wanted—a movie star. Then for a while nothing had happened, not even any dates. When I met Jimmy at a party, and later he called to ask me out, I hadn't remembered anything about him except that he was good looking, was under contract to a studio and danced beautifully.

Now, when he returned to our table, I took a critical look at him and realized that he was a boy who obviously was investing his time with me here at *Ciro's* in the hope we'd be seen together and make a column or two as a romantic item.

It was at that moment, then and there, that I made up my mind never to let fear of loneliness rush me into marriage. If the joy and beauty which Ann and Dr. Jim possessed were the wonderful reward for being patient and waiting for love and marriage and home and children—even if it meant years of waiting—that was good enough for me.

I did my best to be the kind of gay companion Jimmy wanted that evening, since I'd accepted a date with him, but with the mental reservation that it would be the last. If I'd needed anything to clinch my resolve never again to settle for anyone like Jimmy, it came as we passed through the bar later that evening. There I saw another friend of mine, whose story I knew as well as I knew Ann's—except that it was the exact opposite.

This girl (I'll call her Julie) had married young and recklessly, only to discover that her new husband, whom she'd known only a few weeks, seemed to prefer drinking and other women to a quiet life at home. She protested, they disagreed violently, and off she flew to Reno.

The decree was scarcely cool when she met and started dating another boy who was also totally unsuited to her. Before long she began to know it. She had already agreed to marry him. But a few days before he was to leave on a personal appearance tour she asked him to postpone the wedding, at least until after the tour. She wanted time to think things over.

Julie had spent so much time with him that she had neglected her girl friends and family and, suddenly, for the first time in a year, she had time to herself. By coincidence she wasn't working just then, so

within a week she was bored. There was nobody to go riding with her and she discovered that it was no fun going to the beach alone. An important première came up and certainly she couldn't go unescorted.

She sat in front of her TV set and watched all the other stars arrive and be interviewed, and big tears of self-pity dropped into her lap. The boy she'd sent away began to look pretty good again, despite his many faults. So he *did* get loud and boisterous at parties—at least they were *at* parties—were having fun. Maybe she could cure him of the all-night poker sessions after they were married. He might even take a different attitude about having children.

After three weeks of this, Julie had forgotten even these things about him. All she could remember was that he was attentive, danced divinely, wore a dinner jacket the way Galahad wore his armor and that he was heavenly to kiss. When he returned from New York she was at the airport. She flew into his arms before he could get down the steps. They were married immediately.

That had been a year ago. Tonight, in the bar at *Ciro's*, they were still together, still married. They were quarreling fiercely. She certainly didn't look happy.

I guess it all boils down to a sense of self-sufficiency. If you have that, being alone can be a joy.

I know most people think that a girl in the movie business, surrounded by attractive and interesting people, would have to work pretty hard just to be alone, much less to have time or opportunity to feel neglected.

It's true I'm often asked out, but when you're twenty-one, many of your friends are married or at least going steady. There's a shortage of men who haven't already found their girl—the right kind of men, I mean. This is universally true, and it applies to girls who are secretaries and salesgirls as well as to actresses.

In fact, an actress has a tougher time of it than other girls. She's like the bank president's daughter in a small town, or an honor student in high school, or any girl who has done, or is, something a little special. She is almost always faced with two special species of male.

The first type is somewhat afraid of her. She's achieved a lot: She makes a big salary, her picture is on magazine covers, her name is famous. The boy feels he must be on his guard every moment. The actress senses this at once, whereupon she instantly puts up her own guard—and there they are, both as uncomfortable as can be.

The second type is the exact opposite—and I seem to draw this kind of man fairly frequently. This boy is out to prove that

he is not in the least impressed by who or what you are or what you do, and he darned well wants you to know it. He may get downright belligerent about putting you in your place.

One young man I dated shortly after I got my first starring part started his act as soon as we left the house. "I suppose it will have to be the *Mocambo*," he said. "Or *Ciro's*. Table-hop all evening, smile at everybody. Movie people really get me. They bunch up like a herd of sheep in a plushy place just to tell each other how well they're doing."

There was more, sort of half-kidding, half-sneering. By the time I finished shadow-boxing with that one I was so confused we actually did end up "table-hopping and smiling" in some plush club after all.

It seems to me that a girl's whole future—romantically, at least—is colored by her attitude toward dating. If you lack confidence and your ego needs constant bolstering, or if you just can't stand to be left out of whatever might be happening, I guess having a date every night is truly important. But the longer you insist on having a date every night, the less you'll be able to enjoy yourself on the occasional evening when you're left on your own.

I was at that stage when I had the big argument with myself, that night Jimmy took me to *Ciro's*. I *had* to have a date every night. But now I was sure I'd made my decision and from here on I was all set. For two weeks I had to be busy every night anyway because I'd made dates for that long ahead, so it was a cinch. But then came a Saturday with no phone call, no invitation, except from the Jimmy-types. I kept my promise and turned them down, but then I realized that this was the night of an important party at a producer's house, one I hated to miss. I know a couple of boys who are like brothers to me, and I phoned them both. One was out of town, the other had an appointment but offered to break it. I couldn't let him do that, of course. So there I was, stranded and very much alone except for Squeaky, my oldest dog.

I couldn't have felt more miserable. I did so want to go to that party. In spite of myself, the old panic refrain started humming in my mind again. "If I were married—if I were going steady—I'd better hurry—hurry . . ."

Sternly I reminded myself of what had happened to Julie. I started to look around for things to do at home. There was a stack of newspapers I'd only scanned, a book of poetry I'd been meaning to read and a clothes closet that needed arranging. I elected to read.

When I came to and checked the time, it was one A.M. I hadn't been bored for a moment! Good gosh, news was being made, books were being written and it had all been passing me by! The next day I made a plan for myself, resumed my acting studies and started a routine of keeping up with current events. I might just as well have been a secretary brushing up on her shorthand, a teacher cracking a new book on psychology or a housewife learning to speak French. The formula is basic: I had work to do, and in doing it I didn't have time to be lonely.

And I'd learned something else. If I read a book only because I had nothing else to do, the book became a demon. But if I turned down a date so I could enjoy a few quiet hours with a book, it became a companion and a delight.

You'll hear a lot of arguments against this theme of mine. I've certainly heard them all in the past few months. The first

WATCH FOR...

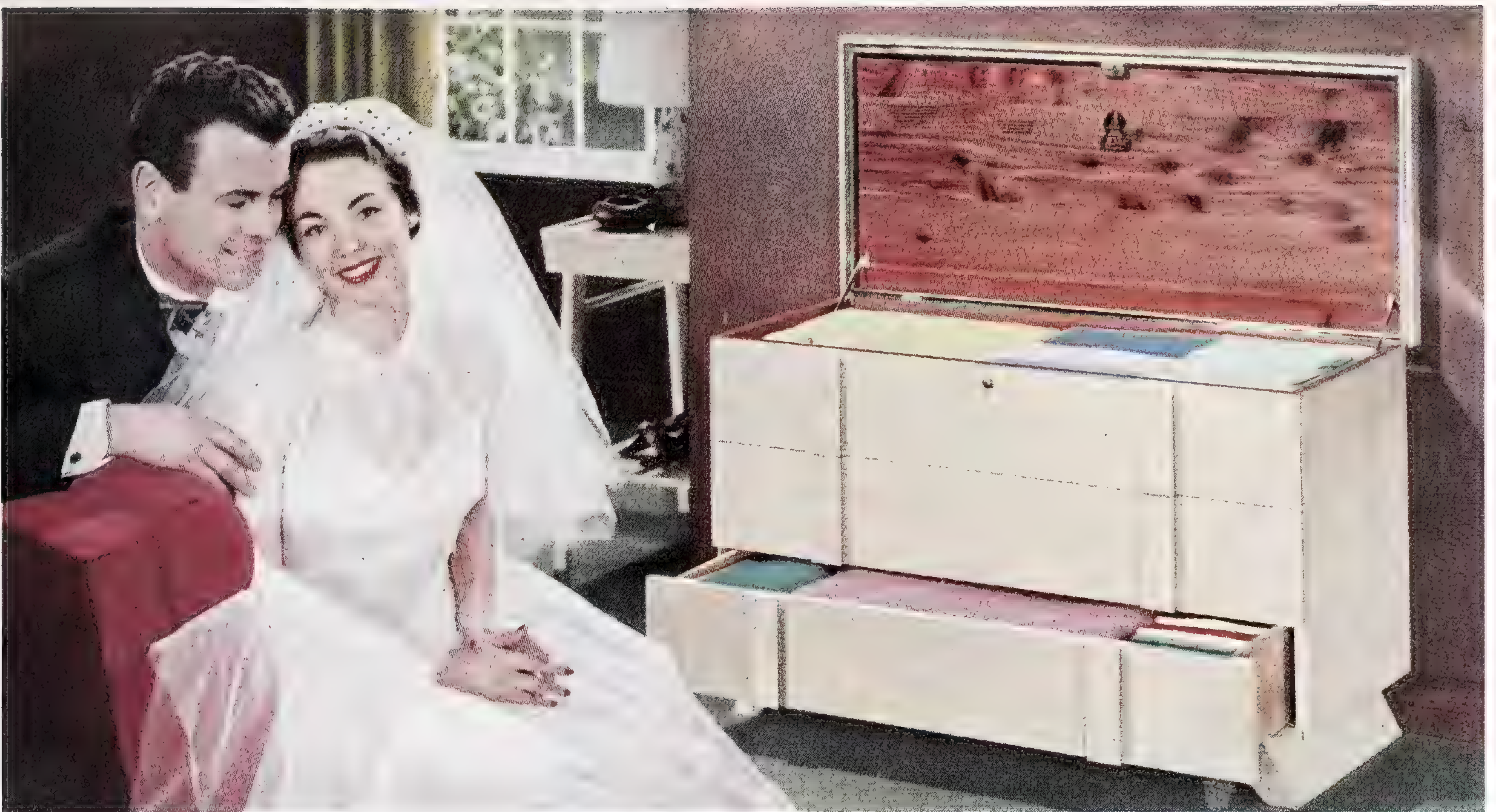
the exciting new

PHOTOPLAY *Fashion Guide*

your guide to fashion trends, color information,
good taste in dress

Complete details in the July issue of Photoplay

on sale at newsstands June 9th!



Dress designed by
Marie of Pandora

Stunning Modern Chest in blond oak with drawer in base, #2852. Also Seafoam mahogany, #2853, and Cordovan mahogany, #2856. Lane table, #436. Chest price, **\$79.95***

For brides of the past, present and future!

LANE CEDAR CHESTS

THERE'S no happier way to get started with your wedding day plans than with a Lane Cedar Chest! Magically, it gathers gifts—the kind every bride-to-be wants for her home—heavenly blankets, exquisite linens, dainty lingerie.

A Lane helps you to be the perfect housewife, too—providing such safe and hand-

some storage space. It keeps precious woolens—suits, sweaters, dresses, coats—sweet-smelling and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

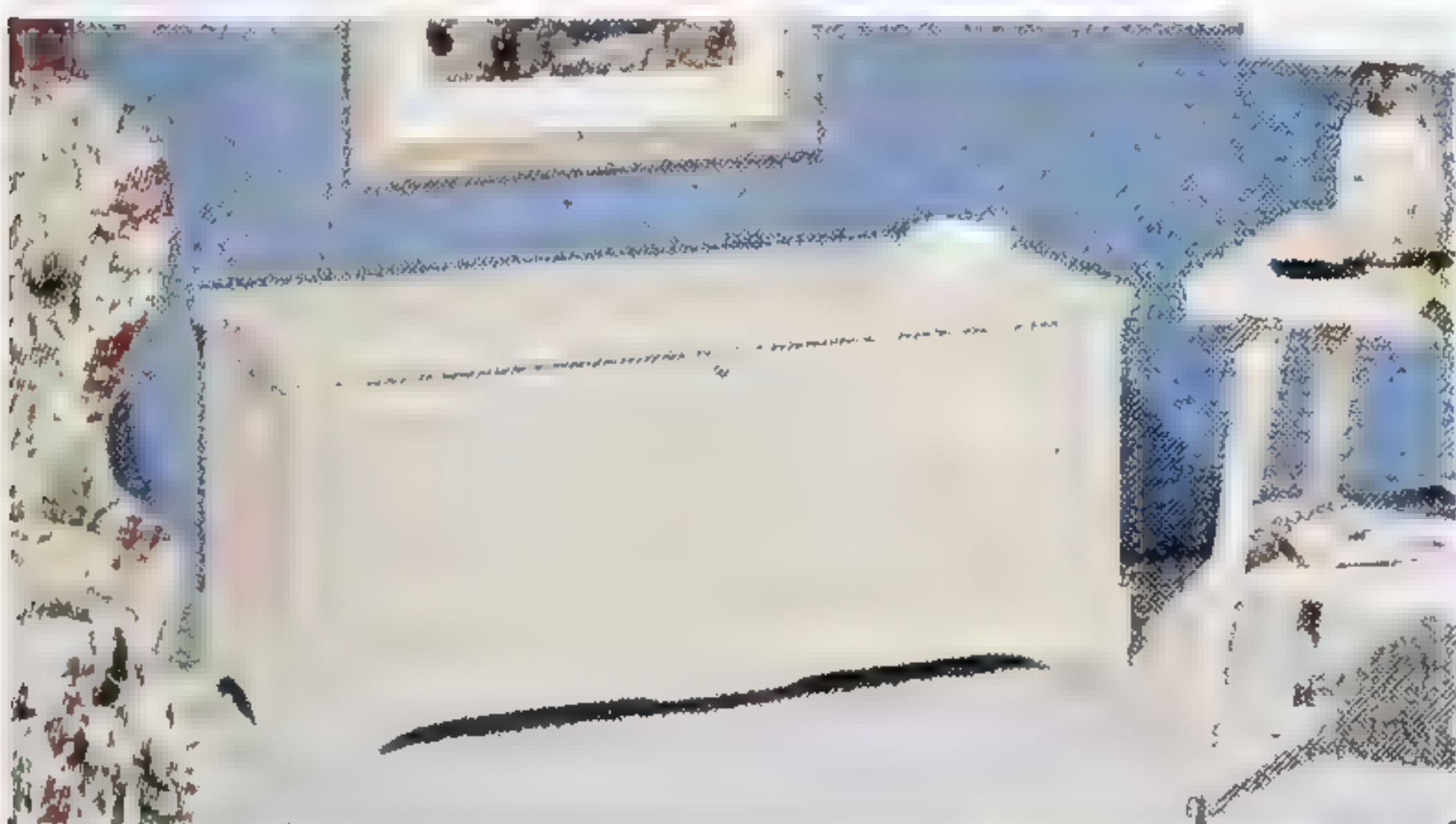
One nice garment saved from moths can pay for *your* Lane Cedar Chest! At most leading furniture and department stores.

Also makers of Lane Tables.

Lane is the **ONLY** pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Many at... **\$49.95*** Easy terms

*\$5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.



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Classic Modern in blond oak. Self-lifting tray; rubbed and polished finish. Model #3025—\$59.95.* Table also by Lane.



FOYER

Handsome 18th-Century Chest in rich mahogany with Lane's convenient self-lifting tray. Model #2601—\$59.95.*



BEDROOM

Streamlined Modern in matched American walnut and paldao wood. Self-lifting tray. Model #3024—\$49.95.*



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Stunning Modern in American walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #3008. Gray walnut, #3009; Seafoam mahogany, #3022. \$59.95.*



LIVING ROOM

Arresting Modern in Seafoam mahogany. Drawer in base; self-lifting tray. Model #2925—\$69.95.* Lane Table, #257.



LIVING ROOM

Attractive Modern in blond oak. Model #3027. Also in Seafoam mahogany, #3046; walnut, #3028. Each \$49.95.* Lane Table, #437.

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

says
Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover)

Conover School Beauty Director

"I've seen this soap help girls from 11 different countries—with every type of skin—dry, normal and oily."



"It's such wholesome beauty care!" says chic Paris stylist, Georgette. "No wonder American complexions are so pretty!"

"French women are wise in the ways of beauty," says glamorous Georgette, "but I must say I've learned a lot about complexion care since I started using Cashmere Bouquet. My skin tends to be oily, so Candy taught me to beauty-wash by creaming this rich, mild lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves a fresh glow, a softer, smoother feel. And I love the flowery fragrance!"

P.S. "Cake make-up helps oily skin keep that glowing, Cashmere Bouquet look all day. Cream-base foundations lend the same perfection to dry skin."



Complexion and big bath sizes

one goes something like this: If you don't date them all, how do you ever know when the right one comes along?

Eve was the only woman who didn't have to worry about that question. Nobody around for her but Adam. But it seems obvious that after the first meeting or so, a sensitive girl can tell whether she's going to like a boy or not. There are the little things he does, the way he smiles, what he says, a look. . . . Either these things ring true or they don't. You don't have to hear the chiming of bells to know. Warmth and closeness and a feeling of rightness are enough.

Second question: If you go out with a bore, he might take you to a party where you'd meet the man of your dreams, so why not chance it?

Well, men have a code about such things. "She's a great girl, but she's Joe's and he's my buddy." You would hardly endear yourself to either Joe or the dream-boy if you took the offensive. Finally, how much chance is there that you'll find an exciting, attractive, eligible man wandering around alone at a party? If he's attached, then you have your *own* code of honor.

Finally, a lot of girls ask: But what about my mother? She's at me all the time, nagging me to get married. How do I stand this?

If your mother won't listen to reason, or if she still keeps up a well-meaning campaign to show you the advantages of marriage and point out the pitfalls a single girl may be led into, you'll probably just have to grin and bear it. Fortunately I've never had too much of a problem in this respect. My parents appreciate that I've grown up and that I'm capable of being alone and liking it.

I want to make it clear that I'm not shying away from dates, love or marriage. I have any normal girl's instinct to size up a man as potential husband material the first time I meet him.

For myself, I look for basic honesty first. Sometimes too much frankness offends people, but I'll take sincerity even with a dose of social error.

Naturally I want him to have a sense of humor that matches mine, which is a trifle off-beat. And if it should turn out that he is also kind to animals, I think I'd hand him my date book and let him fill it in himself.

That may seem over-simplified, but remember that honesty and a sense of fun indicate other things. A man who laughs easily won't boil over at little things; if he can laugh at himself, he won't get stiff with dignity and be hard to live with. If he likes dogs and cats and birds it means he'll like babies and you. And if he's honest there will be few secrets or doubts standing between you.

Some fellow might have all these qualities and still not be the boy for you. When a girl is lonely it's easy to be grateful for understanding companionship. That can become tenderness, and the first thing she knows she thinks it's love.

Still the extra spark might not be there. It seems to me that if she thinks of him only when she's playing solitaire or knitting a sweater or reading poetry, it might be just moon dust instead of the real thing.

But if his face keeps popping up when you're at work or when you're having a wonderful time with other people; when you aren't lonesome, and yet you can't get the thought of him out of your mind—ah, there's the difference! A thousand poets have described love, physicians have tried to dissect it, philosophers have charted it, artists have painted it, and still no girl really knows its nature until it happens to her. Believe me, a girl can tell. And that's what I'm waiting for.

THE END

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Campus Bridal Gown:

New York, N. Y.: Emily Fifth Ave.
Hartford, Conn.: G. Fox

Lori Bridal Hat and Veil:

Chicago, Ill.: Bridal Modes

David Klein Bridesmaid's Gown:

Chicago, Ill.: Carson, Pirie Scott
Dallas, Tex.: Titcher-Goettinger

Bridal Modes' Bridesmaid's Bonnet:

Long Beach, Cal.: Schick's
Philadelphia, Pa.: Gimbel's
Worcester, Mass.: MacInnes

Handmacher-Vogel Suit:

Chicago, Ill.: Carson, Pirie Scott
Los Angeles, Cal.: The Broadway
Phoenix, Ariz.: Goldwater's

Orloff Watch:

Detroit, Mich.: Russek's

Artcarves Rings:

At all fine jewelers

Spun-Lo Panties:

Wherever fine lingerie is sold

Artemis Slips:

San Francisco, Cal.: The Emporium

Carter's "Ballerina" Gown:

Denver, Colo.: Daniels & Fisher
Philadelphia, Pa.: Gimbel's

Lollipops Briefs:

Boston, Mass.: Jordan Marsh
Columbus, O.: F. & R. Lazarus

Raymodes Housecoat:

Baltimore, Md.: Hutzler's
Chicago, Ill.: Chas. A. Stevens
Philadelphia, Pa.: The Blum Store

Lane Cedar Chest:

At all fine furniture and department stores

NEW PIN-ON PERFUME



Heart-shaped pellet of French perfume, cased in lace with a fine jeweled pin

make-up for the bride



*Ann Blyth
is in
"The Student Prince"*

"Ann Blyth was one of the most beautiful brides our town has ever seen," recalled Bill Tuttle, head of the M-G-M make-up department. "She had the look of natural radiance that belongs to every bride. What's more, every bride can have it. Every girl should be a star on her wedding day," maintained the man who creates make-ups for M-G-M stars. And here's his advice to June's leading ladies throughout the country.

"Because of the white wedding gown and white around the head and face, make-up should be light to avoid strong contrast. Ann's complexion looked as smooth as her satin gown. Her foundation was matched, as it should be, as closely as possible to her skin's natural coloring and was applied more sparingly than when she wears darker colors.

"Rouge, too, should be used with a light hand. Ann used just a touch because she remembered that when she gets excited her cheeks redden.

"Powder is the setting agent for foundation," he went on to say, "and it should be applied heavily, patted in well, then brushed with a ball of cotton to remove the excess and bring out the natural sheen of the skin. The same effect can be accomplished with a wet sponge or by splashing water on the face and blotting it dry.

"Eye make-up should be used sparingly," he continued, "especially on blondes, so it won't give an artificial look. Definite colors such as bright blue or green should be avoided in favor of blue-grey or brown shades. Ann accented her sparkling Irish eyes with a

touch of blue-grey shadow. Brows should be pencilled naturally with dark brown instead of black pencil, in short strokes rather than one continuous line. Dark brown mascara, too, is preferable to black. Apply it thinly, then use a clean brush to separate the lashes."

Bill suggests a pinkish lipstick because white around the face will make it appear darker. And because everyone will want to kiss the bride, he advises a liquid lipstick or a fixative worn over the lipstick. Nail polish should be clear or match the lipstick, he feels, or have a frosted pearl finish like the one Ann chose.

For an evening wedding Bill suggests a more prominent make-up to compensate for artificial lighting which takes out a certain amount of color. "A little more rouge can be used," he says, "and a brighter lipstick. But there should be no variation in the foundation coloring. And if the bride is naturally dark or sun-tanned, she should match, rather than attempt to lighten her complexion. In her case, a lighter foundation will give a mask-like, rather than a delicate appearance."

Bill prefers simple hair-dos for brides. "Ann had a soft permanent three weeks before the wedding," he said. "She wore her hair drawn back from her face and secured with two small combs. She used a liquid spray to keep it in place without having to worry.

"Naturalness is the keynote for brides of today," he concluded. "For that matter, for every girl, whether she's today's bride—or tomorrow's!"

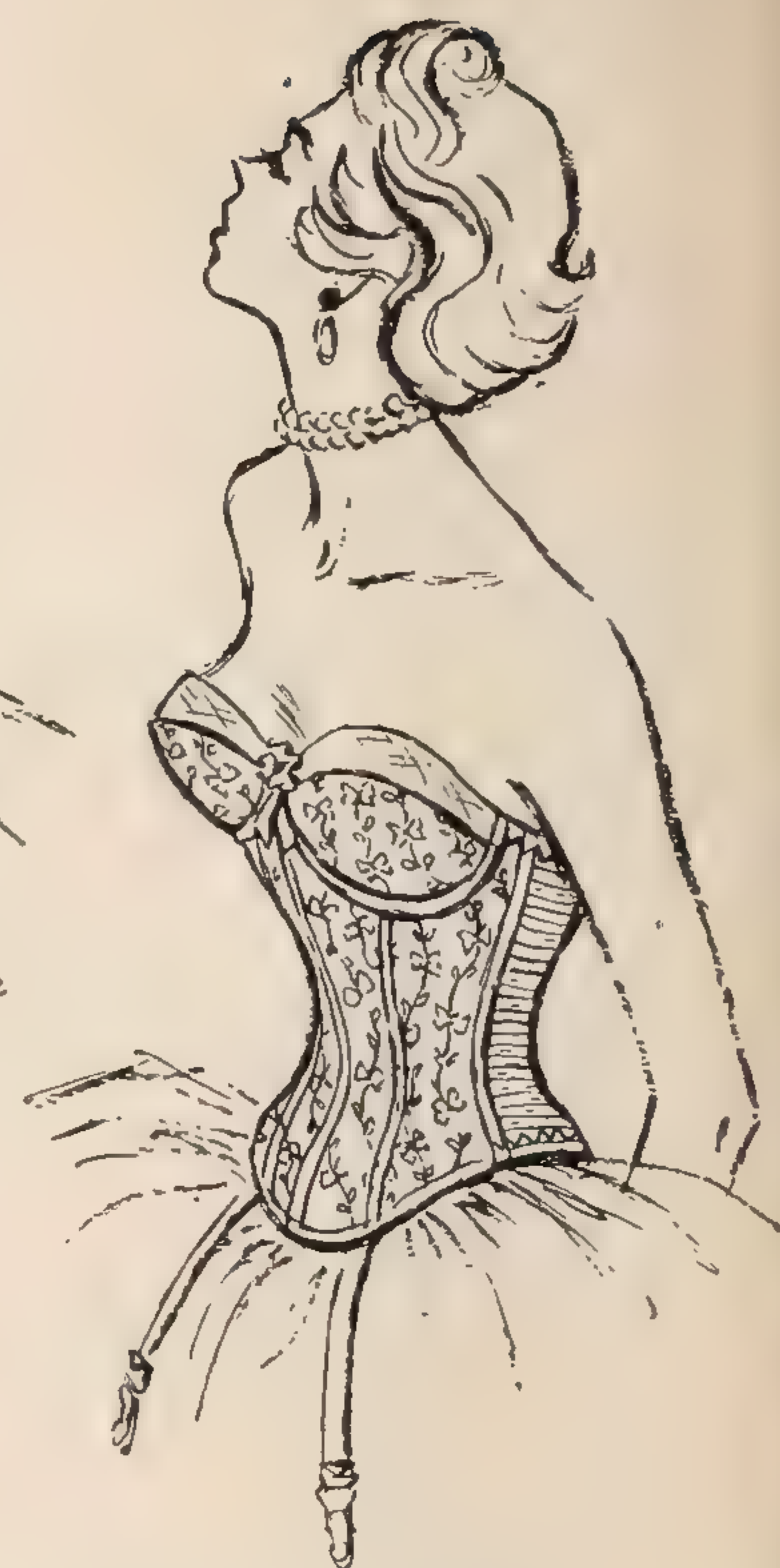
PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS
PRESENTS

FOR THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU

Photograph by Del Hayden



"Dancetime" white
embroidered nylon sheer
waist-whittler bra, garter belt.
32-38 A, B, C. \$5. Lovable



Long-line wired strapless.
Rayon satin with nylon lace top.
White only. 32-40 B, 34-42 C,
\$5. By Bestform

On top of cedar chest:

Soft nylon chiffon tricot gown, pearl smocking, ballerina length. Pink, turquoise over pink. 32-36. \$22.95. By Carter

Print nylon peignoir, lace trim. 10-18. \$17. Pink, blue, white. By Raymodes

Lollipop's combed cotton panties, nylon cuffs. White, pink, lavender, blue, red, mint green. 4-8. 79c. Modern Globe, Inc.

In drawer of chest:

White batiste camisole slip, eyelet embroidery, lace trim. 32-44. \$3.98. Artemis

Rayon panties, elastic band at waist and legs. Pink, white. 5-8. 59c. Spun-lo

Polished cotton slip. 32-40. \$5.98. Artemis

Modern cedar chest with pull-out storage drawer. Comes in Blond Oak, Seafoam or Cordovan Mahogany. \$79.95. Lane

why Dial soap protects your complexion even under make-up

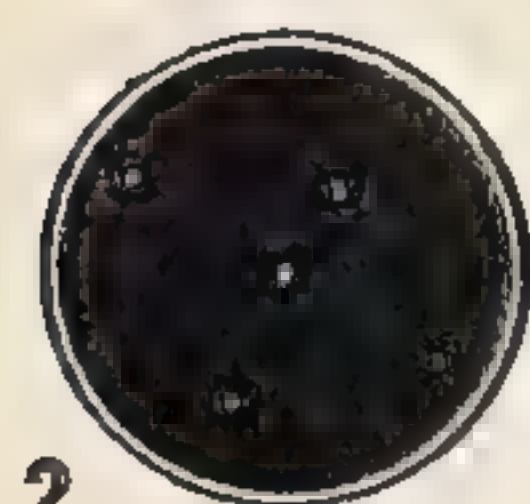


Dial clears your complexion by removing blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on your skin.

No matter how lavishly or sparingly you use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up.

For mild, fragrant Dial washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. And there's nothing else as good. It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. Photomicros at the left prove it.



No. 1 shows thousands of bacteria left on skin after washing with ordinary soap. (So when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath.) No. 2 shows how daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it gives you such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial *your* skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let mild, fragrant Dial protect your complexion — even under make-up.



P.S. Shampoo a Diamond Sparkle into your hair with new Dial Shampoo.

Also available in Canada

(Continued from page 69)

beauty program head first by massaging a liberal amount of a cream treatment thoroughly into her scalp and all the way down her hair to the very ends. Beautiful hair, silky, lustrous and not dulled by dry splitting ends, is much more important to Elaine than a complicated hair-do. Nothing could be simpler than her soft, gleaming fall of hair—and nothing could be more devastating. Ask the male population of Hollywood!

Gathering her hair into a coarse net, the kind that professional beauty shops use for under the dryer, Elaine is ready to step into her bath. She finds a warm, but not hot, tub the most relaxing, especially one softened with a lightly scented bath oil. After a long, lazy soak—half an hour, anyway—she's ready for a brisk scrub. This is a girl who's smooth all over! And to be sure of it, she does an extra job on back, arms, legs, elbows and knees.

There's no place more comfortable for a pedicure than the tub. And there's no one fussier about feet than Elaine. Keeping them as dainty and attractive as her hands is one of the details that add up to her completely feminine look—especially since she often goes about in practically barefoot sandals and slacks and likes to wear backless, frontless, almost shoeless shoes for dress-up. Propping her feet on the side of the tub, she goes to work with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and dipped in cuticle remover, using it gently to outline each toenail and keep them neat and tidy. After her bath comes the fancy finish—polish to match her fingernails. And she checks her toenails every day for chipped polish, just as she does her fingernails.

Defuzzing her legs is a chore that Elaine, like everyone else, is completely conscientious about. The difference is that she finishes the job with a generous smoothing of hand lotion. When you see her cross those lovely legs and are awed by their satiny sheen, you'll know it's the sleek smoothness of skin you're admiring and not some special kind of sheer hose she wears.

Her face gets its usual nightly cleansing, followed up by an application of rich cream. She keeps it on for twenty minutes, then removes the excess with a tissue so there's just enough left to stay on her, not on the bedclothes. Her eyebrows, too, get an overnight smoothing treatment with a coating of vaseline. She feels that it keeps them sleek and glossy.

She's ready for bed now, except for something very special in the way of head caps. Because the cream treatment is still on her hair—it gets washed out the next day—she wants to protect her pink-embroidered bed linen. She's tried towels, twisted turban-fashion. But, besides not being very pretty, they're not reliable and slip off during the night. So clever Elaine has gay little washable terry-cloth caps made for her with gayly colored bows added just for fun.

Best part about this Monday-night routine is that it doesn't take more than an hour or so—and the real solid work gets done while she sleeps. For ten or twelve hours, her hair, scalp and skin are being pampered luxuriously.

On Tuesdays Elaine has a cream shampoo. She usually finds that one shampoo a week is just right for her and she likes to have a professional do it. She finds that having her hair set professionally once a week keeps it in shape and assures its casually artful line. But that's all she leaves to the experts. She's a firm believer in the brush, brush, brush-like-mad routine to keep her hair gleaming all week. Be-

tween shampoos, to be sure there's not the slightest trace of dust on her hair, it gets a once-over-lightly each day with a brush whose bristles are covered with a thick layer of absorbent cotton. Then the cotton is discarded and she continues to brush for five full minutes, using a rolling motion, upward and away from her head to stimulate the scalp.

She knows, as all long-haired girls should, that the longer your hair, the more care you must give it. Any kind of sloppiness takes away all its glamour and makes it look unkempt. Elaine carries a little folding hairbrush with her wherever she goes—and, touch of genius, a clothesbrush too. These should always go hand in hand. Before she enters any theatre, party or restaurant, she stops at the dressing room to brush her hair and check her make-up. And she follows up with the clothesbrush and an eagle eye.

One of her most important beauty rules is never to let anyone see her looking less than her best. Where men are concerned, naturally, this goes in spades. She has a whole wardrobe of gay, colorful turbans made for her by Rex, one of Hollywood's top-notch milliners. She uses them anytime her hair is less than perfectly groomed—after swimming, for instance, after a drive in a car with the top down or after she's done a scene at the studio which has ruffled her hair. Like Liz Taylor and Piper Laurie, Elaine travels in these turbans, too, with her hair set in pin curls when she wants to be sure that it will be just right when she arrives. (It doesn't take much imagination to see how these turbans could simplify any girl's life. With only a little talent you could improvise one for yourself.)

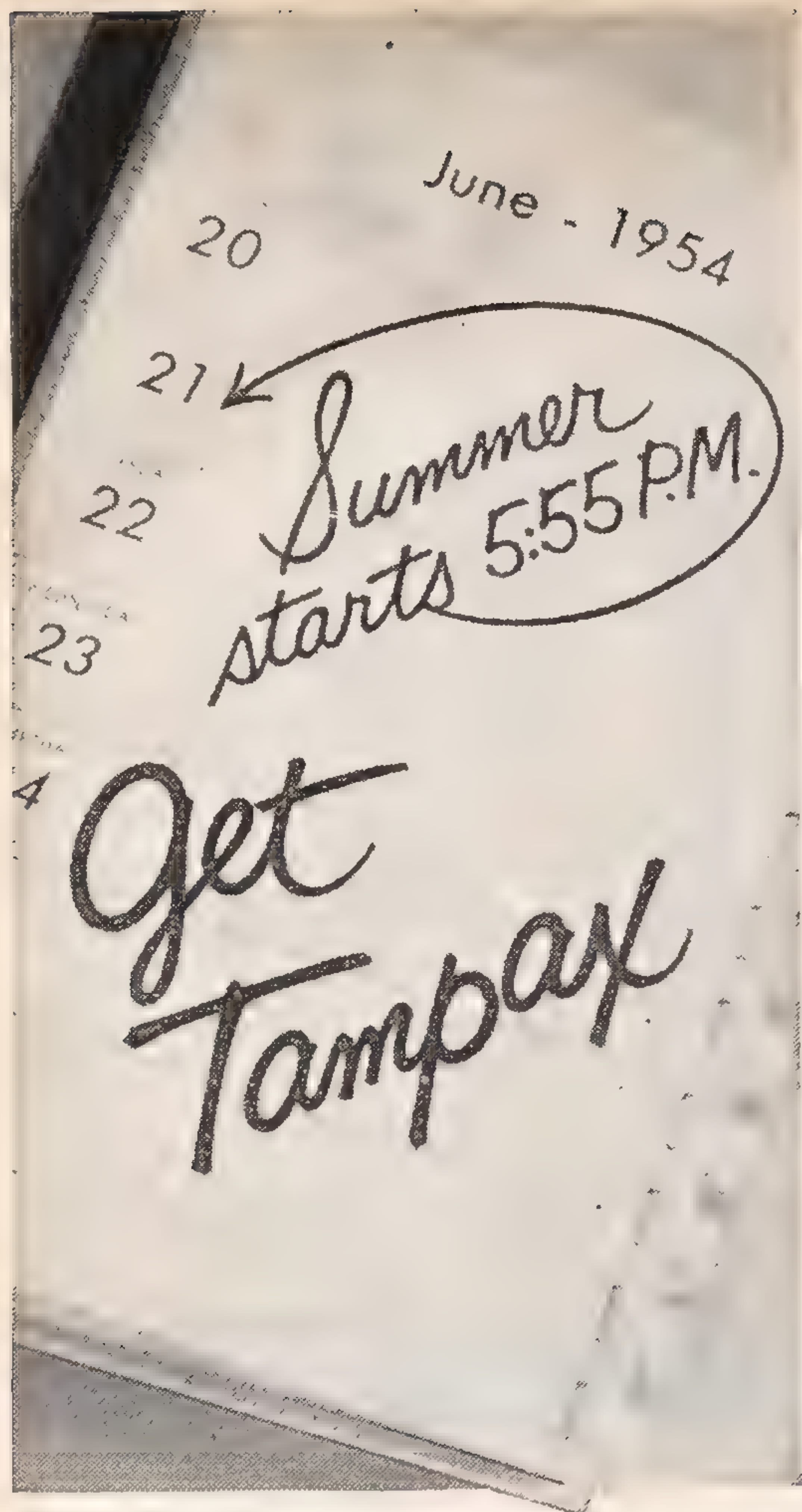
Another thing Elaine is meticulous about is keying her make-up to her clothes. She's downright fussy about finding the perfect lipstick to harmonize with a new dress and carries a sample of the new fabric in hand, then matches the lipstick with nail polish. And she's careful to switch nail polish and lipstick shades when the sun goes down because she knows how differently sunlight and electric light affect colors. Her eye make-up changes, too, from the lightest touch during the day to the striking shadow, mascara and eye-liner effects that suit her exotic type of beauty best for evening.

Perfume is practically a hobby with Elaine. More than anything else, she feels that it expresses a girl's true personality. And she doesn't mean a drop behind each ear! If you don't really smell it, she feels that it's wasted and she makes sure that she's always surrounded by a delicate aura of fragrance. She applies it to her skin, not to her clothes, so the warmth of her body brings out the scent. She strokes it along her neck, her wrists, in the bend of her elbows where the pulse is close to the surface, and she always puts a drop in the palm of each hand so that the scent of her clings to everyone she greets.

The ultimate and completely personal Stewart touch is the perfumed ink she keeps in her fountain pen. It's a nice touch for personal letters, and it really sends the autograph seekers! But the other day she forgot and wrote a batch of checks with it. Story goes, it practically ruined business at her bank for a day.

Elaine, of course, did not intend to set the bank on its ear. But she quite frankly does want to bowl over the people she meets—studio brass included, and the men in her life, most definitely. It's the purpose behind that carefully worked out beauty program of hers. And, oh, how she succeeds!

THE END



If you're like some women, your own "Summer Almanac" will revolve around "those days" of the month. You'll put a cross by a long auto trip, a question-mark by a week-end invitation, a definite "no" beside a swimming date.

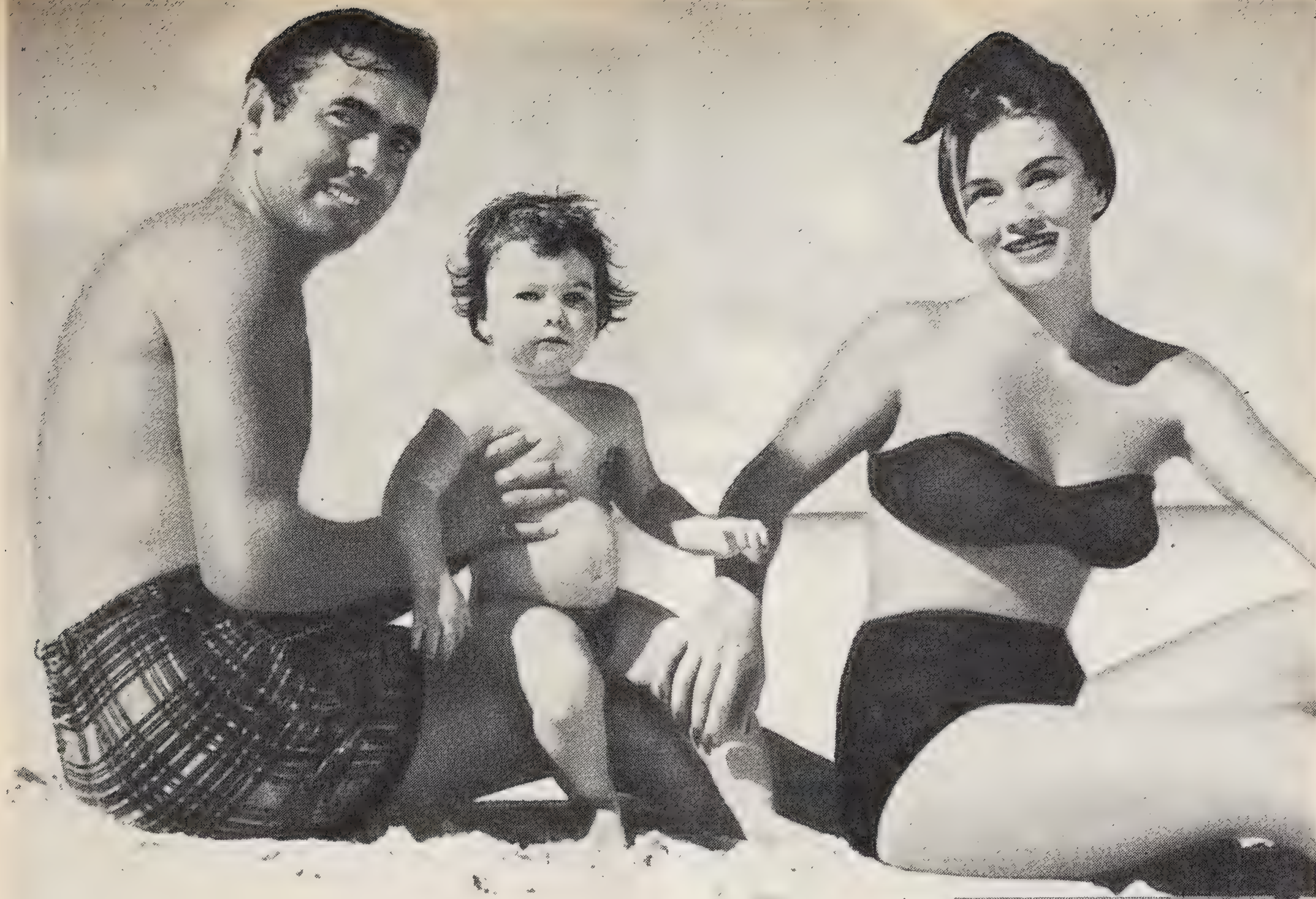
Yet summer could mean so much more to you, if you'd only make up your mind to change to Tampax now. This internal sanitary protection does away with hot, chafey external pads...makes it possible for you to take baths and showers, even go swimming, on those trying times.

Odor, an especially acute summer problem, is prevented from forming. Disposal problems vanish. Tampax leaves no tell-tale outlines beneath lightweight summer clothes; in fact, it's both invisible and unfelt, once it's in place. And Tampax itself is so small a month's supply can be carried in the purse.

Plan now to make *this* summer a Tampax summer. Get Tampax at drug or notion counters in choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power (Linda Christian) with daughter Romina in the Bahamas

"Why Be Fat?" says Mrs. Tyrone Power "I Lose Weight Without Any Trouble!"

Nowhere in the world will you find women so figure conscious as in Hollywood. You know that Ayds really works when lovely women like Linda Christian tell you how it has helped them lose weight easily, pleasantly and safely!

Proved by Clinical Tests!

With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to — without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing — and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want — all you want. No starvation dieting — no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with

health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite — you automatically eat less — lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. It contains no drugs or laxatives.

Guaranteed — A Lovelier Figure!

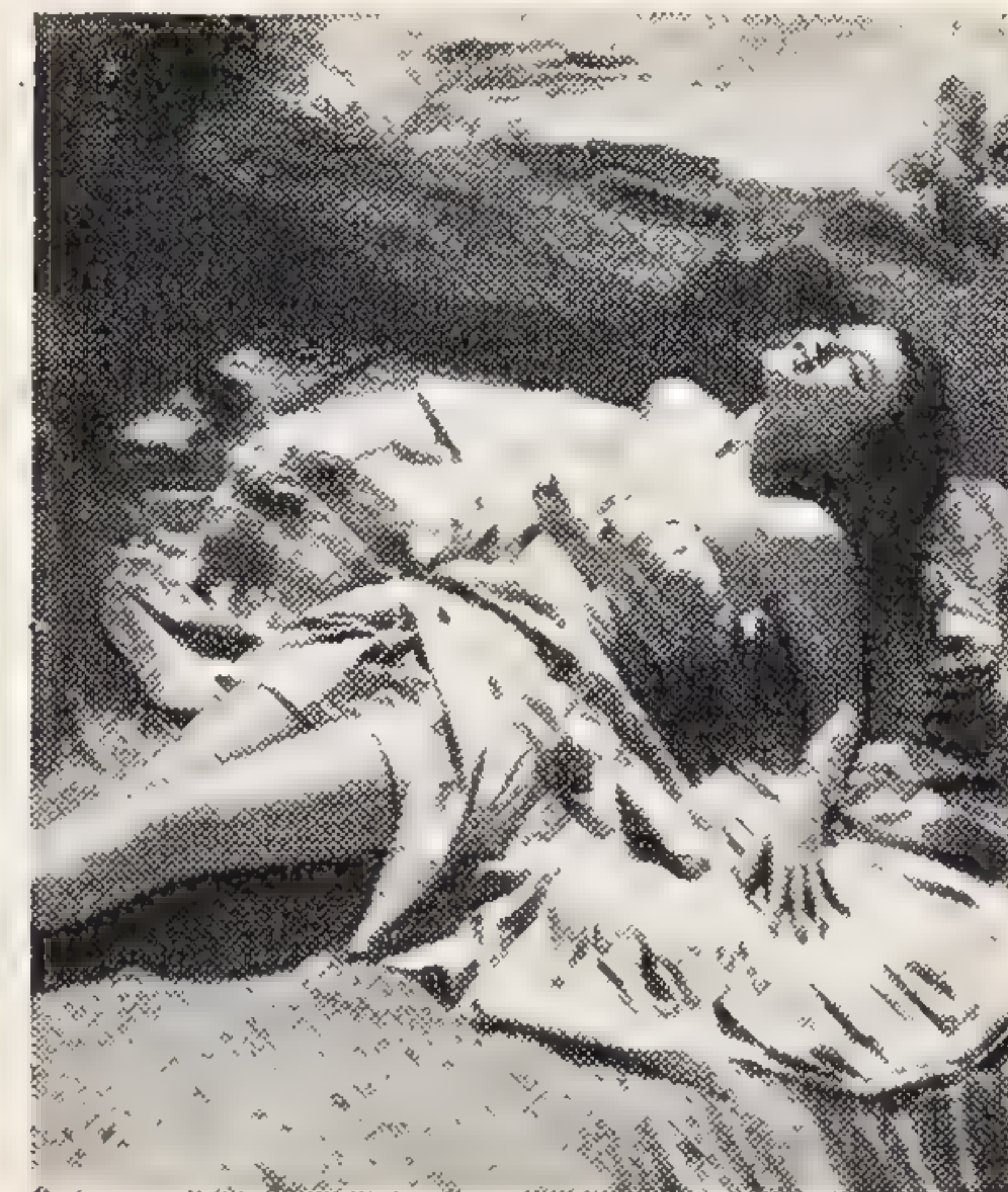
Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. You, too, must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back.



Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At drug or department stores.



Linda Christian vacationing in Acapulco. "I discovered for myself that by taking Ayds I could lose pounds easily," says Linda.



Linda loves the sea, the surf and the sunshine. "I recommend Ayds," says Linda. "It has done wonderful things for my figure."

Spend your money and he'll keep his job!

THIS YEAR the government will spend 5 billion less dollars than it did last year, because it doesn't need so many guns, tanks, planes and other implements of war. This was your money paid to the government in taxes. Now the government's letting you spend those 5 billions for yourself.

The important thing to remember about this is: The production lines that turned out those products of war now have to turn out peace-time goods. If you don't buy the automobiles, the clothing, the freezers, the washers, vacuum cleaners, toasters, mixers that American factories are now manufacturing, the men on production lines will be laid off. *And then they won't be able to buy the things you are making.*

If you continue to spend your money wisely for the things you need, our working men will continue to have money to buy what *they* need. On the other hand, if you're one who is waiting for bargain days, remember that jobs depend on your buying what is made *now*. A bargain is no bargain if you wait until there's no money with which to buy it.

This is what all of it means in terms of people: Joe Brown works on an assembly line making washing machines. Even though Joe is making more than ever before, Mrs. Brown decides she'd better put off buying that new refrigerator they've been needing so long. On the other hand, Bill Smith works on an assembly line making refrigerators. When Mrs. Brown decides not to buy a refrigerator, she makes Bill Smith's job unnecessary, and he gets laid off. Bill comes home without his job and tells his wife: "Better hold off buying that washing machine you wanted till I find some other work." Bang! Joe Brown finds himself out of a job, too!

So if you want to protect your own job, buy now—buy wisely, buy what the other fellow makes, and he will have the money to buy what you make.

To have your cake, you must eat it. And, if you eat your cake, there won't be any breadlines, there'll be saleslines.

THE EDITORS

This Is Your Life, Audie Murphy

(Continued from page 57)

country like this. That's what bravery is." You call yourself a gambler. But whatever the stakes, you've always had to come from behind to win.

You've cursed many times the youthful face that's always seemed a stranger to your seasoned years. "I've never been young," you've said. "Never felt young." Hard work and responsibility have been yours since you were twelve years old. You were born grown and you'd lived a lifetime . . . and more . . . before you turned twenty-one.

You were born fighting, too. Fighting for food and clothing and shelter enough for your mother and her large family. Fighting for knowledge and recognition. For your place in the sun—whatever that sun should be. And you've made your own place—one higher than any you'd ever envisioned.

All of it begins with a determined Irish dream that kept you company, while you chopped weeds in a Texas cotton field.

Remember that dream with us now, Audie Murphy, for this is your life.

We're going back now, Audie—back to the little farm just outside Kingston, Texas—the little farm your father, Emmett Murphy, worked as a sharecropper, raising cotton. It's June 20, 1924. You don't remember the day—but you later gave the world reason to remember. But your oldest sister, Mrs. Corinne Burns, now of Dallas, Texas, remembers that date very well.

"I sure do remember, Ralph. I was fourteen years old when Audie was born. He was the cutest baby I've still ever seen. Big eyes—that laughed at you all the time. I gave him his middle name, the Leon—in Audie Leon Murphy. For which my brother has never forgiven me. But I thought they sounded nice together. Audie wasn't the oldest boy in our family of nine, but from the time he was a kid he always took all the worry and responsibility and looked after the family as best he could. Audie was mother's favorite—she tried to hide it but she never quite could. Audie was always teasing. He could always make her laugh. And there was little enough for any of us to laugh about. Mother had so much faith in him even then. I remember she was always saying, "If Audie just had a chance he'd make something of himself some day."

Your mother, quiet Josie Killian Murphy with gentle and brown eyes, glossy black hair that reached to her waist, was so right, Audie. She couldn't know then that you some day would make that chance and more. But she too seemed to be searching for something. Perhaps the same something you were later to find.

It's 1930—and you enter Celeste Texas Grammar School. You take part in school activities, even playing Santa Claus with a pillow fattening your costume. But most of the time your Irish pride is busy scrapping with the other children who call you "short breeches" and run. Your mother washes your one pair of overalls every night and dries them by the kitchen stove. And every time she washes them they shrink more.

Yours is a keen eye and a true aim. You learn to shoot rabbits with a slingshot and to fell a squirrel with one stone. They are food for the table and you can't afford to miss. These are lean, hard days for any sharecropper. One day your father decides he's not equal to providing for his large brood and just walks out of your life and never returns.

You hire out as a farmer's helper. You hoe and plough and you pick cotton. But yours are sensitive dreams and picking cotton's not part of those adventurous

dreams of soldiering some day. Other kids talk about being a fireman or a cop, but you only listen to tales spun by World War I veterans. Plowing together with the farmer who hired you, you dream away in the hot Texas sun. You listen wide-eyed to the stories he spins of his miraculous maneuvers with a machine gun.

Yours is a grim world for any twelve-year-old, and war is an exciting escape. It helps pass time to dream up your own war. The endless rows of cotton become your battlefield, the weeds your enemy and the hoe in your hand is the mysterious weapon that somehow always wins.

Your childhood dreams are to turn into tragic reality sooner than you suspect, Audie Murphy.

You're sixteen years old and working in a radio repair shop in Greenville, Texas, fourteen miles away, when your beloved mother dies. You're restless and unhappy, and her search for something better in life now becomes your own. According to her last wish you place the younger children—Nadine, Billy and little Joe—in the Greenville Orphanage. And in June, 1942, you enlist. Your last word is "I'll try to do my share of the fighting," which turns out to be the understatement of all time.

You excitedly board a bus for the induction center. It's the first time you've been a hundred miles from home. Here begins the second chapter of the inspiring story of the boy who dreamed of being a soldier and what became of that dream.

At Camp Wolters you pass out in your first close-order drill. You get the nickname of "baby" and the combined efforts of kindly commanding officers to try to keep you out of combat. You almost fight a war stateside to be sent overseas. But finally in February, 1943, you sail for North Africa as a replacement and you join Company B of the 15th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Division, near Casablanca, an outfit in which you meet the greatest guys in the whole world and you learn that war is not the adventure you envisioned. It is a desperate business of inching and crawling and stumbling with blistered feet every mile of the way that puts you nearer home.

In thirty months of combat you advance in rank from PFC in Africa to a second lieutenant, and you win twenty-four decorations, including the Congressional Medal of Honor, thus becoming the most honored soldier in the history of the U. S. Army. Yours is a two-word war and sometimes a one-man war. According to buddies of yours, the two words you know are "hold" and "attack."

On January 25, 1944, you go ashore in the bitter fighting at Anzio Beach and learn your machine gunner has been severely injured. He's Sergeant James Fife, a Cherokee Indian from Oklahoma with nerves of iron and a fine eye for a target, and with no knowledge of fear. Although he's quick to say, "There wasn't much wrong with Murph's courage either, Ralph—"

For action at Anzio, you get the Bronze Star but your description is, "I was wishing my shirt didn't have any buttons—so I could get closer to the ground."

August 15 is a nightmarish day filled with action. A day that brings you the Distinguished Service Cross and grief over the death of one of your best buddies—Lattie Tipton, a happy courageous guy who talked often of his home in Irving, Tennessee, and of his little daughter, Claudine, a girl in pigtails who symbolizes to you the innocents for whom you're fighting this war. You've shared foxholes with Lattie since Sicily, and when he's shot by enemy machine gunners who've raised a white flag, you capture the whole hill to avenge the treachery.

The weary months drag by. The war moves to the Vosge foothills and on October 2 you get the Silver Star. According to your buddy, Martin L. Kelley, now of Bar Harbor, Maine, "Murphy wasn't even supposed to be on that patrol. He just tagged along with them because it was a dull day and he didn't have anything else to do."

On January 26, in the Battle of the Colmar Pocket, you order your company to fall back, and you remain alone to direct the artillery fire. A forward field artillery observer, Lt. W. E. Ishpennig of Jamestown, North Dakota, tells how—atop a blazing tank destroyer—you almost single-handedly stop a counter-attack of German infantry supported by six tanks. You're directing the fire with a liason officer on the phone, and when he asks, "How close are they now?" you say casually, "Hold the phone, I'll let you talk to one."

For this, you get the Congressional Medal of Honor.

You're wounded three times during action, but you shrug it off. To an anxious sister back in Farmersville, Texas, you write, saying, "The fruit cake was good, the one piece I got," but you, yourself, can't understand why your "luck" holds.

In an Army hospital in Southern France you meet a paraplegic, Perry Pitt, today your neighbor in Van Nuys, California. Perry will verify your beef that the whole operation was "just laying around" in the hospital waiting for your gangrenous hip to heal.

"Yes, Murph was always trying to advance when they wanted him to keep under cover. He kept hobbling up the aisle on his good leg and the nurses were always making him retreat. Some of the guys there from his outfit told me he saw more action than even the Army knew—but then they ran out of medals anyway. We used to talk about what we wanted to do when we got back. Murph thought he might have a store. Back home in Iowa I'd always wanted to have a stock farm."

It's June, 1945, now, Audie Murphy, and hiding among a plane load of generals, you hope to come home "through the back door." The fifth time, your luck doesn't last. You're in for the full treatment. Parades, speeches, bunting and bands. You're escorted into Farmersville by fire engines to the roped-off square. You're invited to speak before the legislature. You're guest of honor at Texas A&M, and your portrait's hung in the state capitol.

Home seems more real to you in your sister's small cottage, surrounded by relatives popping questions at you. Your sister, Nadine, just a leggy ten-year-old when you went away, is a slim, attractive brunette—and like any brother you want to know, "When did you start using lipstick?" You pay the down payment on a big, two-story white house large enough for the whole family. Then, restlessly, you wonder where you will go from here. Your hip wound rules out West Point, and you consider becoming a Texas Ranger. One thing sure, the battle of "short breeches" has lost its sting. All the things that once you wanted seem unimportant now. For you know that the great ones of the earth are guys like Lattie and Kelley and Fife.

As days go by, Audie Murphy, you realize you've still got another battle ahead of you. Perhaps the biggest of them all. Learning to live again. And believe again.

But back home you soon meet men who help you rebuild faith. Men like James O. Cherry, of Inter-Theatres, who advises you like a father on every score; the late C. O. David, Dallas oil man, who offers you help financially; Ray Woods, Dallas automobile dealer, who insists on loaning you a car to drive. You have three fathers—more than you've ever had.



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Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

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Director Conover School



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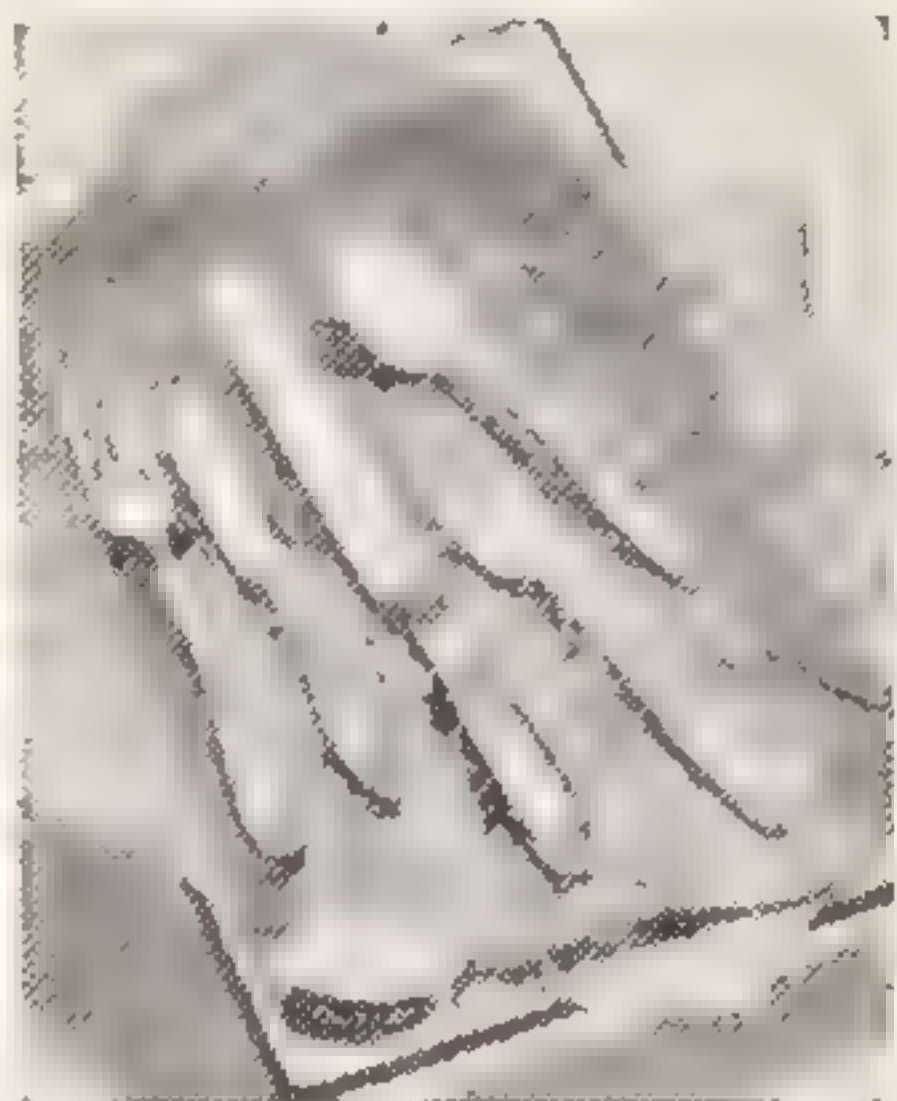
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You'll find baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) saves you time, work and money more than 101 ways! Keep a package in your medicine cabinet as first aid in family emergencies. Keep a package handy in the kitchen for dozens of cleaning chores.

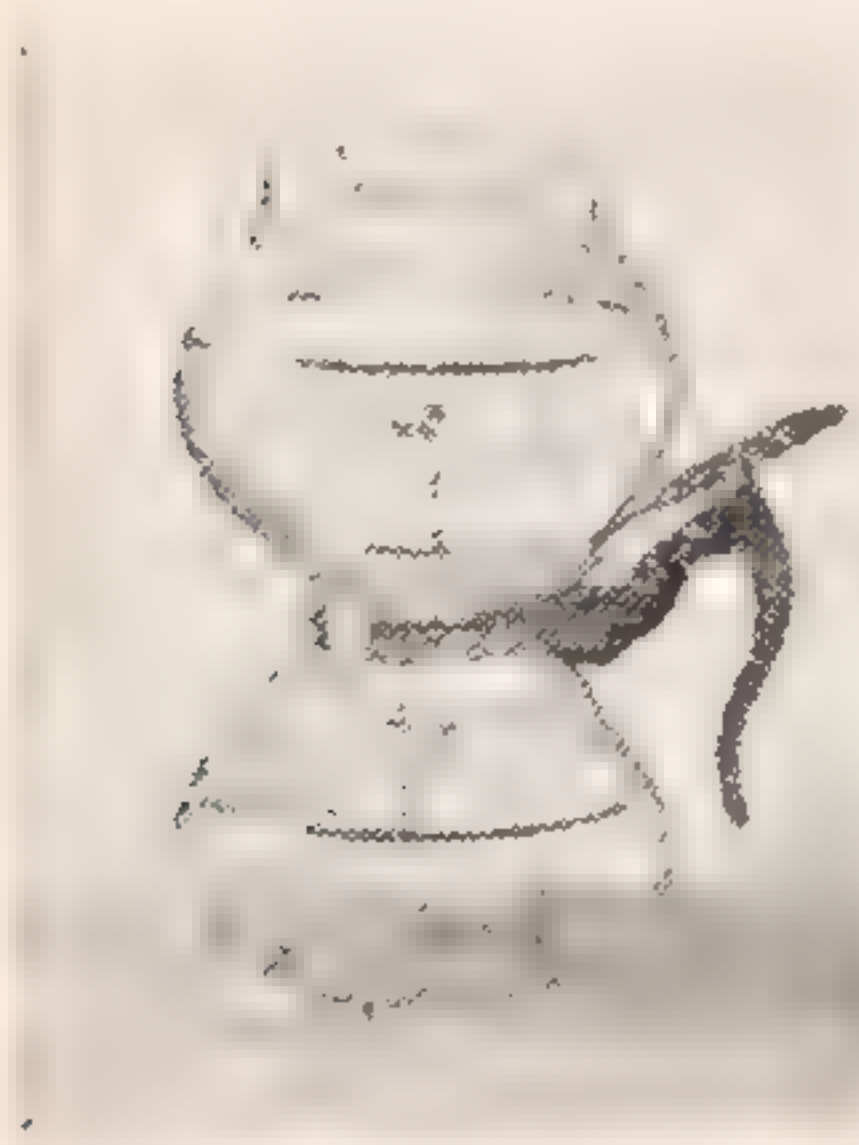
Clean and SWEETEN your refrigerator—in ½ the time. No scrubbing, no scouring! Pure baking soda emulsifies greasy film. With a wipe of your cloth, film disappears and so do *musty, sour food odors* that adhere to enamel.



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Driving home from Dallas one rainy night, you pick up a hitchhiker who soon slaps you across the mouth and attempts a holdup. You're struck by the irony of it all. To go all through the war and then get it from a maniac like this, despite his 190 pounds! You fight it out in the mud beside the road and win. At a gas station you call the highway patrol. Some people accuse you of staging the whole thing as a publicity stunt. But State Highway Patrolman Everett Brandon believes differently, and he runs down a long prison record on the man. Brandon becomes your close buddy of today.

It's July 16, 1945—your picture appears on the cover of Life Magazine and three new people enter your own life. James Cagney offers you a motion-picture contract. On a mined battlefield in France, Spec McClure, Hollywood columnist before he joined the Army Signal Corps, spies a beat-up copy of Life blowing across the field. The youthful Irish face, too young for its medals, sticks with him. It's Spec McClure who later assists you to put down on paper your book, "To Hell and Back," and at a Dallas airfield, a pretty, dark-eyed air hostess, Pamela Archer, is entranced with you. Through the months, she becomes an ardent Murphy fan, saving every clipping—and six years later she becomes your wife.

But in Hollywood, the months roll along confusingly. This is a battle you're not geared to fight, for you're unfamiliar with the tactics of the opposing team. Then, after all the restless waiting, when you finally get your first part—it's two lines in "Beyond Glory," starring Alan Ladd. But you get to West Point—on location. Then Cagney drops your option. You refuse to commercialize on your war record. As a man of action and few words, you don't understand those who seem to be all words and no action, nor why they make glowing promises they never keep. So in Hollywood you start again as a private and work your way up—but then this has been the story of your life.

With your option now dropped, you're living in a two-by-four apartment over a noisy bus stop trying to make ends meet on your \$86 pension—and still send money home. Terry Hunt, whom you met when you were mustering out of the service, insists you bunk in a resting room at his health club. You work out there regularly

in the gym. You sleep on a massage table 'because it's more comfortable for your war injuries. Now and then you still talk about going back to Texas. But Terry Hunt has a thought that can discourage it.

"I always kidded him, Ralph, telling him he'd sure have to pick a lot of cotton back there to make up for what he gets in one week here. Audie's had enough bent-over kind of cotton picking for life. I knew he had what it takes in Hollywood—if he would just wait it out. I'd remind him that the stakes are high here—and worth waiting for. Sometimes he'd help out around the club, putting the girls through their exercise routines. Not long ago one of them remarked that she'd seen a picture in a magazine of Audie Murphy—'You know,' she said, 'he looks a little like the boy who used to work me out in the gym.' That was modest Murphy. They didn't even know who he was."

It's July, 1948—and your friend Spec McClure keeps urging you to start "To Hell and Back." You want to get it all down on paper, too. "So, I won't have to think about it any more," you say.

But you have reasons to think plenty—when you go back to France as the honored guest of the French government. Back to that land so well remembered, with every road and every ravine still an open wound.

This time no booming artillery welcomes you, but the frayed clothing, the thin faces, the ghostly ruins haunt you. Near the place where you won the Congressional Medal of Honor, a whole village turns out to honor you. The old Mayor dressed in his shabby black coat, children in costumes line the street and sing Alsatian folk songs for you. Watching their faces, the tears come. You remember you directed artillery fire on that town.

You hunt out another remembered terrain, too. Behind a farmhouse through rich green vineyards that stretch uphill to a cork tree, there are two German helmets. But for your own alert eye, there would be two American helmets there today—Lattie's and your own.

Back in New York, reporters swarm about you, America's most decorated soldier, who returned to the battleground for the first time. They're full of questions—all the same. They want to know when you are going to marry Wanda Hendrix.

It's January 8, 1949—and your wedding captures the romantic imagination of all



"I was sick with fear"

Countless people—beset by problems of love, hope and jealousy—have found the answer to their dilemmas on radio's "My True Story." For this *true-to-life* program presents, in vivid dramatic form, the files of "True Story Magazine"—and includes people who might very well be you, your family, your friends. Listen and hear how they solve each heart-rending emotional conflict.

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RICHARD HUDNUT

who know the story of how you first met her on the Valentine cover of a magazine. But this marriage is doomed almost immediately.

Your career, however, is getting off to a solid start. It's February, 1949—another triumphant time in your life—the world premiere of your first starring picture, "Bad Boy," in 34 Texas cities. The mar-quees blaze with "Texas' Own Lovable Audie Murphy" and "America Hails a New Star." In Farmersville the theatre line stretches around the corner of the local drugstore. At last count, your nephew Weldon and niece Charlene have seen it six times.

Once more, sharecropper's son Audie Murphy has come from behind and won. You didn't hit pictures when your medals could have been exploited and helped you. But later, when success depended on your own merit as an actor and personality, there was no doubt about your future. At Universal-International it has been growing steadily.

It's July, 1950, and an ardent movie fan, Pam Archer, comes to California on vacation and finally meets her favorite picture star. Her reactions?

"By this time, Mr. Edwards, I'd done so much research on Audie, I felt I'd known him always. I cut out every clipping about him. I watched him on the screen. And once at a rodeo—we'd almost met."

You take the starry-eyed air hostess to lunch at Universal-International and on a personally conducted tour around the lot. You find it's a pleasure. During the next six months you fly back and forth to Dallas, drawn by the pretty part-Cherokee girl with the black hair and dark shiny eyes, the soft drawl and that quiet honesty. Yours is a typically teasing proposal. When getting off a plane you say, "It would be a whole lot cheaper for us to get married."

It is April 23, 1951—you are married in a simple ceremony in the Cox Chapel in Dallas with James O. Cherry as best man. The soft strains of "Ave Maria" fill the chapel and symbolize the beginning of a new life for you.

March 14, 1952, is a great day for the Murphys, including your sister, Corinne, out from Texas for the birth of your first-born. You name him Terry after Terry Hunt. With his black hair and blue eyes he's soon a swoon boy.

On March 23, 1954, you have another son, James Shannon Murphy, named after your good friend, James O. Cherry. If you have enough sons they will be a living memorial to those who stood by when a fatherless boy needed them.

It's May, 1954—ten years now since Company B made history for valor in the 3rd Division—and you're starring in your own account of their war—"To Hell and Back," at Universal-International. You wanted to put it on paper so you could forget it, you'd said. Now you still don't know how you'll feel when those cameras start to turn.

Yours is a full life now, Audie Murphy. You have two handsome, healthy sons, a charming early American home and a man-sized career. Today your own son, Terry, plays soldier in your back yard. He shoots a trusty water pistol. He sings "The Star-Spangled Banner" and salutes everything—including the family washing machine.

This is your life today, Audie Murphy, the life you've made. It's yours because of a boy's dreams to be a soldier—and what you did with that dream. Because of you, life today for Terry Murphy—and all the Terrys—is a happier reality.

THE END

Audie Murphy's in "Drums Across the River."

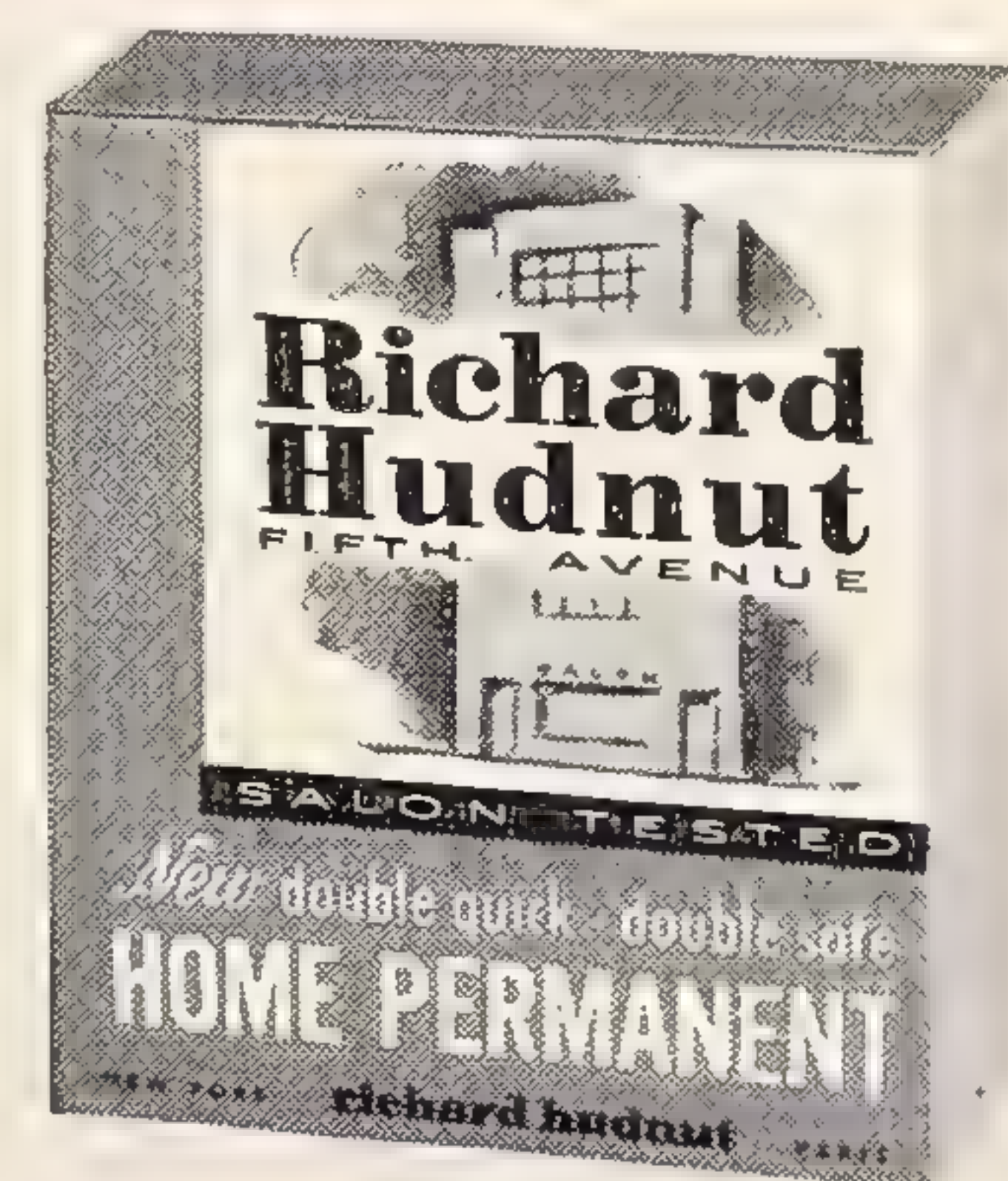
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| 3. Alan Ladd | 55. Wanda Hendrix | 110. Jerry Lewis | 151. Marisa Pavon |
| 4. Gregory Peck | 56. Perry Como | 111. Howard Keel | 152. Marge and Gower Champion |
| 5. Rita Hayworth | 57. Bill Holden | 112. Susan Hayward | 153. Fernando Lamas |
| 6. Esther Williams | 58. Bill Williams | 113. Betty Hutton | 154. Arthur Franz |
| 7. Elizabeth Taylor | 59. Barbara Lawrence | 114. Coleen Gray | 155. Johnny Stewart |
| 8. Cornel Wilde | 60. Jane Powell | 115. Arlene Dahl | 156. Oskar Werner |
| 9. Frank Sinatra | 61. Gordon MacRae | 116. Tony Curtis | 157. Keith Andes |
| 10. Rory Calhoun | 62. Ann Blyth | 117. Tim Holt | 158. Michael Moore |
| 11. Peter Lawford | 63. Jeanne Crain | 118. Piper Laurie | 159. Gene Barry |
| 12. Bob Mitchum | 64. Jane Russell | 119. Debbie Reynolds | 160. John Forsyth |
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| 15. Shirley Temple | 67. Audie Murphy | 122. Gene Nelson | 163. Elaine Stewart |
| 16. Dale Evans | 68. Dan Dailey | 123. Jeff Chandler | 164. Hildegard Neff |
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| 21. Glenn Ford | 73. Guy Madison | 128. Dale Robertson | 169. Helene Stanley |
| 22. Gene Autry | 74. Ricardo Montalban | 129. Marilyn Monroe | 170. Beverly Michaels |
| 23. Roy Rogers | 75. Mario Lanza | 130. Leslie Caron | 171. Joan Rice |
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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 43)



Ruth Manheimer chats with Jeff Chandler

Hollywood and then slips right out again.

The Hollywood Scene: Terry Moore arriving at a dinner party in a plunging neckline and carrying school books! She had to attend her night class for Language Appreciation first! . . . It's all been very hush-hush, but Judy Garland was so unhappy over her costumes in "A Star Is Born" famous Jean Louis at Columbia (who made that transparent number for Dietrich!) was allowed to take over . . . How ironical can fate be! Stewart "Beau Brummell" Granger finally got back to Jean Simmons from Europe—with his face covered with fever blisters! . . . And Bob Hope who fell asleep under a sun lamp, took one look at his flaming kisser and cracked: "This is the color Crosby turns when he tries to put on his shoes!"

Blonde Blitz: Battle fatigue is nothing compared to the minor revolution caused by Marilyn Monroe's visit to Korea. Her skin-tight, low-cut, purple satin gown that caused all the commotion is for business purposes only. Joe Di Maggio doesn't like it, so his dutiful wife promised never to wear it when she's at home baking a cake! Although the GI's had Marilyn's calendar picture pasted all over their barracks, they were conspicuously missing when she paid them an official visit. When Marilyn announced over the loud-speaker that she couldn't sing because of a "chest" cold—Korea almost collapsed!

Star-Studded Evening: The Gold Medal Awards Banquet was the final fling in a round of wonderful evenings at which Mr. Irving Manheimer, publisher of PHOTOPLAY, and his gracious wife, Ruth, put in an appearance. Among those hosting were the Lex Barkers, the Tyronne Powers and the Stewart Grangers.

Terry Can Take It

(Continued from page 55)

her film career hanging in the balance. That she's been made Hollywood's whipping girl by so many angers those who really know Terry Moore. And how hurt Terry has been by the whole thing only those closest to her will ever know.

Outwardly, Terry's met the maze of sexy digs by plunging into her career, studying voice placement, singing, dancing—just keeping feverishly busy. Always indefatigable anyway, she now spends time as if it were going out of style, from the time she leaves the house at 8:30 A.M. for her first lesson until she whirls in the door at night. Terry will tell you self-improvement runs in her family. "My grandfather's seventy-five—and he's just decided his grammar needs improving, so he's studying English now."

But her mother is concerned. "She's working much too hard. People tell you not to worry about what you read or hear. They say this happens to anybody on the way to the top. But when she's your daughter and you know she's being made an unfair target—how can you help worrying?"

Inwardly, with her own aversion to gossip in any form, Terry is still shocked that so many were willing to condemn her without even knowing the facts and that the press, with which she's always cooperated, is still ready to manufacture and misconstrue. She's hanging on hard to her well-tryed philosophy that something good eventually comes from any experience in life.

From childhood Terry was conditioned for the bumps along the way by her mother's teachings that weathering them builds character. "Mother always said that if we're able to take one discouragement, it makes the next one easier. That they all build character." And in fourteen years in pictures, Terry's had many already to build from. She played her first part in pictures when she was ten years old, portraying Brenda Joyce as a child in 20th Century-Fox's "Maryland." She was very excited about it and went around school "really living it up—always talking about 'my movie.'"

When it actually came out, she had been cut completely out of it, and the other kids openly scoffed and accused her of lying. Next, she read for the lead in a Paramount picture, and executives glowingly promised her a part in it. She wound up with one day's work playing a movie extra whose big scene involved running up to the girl who got the lead and asking her for her autograph. She couldn't be blamed if she feels today much the same as she felt as a ten-year-old when she sobbed rebelliously to her mother, "And don't tell me it builds character. I've got all the character I need. I don't want any more!"

Significantly, though, the religious philosophy books she keeps close by the bed in her pink-velveted boudoir for night reading help to underline the comforting reminder: "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday," and the quotation: "I have to live with myself, and so I want to be fit for myself to know . . . Whatever happens, I want to be—self-respecting and conscience-free—"

"Freedom of conscience is the most important thing of all," she believes. "As long as your conscience is free—you shouldn't worry too much. But . . . it still hurts. I've always been taught to trust people and to give everyone the benefit of the doubt. We're told that we shouldn't judge one another."

As an aftermath of the Korean incident,

a treat for all the girls

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columnists, always quick to latch onto anything colorful or sensational, have seemingly gone out of their way to throw the whole book at Terry Moore and to give any item about her a sexy, unsympathetic slant.

At the party Herman Hover gave at Ciro's, welcoming Terry and Susan Zanuck back home, Terry asked Susan to sing the song she'd done on the show in Korea, and Susan then retaliated by saying Terry must do her number, "Give Me A Little Kiss, Willya, Huh?" Susan looked around the jammed club for Jimmy Durante to stand in for the GI who always worked in the number with her. Durante had gone home, and Susan said, "Daddy, come here." Terry ended the number, as usual, with a quick kiss. A syndicate photographer flashed the picture and the next day Terry and her family were shocked to see the picture spotlighting a whole column titled, "How to Get Ahead with the Boss Department."

Listening to a famed commentator's description of a fight in a Sunset Strip night club between two men over the girl with them, she was shocked to hear him add erroneously that the girl was Terry Moore. One columnist itemed her "staggering it" at the Mocambo wearing a gown so low cut that a sneeze would have closed the club. "But I wasn't even there," Terry pointed out in amazement. Another, mentioning that she wore a high-necked gown to the "Cease Fire" premiere, couldn't resist saying, "Terry Moore was covered up—for a change." At another premiere, Terry was delayed entering the theatre by the studio's publicity men, who kept posing her with attending dignitaries and whisking her up to microphones to tape radio interviews. Later, a reporter accused her of deliberately being late and out-zsa-zsaing Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Reading such items, Terry, bewildered and unhappy, decided she just wouldn't make a public appearance again.

But this isn't the answer either, she's found. Invited to a big soiree recently, Terry had been rehearsing a difficult dance routine all day and she was begging off—when it was pointed out to her that she couldn't offend the important producer who was giving the party. He had come to her party when she got back from Korea, and she *couldn't* offend him by not going to his, etc. Finally Terry went. "If you go, they make cracks. If you don't, they still do. You just can't win," she says wearily.

She was hospitalized for the ear infection still hanging over from Korea when she read, "The public is getting tired of Terry Moore's escapades." Her mother answered the phone to hear her husky, "What do they mean? What escapades?" Terry can't understand either why her critics are now levelling on her mother too, accusing Mrs. Koford of being an over-ambitious movie mother and pushing Terry. As her mother says, "I've never pushed Terry into anything. On the contrary, my worry is that she'll work too hard and overtax her strength. Like any mother, I'm concerned about her health and happiness, and if she is unhappy, to be sure, I'm standing close by to help soften the blow."

And Terry doesn't quite know what to do about the criticism she's received for being fickle and flitting around like a social butterfly. Trying to analyze the whole thing soberly and find any possible whys, Terry believes it's because she doesn't date anybody steady. "That may be one reason they think I 'butterfly' around. Other girls have all gone to a lot of the same parties in the past, but nobody's said anything about them because they were dating steady. I haven't found

mine yet. Unfortunately. I wish I had. I'm just not as lucky as they've been.

Recently when Eddie Fisher was in Hollywood, a columnist falsely itemed that he was asking for Debbie Reynolds' phone number and emphasized he had not called Terry Moore. Actually, Eddie had been calling Terry ever since he'd arrived. He'd invited her to the big party NBC gave for him, but she hadn't thought she should go. When this item appeared he called exclaiming, "But that isn't true! Why would anybody say that?" He suggested Terry have dinner with him at Romanoff's—which would prove the untruth.

"No," she said wearily, "there would only be more publicity." Then with a touch of the old impish Terry, "Come over to my house. We'll stay home, and"—slyly—"I'll play all my Frank Sinatra records for you." They played records and had a wonderful evening, with Eddie pep-talking Terry plenty about paying no attention to the slaps taken at her.

Ultimately, those closest to Terry don't believe that her natural sunny philosophy has changed or her refreshing zest for living has been curbed. Her parents have watched Terry weather challenge—whatever the form—with a positive healthy approach. And with the courage of her own convictions.

She quit a fat contract at Columbia studios with nothing at all in the offing because she felt she was making no headway. She didn't work for some time and has no money to pay for her lessons, then she did a play at LaJolla, met Elia Kazan and got the lead in "Man on a Tightrope." Long typed as a "sweet young thing," she still didn't hesitate to go after the sexy young siren in "Come Back, Little Sheba." As Terry says now, "Nobody thought I could do it—except the director. He was from Broadway, and he didn't know I wasn't supposed to play sexy parts." When her studio discussed testing her for "Pink Tights," acquaintances pointed out indignantly that she would probably only be used to "put a fire under Marilyn Monroe." But Terry was all for making the test. "You may be right," she said sensibly, "but even if I don't get the part, this will be an opportunity for me to show the studio I can sing and dance—and they're paying for special arrangements which otherwise I couldn't afford."

Like any lovely vital girl in any other town who just naturally steals the show with her talent and looks and that electric warmth that enlivens any atmosphere and draws people to her, Terry has always been a target for a certain amount of jealousy and envy. Being in movies, she admits, made it real rough during school. But Terry has always won the opposition over. She learned never to mention movies, and she concentrated on making top grades. "Terry didn't want the others to say, 'She's in pictures. She thinks she doesn't have to study at all. She thinks she can get by that way,'" her mother says now.

When she graduated from junior high, a group of girls cruelly conspired to make her graduation day a big bust—and lost. To celebrate, they were going to Hollywood to Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and Terry was flattered when they invited her to come along. "That was a big event then—like going to Persia or something—going to Hollywood without any chaperones," Terry recalls. She was to meet the others at the corner of Brand and Broadway in Glendale at 5:30 that afternoon. She was excitedly dressing when two other girls came over and warned, "They told you to be there at five-thirty—but they're all going to be there at five." Shocked, Terry realized the others had planned all along

to stand her up and just leave her there waiting on the corner. "I'll always remember the girls who told me. We went to Glendale to the show, they spent the night with me, and Mother made hot chocolate and we had a great time. I'll never forget—"

Terry wasn't too much fun for the other girls to be with anyway. "They were always getting together and gossiping and cutting somebody up—and I just couldn't do this. They thought I was a square." But in the long run it paid off. Eventually the other girls all got mad at each other and went to Terry for advice, and she wound up being friends with all of them because they trusted her. "It takes a long time, but it's worth it. They're all still my friends now. I'm invited to all their baby showers."

But for a long time Terry was pretty much a mystery to the other girls. They were sure she was either too good or too dumb. One afternoon they were playing the "Truth Game," in which the girls told one another's faults. They said one girl was boy-crazy, one too sloppy, one two-faced. When they got to Terry, one of the girls said, "You're just too nice. Or maybe you're not too smart. That must be it. You must just be dumb. When people make remarks—you don't even notice." Terry sat still a moment, then finally said, "Really?" and surprised them all by repeating three remarks she knew the same girl had made about her. "What am I supposed to do? I just ignore them," she said quietly.

Eventually, through hard work, through sticking to her own principles and staying in the background and writing and producing plays for the others to star in, Terry was elected president of class after class and became one of the most popular girls at Glendale High.

But today's is a different and more formidable kind of "truth game." For Terry, the same rules will eventually win.

All Terry's accent is on her career now. "I try not to go out at all any more," says Terry. "I've had almost no dates since I got back from Korea." One of the few was with Tab Hunter, who flew back from the "Battle Cry" location in time to escort her to the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards dinner. "I haven't even stepped inside the Mocambo or Ciro's—except for the party that was given for us. But the publicity still hasn't died down."

One slur, however, doesn't worry her: the rumors that Terry would like to return to Korea, but that she wouldn't be welcome there. She plans to go back to Korea all right, but with the Army's very special blessing. Colonel Joe Goetz, head of USO, has declared publicly, "I want Terry Moore cleared." As for the GI's, they had no complaints the first time around.

For all the aftermath, the look on the GI's faces when they were alone after the troupe left would take Tiny Terry back there. "Words can't express it," she says slowly now. "It tears your heart. You could tell just what they were feeling. The birthday party was over, and they were so lonely and let-down—they almost wished we hadn't come. That's why I'm going back as soon as I can."

With her buoyant spirit, Terry was never meant to live life in the wings or in shadow—but confidently, joyously center stage. And hers will be a more confident stage tomorrow, for having weathered today. When the shooting's all over, the same rules for living will have won. Keep a full heart and a free conscience. And this above all—be able to live with oneself. Ask anybody who knows her—Terry Moore couldn't be in better company.

THE END

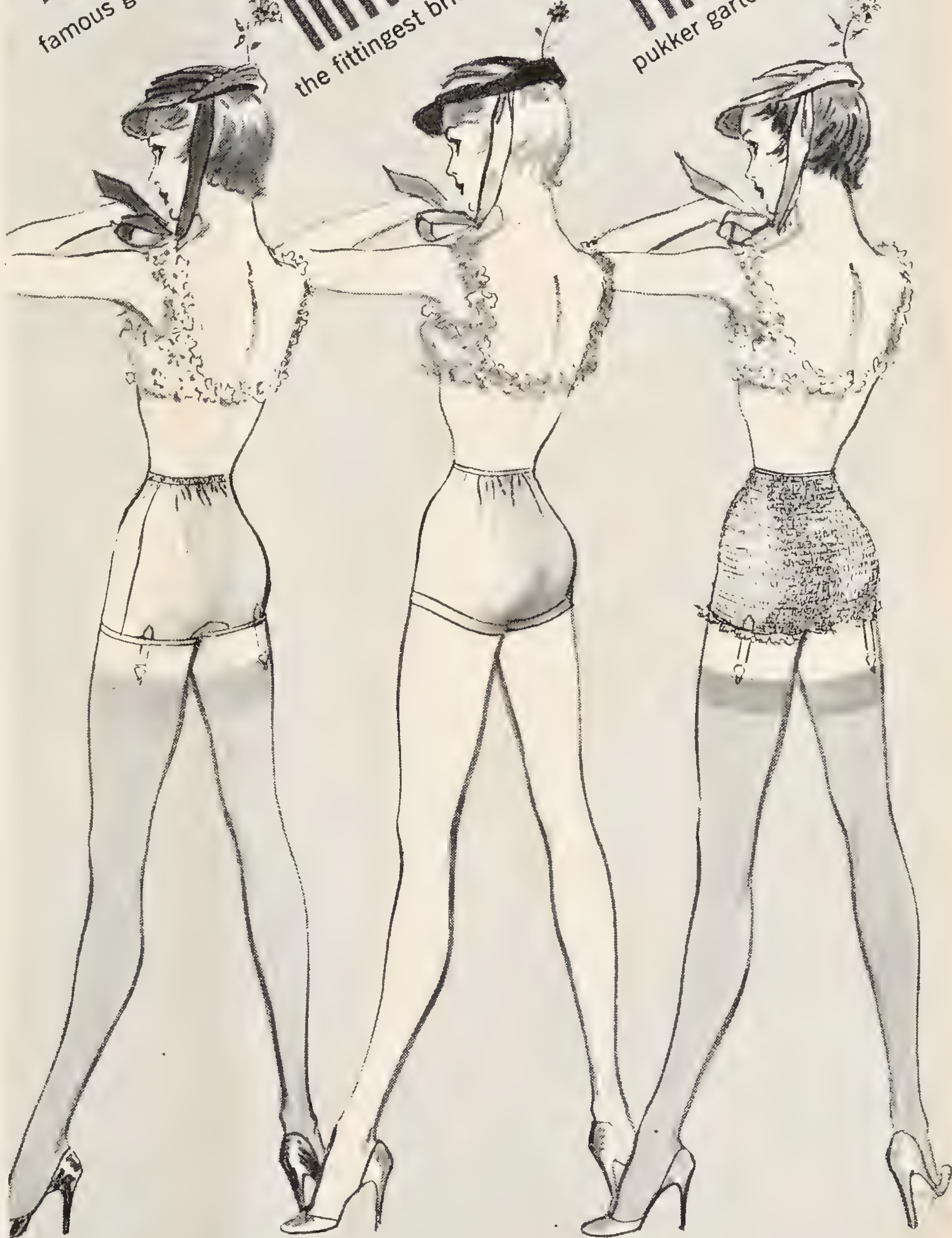
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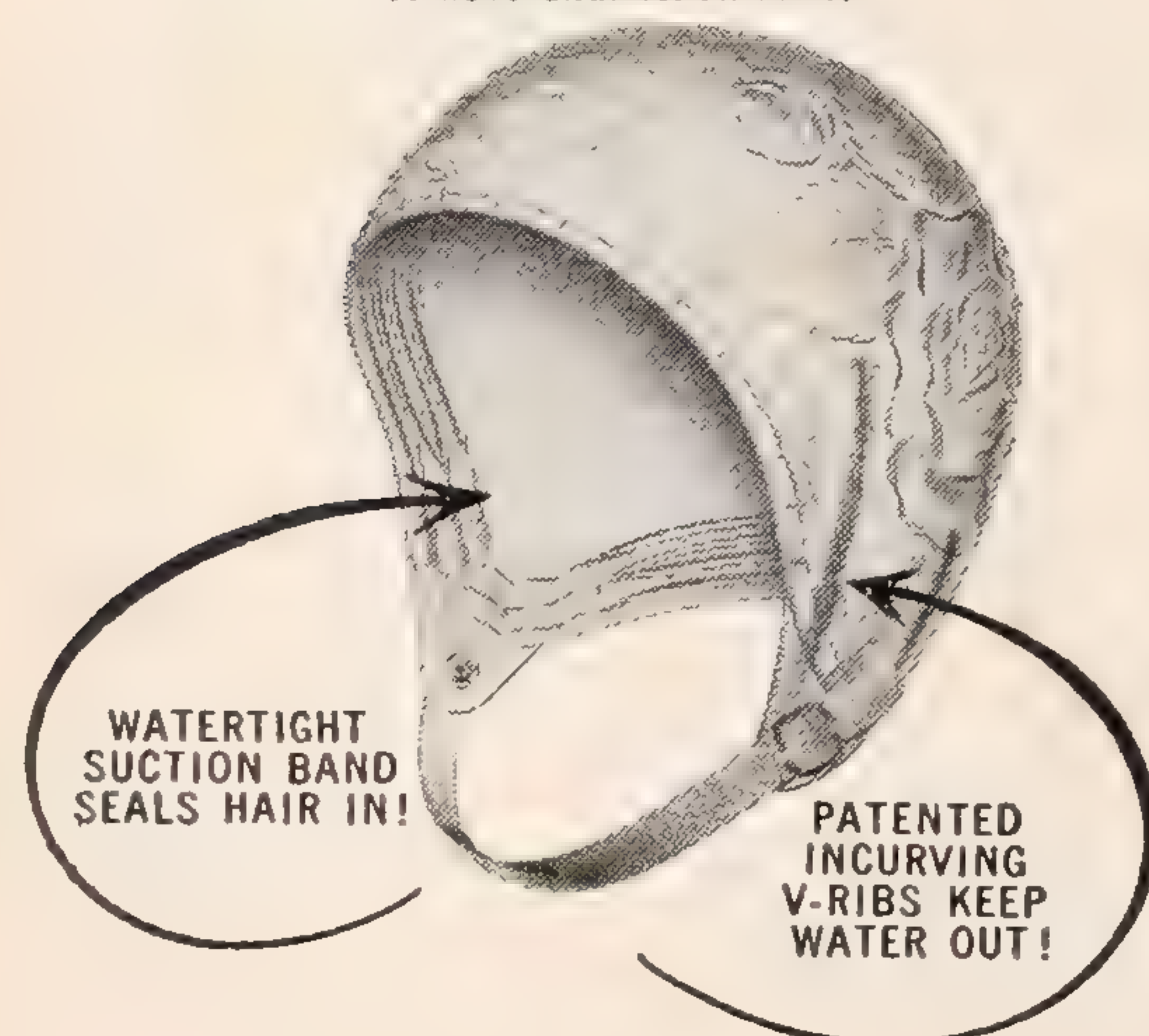
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(Continued from page 46)
sympathetique," she cooed dreamily. "I cook for *heem* every night. We are so gay, we laugh all ze time. He understands me. He too is artist. We like best to stay home."

When the rumors started, Leslie assured me, "I tasted a little fame. But for me, marriage is more important." And watching her serious pixie face I thought, "This French girl has her dancing feet firmly planted on the ground."

But the very things that were at first attractive became the very things that drove these two apart. Leslie's dancing feet could not be stilled. Public adulation is a headier champagne than Geordie could buy in bottles. Leslie walked out on Geordie, not even stopping to pick up her diamonds—after just two short years of marriage. Geordie could buy her anything she wanted, but all she wanted was a pair of dancing slippers.

In some ways, Leslie is one of the luckiest of the girls who married millionaires. I've been around Hollywood a long time. I've heard stars swear to love forever today and seen them hate for the same period tomorrow. And nothing can surprise me too much. But even I was amazed at the fantastic fizzle of the marriage of gorgeous Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton.

It was so exciting at the beginning. The most beautiful movie star marrying everything a young girl dreams of getting for a husband—young, good-looking, rich as all get out and very charming. "I'm madly in love with him," Elizabeth told me sincerely during their short engagement. "He's the most wonderful man in the world. And I realize that Nicky is the only man I have ever loved—or could ever love."

Elizabeth invited me to her mother's house to inspect the huge square-cut diamond engagement ring. Nicky bought her an expensive car and an exquisite mink jacket. Patina, I think it was called. Anyway it was grey. "Till death do us part," she murmured softly in the flower-bedded Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. She floated in a white trance at the huge reception afterwards in the swank Bel Air Country Club. Nothing was too good or too expensive for Elizabeth.

Later I saw Elizabeth when they returned from the honeymoon, up north in Monterey. Elizabeth was thin and strangely irritable. But that was only the beginning of their mad, dashing search for happiness. The lovely movie star and her millionaire husband went to Europe, to try in some manner to build a marriage. The strangest

stories were whispered back to her frantic family in Hollywood. Stories of the most beautiful child bride in the world crying all alone as she sat by a window overlooking the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. Of hysterics, of scenes no longer played in private on the luxury liner bringing them home. Of doctors in New York and Chicago forbidding Elizabeth the right to see her husband because he added to whatever it was that was making her so ill.

In Elizabeth's case, everything happened for the best. During her brief marriage to Nicky, she grew up—from an emotional child into a woman who knew the values of love, marriage and a family. Perhaps if she had not experienced that early mistake, she would never have been able to appreciate and enjoy her present calm role as Mrs. Michael Wilding. She is only twenty-two now, but she knows full well that money can buy everything but happiness. Today Elizabeth knows the real source of contentment: an attractive home, a handsome son, another baby rumored on the way—I hope so—and a husband who worships the ground she walks on and gives her stability and a real basis for happiness.

I did some moralizing in my column when Bob Topping walked out of his marriage with Lana Turner. Bob owed her \$90,000, I said, and yet his steel-tycoon grandfather left him a trust fund worth several million dollars. Lana had trusted him with money just as she had trusted him with her heart. Bob wanted Lana, the movie star, as his wife, but he resented everything which Lana needed to do (in all clear conscience) to maintain her career as a movie star. I'll never forget the day he called the studio and demanded that they stop production and send Lana home to him at once! He resented her fans so deeply, he alienated untold numbers by rushing Lana brusquely past autograph seekers, past persons who just wanted one look at her in the flesh.

Lana would have willingly given up her career to be Mrs. Topping, private citizen. How she wanted their child! She stopped working but she lost her baby. While Topping wanted her for his wife, he in spite of this was neither willing to have her give up her career nor make the sacrifices necessary for her to continue it.

Today Lana is Mrs. Lex Barker. Lex doesn't earn anywhere near Lana's salary but they are both confident that some day he will—meantime he pays his share. He's proud of Lana as a movie star, cherishes her as a wife. And they're happy. I'll bet

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on that. I'm keeping my fingers crossed for them for I know that Lana learned the hard way that money is no bridge to happiness.

Janet Leigh was smarter than most people realize. We all thought she would marry Arthur Loew, Jr., a bright, smart young man who'll inherit millions from his grandfather, the founder of M-G-M. But Janet was a girl who knew that love was the most important ingredient of a marital relationship and that money couldn't matter less. Janet visited Arthur's family in Arizona and found them more than ready to welcome her as a daughter-in-law. Yet Janet could have had millions but her level eyes saw what her level head wanted to see, her heart did not belong to Arthur.

Instead, Janet married the man for her heart, Tony Curtis, who supports his own parents and who'll never be rich, no matter how much he earns as a motion-picture star. They recently moved from an apartment to a house, which Janet quickly adds, is rented not bought, and Janet couldn't be more delighted. A mansion, be it every so richly appointed, would never look like home to Janet unless Tony was there. No amount of money can buy for these two what they possess—a wonderful understanding of each other's problems, a sharing of disappointments and heart-aches together, a bond of respect for everything each has been able to contribute to the other.

Single girls who are now searching for an ideal mate might well follow Janet's example. For instance, I'm glad that Debbie Reynolds is taking her time with her answer to playboy millionaire Bob Neal. Bob was first turned down by filmite Diana Lynn—and there have been others since. And that should spell danger to Debbie.

Another girl who might well profit from the past experience of others is Gene Tierney, who has been following in Rita Hayworth's footsteps with Aly Khan. There aren't many men in the world who could be richer than Aly will be some day—or even as solvent as he is right now. But the difference between money and happiness with Aly should be obvious to Gene.

Marilyn Monroe is the perfect example of a girl who kept her feet on the ground. There's no doubt at all that Marilyn had the whole world to choose from. But Marilyn had the good sense to marry a man who has enough money to live on comfortably, but not so much that he has to worry about it.

Almost without exception—and the exceptions are so rare that they seem to prove the rule—the millionaire who wants to marry a star is a far cry from the ideal husband. Usually he is exactly the opposite. Instead of being a strong man with a stable personality who can understand and sympathize with her frustrations, and counterbalance the tremendous emotional flights that inevitably accompany a triumph in a star's life the millionaires who marry movie stars are usually emotional children who want to buy their way into Hollywood's glamour and become a part of its magic without having to work for it.

There are exceptions, of course. Greer Garson's Buddy Fogelson is a wonderful guy and I believe he'd be just as great if he were a poor man. You should have seen him washing dishes in my kitchen at a party when the plates ran out. He's a generous man—witness the full-length mink coat he gave Greer on her last birthday, and the jewels. But he gives of himself too. "For the first time in my life, I'm not worried about anything," she told me recently. And Greer is a girl who doesn't fool herself. She doesn't have to. She married one millionaire who is one in a million!

THE END

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5. Contest is open to all except employees of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, their advertising agency, and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, and local regulations.
6. Contest closes June 30, 1954. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight of the closing date and received not later than July 7, 1954.
7. Winners will be notified by mail within a month after the closing date. A complete list of winners will be sent to persons sending a stamped self-addressed envelope.

(Continued from page 67)

boorish; temperamental and unpredictable. He was confirming the exact opposite view expressed by the people who worked with him during the filming in New York, of "On the Waterfront," Horizon-American picture soon to be released by Columbia.

"On the Waterfront," they will also tell you, was no luxury assignment. Based on the true story of the effect of the rackets on the individual lives of dock workers, every foot of it was shot during midwinter along New York harbor or in slums of adjacent New Jersey cities.

"Working under such circumstances," says one of the actors grimly, "the weaklings and the heels showed up fast."

The fact that Brando stood this test rallied these co-workers to his defense, for shortly after "On the Waterfront," many called Brando a heel and worse.

This was the time sequence: One, only hours after "On the Waterfront" was finished, Brando flew to Hollywood to start work on "The Egyptian" for 20th, for which he was already committed. Two, shortly he jumped the set and returned to New York. Three, his psychiatrist announced he was "a very sick man," unable to work for several weeks. Four, 20th, claiming willful breach of contract, slapped him with a two-million-dollar damage suit.

This suit has since been settled out of court, and at press time Brando will play the part of Napoleon in "Desiree" for 20th, but at that time it was open season on Brando. Gossips raged.

The more repeatable comments drew an analogy between his personal way of kicking Hollywood in the teeth and the character he portrayed in his recent off-beat picture, "The Wild One."

In it, he was Johnny, sullen leader of an outlaw motorcycle gang, the Black Rebels. In one scene a girl, noticing the gang name on the back of his leather jacket, asks, "What are you rebelling against?" and Brando, with an insolent grin, replies, "What've ya got?"

That, contended his critics, was Brando himself—a violent person with no regard for the rights of others, who strikes out destructively when something displeases him.

But the cast and staff of "On the Waterfront," both old friends and new, professional actors and the dockworkers who were hired as extras, saw a much different Marlon Brando.

Says the hostess he surprised with the armload of groceries, "Marlon is so considerate that sometimes you're sure he can read your mind. Since I had gone over to Jersey to visit the set he knew I had had no time to shop."

She is Mrs. Karl Malden, wife of the actor who has a key role in the waterfront picture.

Karl nods in agreement based on long association. Their friendship began when both appeared in Broadway play called "Truckline Cafe" and continued in "A Streetcar Named Desire." While Brando brightened his stardom with "Julius Caesar" Malden was earning his own top credits in "Take the High Ground" and "Phantom of the Rue Morgue."

He says, "Marlon notices another actor's reaction. It's easy to work out a scene with him. Dramatically, he has an acute sense of right and wrong. This is one guy I can trust."

A new friend, Eva Marie Saint, a television-trained actress who plays her first motion picture role opposite Brando, discovered she could trust Brando as soon as she tried out for the part.

Understandably nervous, she went to the

Actors' Studio to audition. Director Elia Kazan explained the scene.

He said, "You're Edie, a girl who sees good in everyone, but who also has ideals."

Then he turned to Brando. "You're Terry. You're a young tough on the edge of the rackets. You're having an affair with Edie's sister, so Edie disapproves of you and she's warning you to get out of the house before her father gets home. If he catches you, he'll throw you out. You know it, but you're ready to defy him."

After that, it was up to Eva Marie and Marlon. They had to make up the dialogue as well as the action.

Says Eva Marie, "Other actors had told me that Marlon was good to work with, but what happened was almost unbelievable to me. He gives so much of himself that he makes it *real*, instead of just a scene. Before I knew it, I actually got mad at him instead of merely pretending to."

Wise Kazan then changed the pace. He gave them a gentle scene where Edie, sorry for her anger, comes to Terry's apartment to apologize.

Says Eva Marie, "I could practically see the chip on Marlon's shoulder when he glared and said, 'You think I'm not good enough for you, don't you?'"

She smiles at his solution for the scene. "We talked things out, then he taught me to waltz. Marlon is a wonderful dancer."

Eva Marie contends that after such help on an audition she couldn't help getting the part. She certainly did not expect, however, that Brando would also be excited about her success. "After all," she explains, "he was the star, already signed. I was just the young hopeful."

But it could be that Brando remembered his own anxieties in finding his first major role. He might have remembered how he felt when, without a cent in his pockets, he walked from mid-Manhattan to a highway, then hitch-hiked to Tennessee Williams' seaside cottage to audition for "A Streetcar Named Desire."

For Brando contributed handsomely to her celebration. Says Eva Marie, "I was in a Broadway show. When I came into my dressing room, there was a big bouquet of red roses, a bottle of perfume, and a card from Marlon saying, 'Congratulations—you'll be wonderful as Edie.'"

Shortly, she learned that was only the beginning.

Eva Marie's first call to the set came on one of the bright brisk days which brought a prolonged autumn to New York. On Manhattan, it had been comfortable to wear just a light coat, but across the Hudson, on a Hoboken rooftop, the wind had a sharp bite.

Marlon and Karl Malden, who plays the priest, were in the midst of a scene when she turned up. She found a place to stand quietly. She thought he had not noticed her arrival.

But at the first break, Marlon was at her side saying as heartily as if he were welcoming her to a party, "Good to see you. Let me get you a chair. Are you warm enough?"

His question, "Are you warm enough?" was to be repeated frequently during the next three months, for the balmy days soon ended. There was snow, there was smog, there was icy rain, there was wind.

But through it all, the shooting went on. They worked in freezing damp warehouses, on ice-caked piers, in back streets and alleys, on tenement rooftops, in flats, in churches and parks.

Always, they were cold. Eva Marie cast as the daughter of an unemployed long-shoreman, had a wardrobe to match—one \$10.95 dress, one \$39.95 coat. When they

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went down to the docks where wind sloshed the dirty icy water up into a spray, her teeth chattered.

She begged Director Kazan, "Couldn't I have something warmer, maybe a pea jacket?"

Kazan, whose reputation is based on realism, turned her down. He wanted to show what effect the weather had on the people. "Sorry," he said, "but you're a poor girl. You have just one coat. It's thin. You're always cold."

To others on his staff, he said delightedly, "See what I mean? Here we get the real feeling. You could never fake this on a steam-heated sound stage."

Shortly, however, even Kazan got enough realism. Cameras froze. Eight of the two hundred actual longshoremen who were employed as extras decided it was too much for them. They asked to be paid off. It was easier to go back to wrestling cargo. Standing around, waiting in the cold for the camera to turn their direction, was more than they had bargained for.

The actual manual labor of acting and filming had become a war, with the weather their enemy.

Said one from the Hollywood staff, "The cold gets into your mind as well as your body. It slows you up. You can't think of anything except how miserable you are."

Under such conditions, Brando's only responsibility was to take the best possible care of himself so he could play his own scenes. He should have headed for the nearest warm spot.

Instead, he was all over the area, joking, asking questions, learning.

In the beginning, the for-real longshoremen failed to appreciate his attention. To them, the motion picture people were amateurs, turning into filmed make-believe the bitter problems of their own lives—the back-breaking work, the danger of oppos-

ing the racketeers, their job insecurities.

As they saw it, their duties did not include teaching a matinee idol how to hoist cargo. Resentfully, they muttered, "Who does this guy Brando think he is, anyhow?"

But when, in scene after scene, they saw that he wasn't afraid to get his hands dirty, that he was sure on his feet, that when action called for it, he was right in there, pulling his own weight, tugging, sweating and griping the same as they were, their antagonism broke down. As his questions about how to do things grew more knowing, they started to teach. In off-moments, they would sidle up to say, "You're doin' it the hard way, Bud. Now next time, try this . . ."

It was the same with the boxers. Tony Galento and a number of other ring headliners were cast as the tough mugs. With them, a deal developed. He helped them with their lines, they coached him in punching.

Because of Brando's real interest and desire to learn, few realized that his off-camera activity was making another contribution to the picture. By breaking up the frigid boredom of sitting around, by telling people they were doing fine, he was like a good military officer, rallying his men during a lull in the battle.

The respect Brando earned from the men showed in other ways. When the wives of the extras showed up with the family Brownie to take pictures of their husbands with the star. For them, Marlon posed with the same enthusiasm he displayed when the big cameras were rolling.

But the men's real accolade came at the end of the picture. They invited him to come on over to one of their hangouts to hoist a glass of beer. It was their way of saying, "We figure you for a good guy."

Through it all, Brando was happy. De-

spite rough work and bitter weather, he enjoyed every moment of the filming of "On the Waterfront."

Just a few days later, when his difficulties with 20th Century exploded into headlines one of the picture's Hollywood staff tried to explain the contrast in his behavior. "The only thing Marlon cares about is acting. He hates the additional prerogatives of being a star. To him, they're not prerogatives, but burdens. This guy not only doesn't need a swimming pool, he doesn't want one."

Eva Marie Saint sums it up in feminine fashion. "Other than my husband, Marlon Brando is the nicest man I know."

But there will always be some people whom Marlon Brando, The Wild One, irks. It happened even during the filming of "On the Waterfront."

It was just before Christmas and the company had taken a break to eat lunch and thaw out.

Blue with cold, Brando came into the hotel which served as their headquarters. A civic group was having luncheon in the dining room. In the corridor, grade-school youngsters dressed in white robes of Christmas angels were waiting to sing. When they spied Marlon, they shrieked with delight and ambushed him.

He waited patiently while the kids rounded up scraps of paper and a pencil for autographs. He apologized because his hands were frozen stiff. "I don't know whether you'll be able to read this," he warned them.

His explanation and his plight carried no weight with one golden-curved cherub. Inspecting his autograph, she turned up her nose, then remarked in most audible and very superior fashion, "Humph. He'll never get an A in penmanship."

THE END

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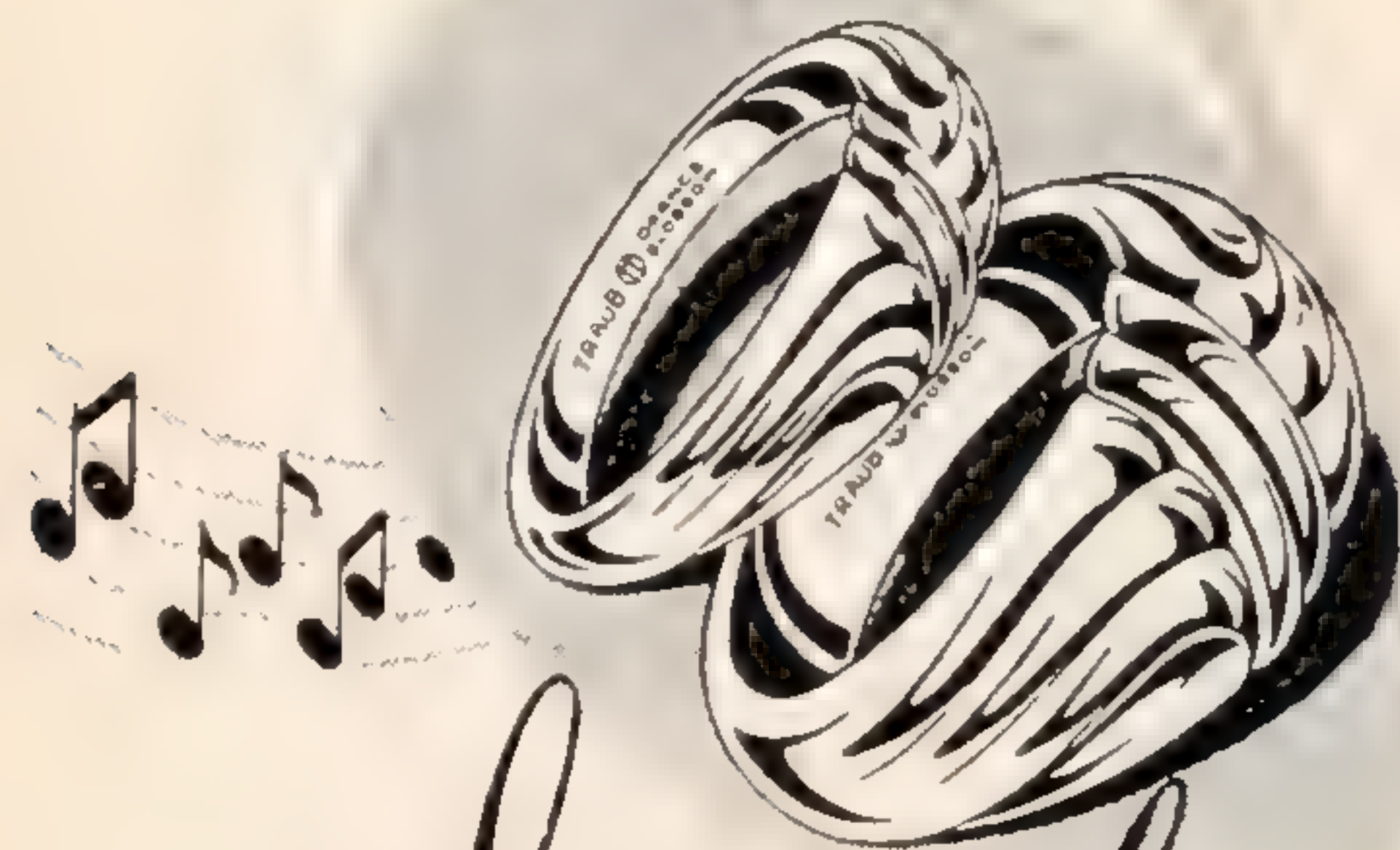


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Secret Life of Janet Leigh

(Continued from page 62)

get this way sometimes." Whereupon, they granted her a month's leave.

It was something of a triumph for Janet. Not over the studio bosses, over herself. Or more precisely, over that part of herself which is Janet Leigh, film star.

"I needed that month," she says now, "to be just plain me—Janet Curtis, Tony's wife. I wanted to sit in the sun on the patio and not even think if I didn't feel like thinking. I wanted to read some books that had absolutely no picture possibilities, and shop for things I didn't need and probably wouldn't buy, and try out a recipe or two, just for fun."

Surely that's a modest list of desires, but just as surely, a list which would not even have occurred to the eagerly ambitious Janet Leigh of seven years ago.

During those years, Janet progressed from a new and promising Hollywood discovery to her present secure position as one of the biggest box-office draws among the younger actresses. She gained for herself a reputation for dependability—which meant you could count on her not only for a fine acting job on the screen but for cheerful performance of all the time- and energy-consuming chores which go with stardom. The personal appearances, the interviews, the attendance at parties and premiéres, the long hot sessions with photographers, costumers and make-up men—she took them all in stride. Temper and temperament were alike unknown to her.

And this was so because Janet is that kind of a person. She is a subscriber to the rock-ribbed old adage that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Her joyful discovery that she was pregnant didn't slow Janet down. She was already slated for "Prince Valiant" with Bob Wagner—an important picture and a fine part—and the studio production timetable was such that she'd be able to report for work as planned. Tony was due to make a picture in Honolulu, and they would be apart five weeks. Janet looked forward to rehearsals as a means of making the separation more bearable.

Then the shattering thing happened. With Tony three thousand miles away, Janet lost the baby.

"I knew what was happening to me," she recalls. "Yet on my way to the hospital I was quite calm. I didn't go to pieces until it was all over. Then I sat in my hospital room and couldn't stop crying. I hadn't let Tony know—I didn't see how he could help me and I didn't want to upset him so terribly in the middle of making a picture. But our parents were wiser than I was, and they decided he should be told and cabled him. He telephoned me at the hospital—and just talking to him did help me. It was wonderful to hear his voice, reassuring me that he loved me and that we'd have our baby some day. Of course I knew how broken up he was. Tony is very emotional, and he'd been so happy about the baby. But he was trying to hide his own sadness in order to help me. I felt that I was seeing a side of him I'd never even known existed. His strength and maturity made me proud of him, and I felt better."

Later, after he had returned from Honolulu, Tony did break down, in delayed reaction from days of worrying about Janet. But by then, Janet's own grief had softened and she was able to comfort him.

The unspoken fear of both, of course, was that Janet might never be able to bear a child. But Dr. Sarah Pearl, her obstetrician, put their minds at rest on that point. A miscarriage was nothing unusual in a first pregnancy, she said, par-



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ticularly for someone who lived as intensely as did Janet. "You've been running without a reserve tank," she told her bluntly. "Slow down. Relax. Take vitamins and get more sleep."

Which was an easy thing for the doctor to say, but not so easy for Janet to do. "Prince Valiant" was ready to start shooting, and after that she was pencilled in for two others, "The Black Shield of Falworth," in which Tony would be co-starred with her, and "Living It Up." But Janet did what she could in the vitamin and more-sleep departments. If she and Tony went out for an evening, you'd see them quietly leaving the party early. And there was a further change in their mode of living which they made.

In the three years of their marriage, Janet and Tony have had three different homes. Their first was a small apartment. Their second was a huge, plush apartment—a penthouse affair, seven rooms, \$400 a month rent. It was fine for entertaining and impressing people, but it had one big drawback—you had to climb three flights of stairs to reach it.

When they thought they were going to become parents, Janet and Tony made plans for moving out of their penthouse. Indefinite plans since there was, after all, plenty of time. But after the miscarriage, moving seemed more urgent. Those stairs didn't fit in with Janet's new regime of getting more rest. Last fall they found, and settled down in, a charming eight-room Spanish-style bungalow on a corner lot in Beverly Hills.

"We rent it, of course," Janet says hastily, lest one get the wrong impression. "We can't afford to build or buy our own place yet. But just the same, we both feel more permanent—more as if this were our first real home. There's something about having your own roof over your head, and your own front and back yard, that you can never get in an apartment, no matter how nice it is."

So it was to this home that Janet repaired for her month's leave of absence—to take stock of herself and her life.

It's something most of us need to do now and then—to look at the goals we set ourselves at some earlier time and decide whether or not they are the goals we would still choose. In Janet's case it was imperative because she had achieved her first desire: she was a successful film star. Now it was time to add to her goals, to reach even higher for fulfillment.

Out of this realization came Janet Leigh's secret life. It is truly secret. She will not, cannot, discuss it. But its existence is implicit in the things she does say about herself, her marriage, her hopes for the future.

"I think I am a fortunate and happy woman," she says brightly. "I have a profession which interests me and a husband whom I love. Because his work and mine are alike, we can understand each other's career problems—and be more tolerant of the demands our careers make. For instance, I can understand when Tony has to be in bed early to get his full rest before an early studio call. The same thing happens to me. And I can understand, and not feel slighted, if his work takes up time he'd otherwise be able to devote exclusively to me.

"I don't believe," she went on, "that a wife should be totally dependent on her husband to fill her days. If I didn't work in pictures I'd work in some other field, or find some other activity which would allow me to be more than 'just a housekeeper.' My next picture will be 'Athena,' and I'll want to get started—as soon as my month is over. The important thing as I see it is to function as an individual—a

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person. If you can do that, you will function at the same time as a wife, a woman, and—in my case—an actress."

And as a mother?

Janet said frankly, "I hope we raise a large family. I was an only child, and I remember how lonely I was. More than anything, I want children. Every time I see a mother wheeling her baby down the street I wish I were in her shoes. I would give all the fame I have just for the happiness of being able to say, 'This child is mine and Tony's.' But on the other hand, I don't believe I would have to stop working because of motherhood. I feel that mothers shouldn't submerge themselves completely in their children—to do so isn't healthy for either child or mother."

What Janet did not say—very carefully did not say—was that she had put her career, even mentally, in second place to either her marriage or her hopes of being a mother. You do not say such things for publication when you are a young player under contract to a watchful and nervous major studio. She will do anything—within the framework of her career, if possible, outside it, if necessary—to have children.

Janet could make no other decision. It simply wouldn't be possible for her—her whole character forbids it. Family ties, human relationships, mean a great deal to her. Children mean even more. A few years ago she adopted the entire population of the LeRoy Home for underprivileged boys in the California town of LaVerne. The welfare of these kids became her special project, which she pursued with typical Leigh zest, making the 70-mile round trip to visit the home as often as possible and on each Christmas playing Santa Claus with a party, a show, and gifts for every boy. For a new kitchen in the home, she raised \$3,000 on one occasion and \$2,500 on another.

Sponsorship of the LeRoy Home was enough, perhaps, before Janet saw her hopes of having a child of her own snatched away from her. It isn't now. Losing the baby shocked her into an awareness that she owes a responsibility to herself as well as to the studio which employs her and the fans whose interest, in the last analysis, made her success possible. That responsibility, naturally, includes Tony, whose latest picture for U-I is "Johnny Dark."

Working wife and star though she is, Janet's philosophy of marriage leads her to put Tony's welfare and Tony's wishes just a bit before her own. "People say Janet spoils me," Tony grins, "and I guess she does—but she likes doing it, you know. I've learned that she's unhappy if there isn't something she can be doing for me. 'Don't you want something to eat?' she's always asking when I'm relaxing. 'A peach—or maybe a pear? I'll peel it for you. How about a glass of soda?'"

"And you like it," is Janet's rejoinder. "Why not? Any man would—it gives him a feeling of being head of the house. Which, my darling, you are." Her voice is light, but there is a note in it that tells you she is speaking the simple truth.

Very much aware of Tony's wish for children, Janet would make any sacrifice to give them to him, quite apart from her own desires.

No sacrifice may be necessary. No real sacrifice, that is. A change of viewpoint may suffice. A determination to live at less than concert pitch, an enlightened selfishness that will enable her to say "No" to studio requests when she would much rather say "Yes" . . . these, almost certainly, will give Janet the family she and Tony long to have. But until time tells its tale, Janet is living a secret life, one built on hopes and dreams.

THE END



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Jane's Happiest Year

(Continued from page 64)

world that had no peace to call its own. In the entertainment world, it was the year a film called "The Outlaw" opened for a short while and then closed amid cries of public indignation. The subject of the controversy which raged across the nation was a girl nationally pictured reclining in a haystack.

Although "The Outlaw" had not yet found its way into national release, its star, Jane Russell, was well known indeed. Her name had become a synonym for sex appeal. However, she had yet to prove her ability to do anything more than send sultry looks sizzling from the screen. "A lot of stars have started their careers with similar publicity and they've gone on to give performances that have the critics cheering," says one of Jane's friends. "The year after 'The Outlaw' was a time Jane should have been able to spend furthering her career . . . working and studying as she has done since to perfect her singing and dancing and acting ability."

Yet this was the year in which Jane Russell disappeared from Hollywood—to seek a happiness which fame could never give her. She chose to leave success and financial security behind in exchange for another sort of security—the kind which comes from loving and being loved, needing and being needed. She chose marriage.

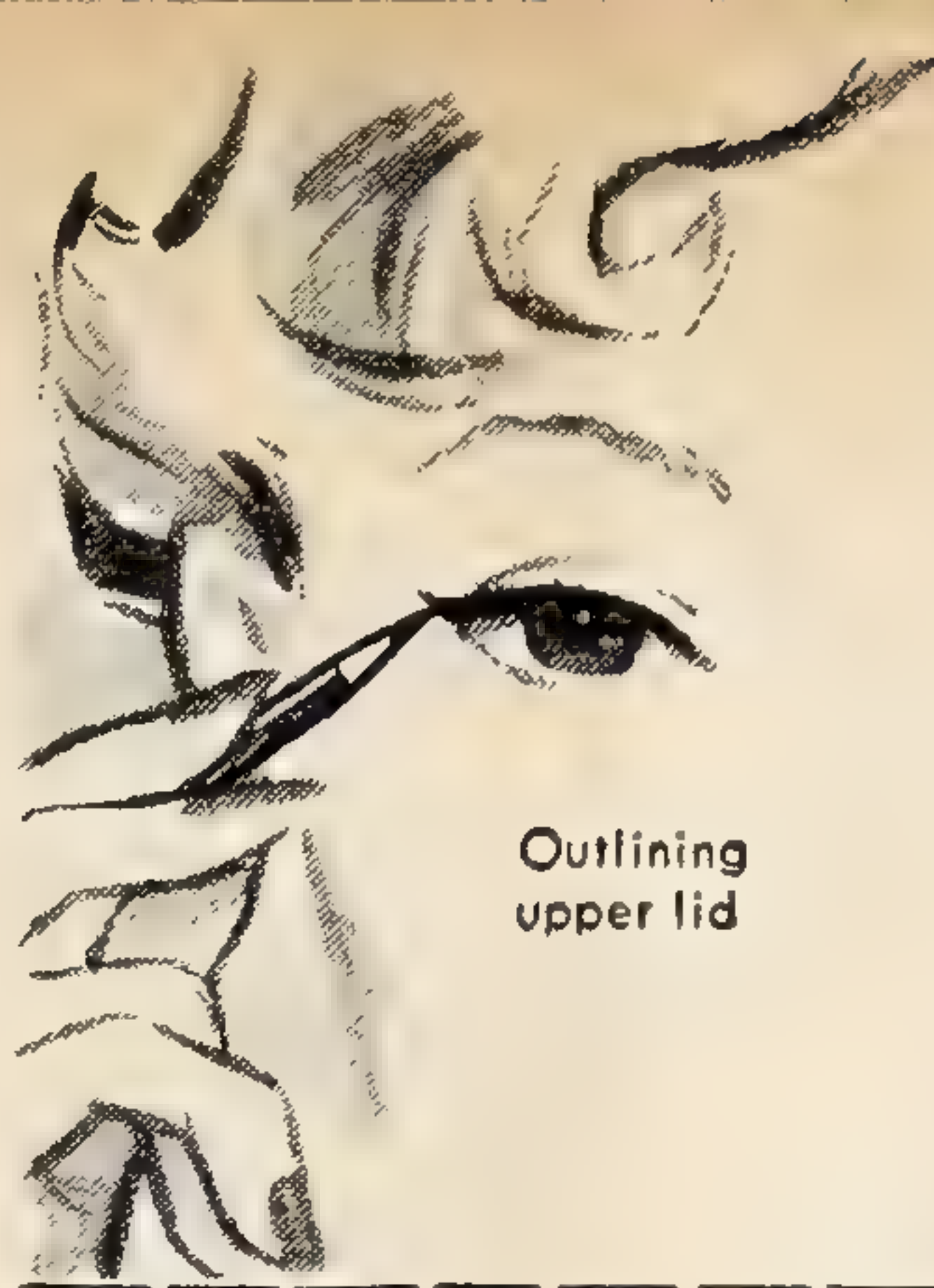
The man's name was Robert Waterfield. She'd worshipped him from afar for what had seemed like a century. A school football hero and "older man," he didn't know she was alive. Then one day he turned around and she happened to be there—alive and grown up and slightly breathtaking. When he looked at her this time, he finally saw her and had to admit that she wasn't such a repulsive child after all. That was the beginning of their courtship.

They dated for five years and it was during this time that she became a movie star. And when "The Outlaw" played briefly in San Francisco, Jane was on hand to do eight or nine daily stage shows. When the picture was banned, she promptly refused to continue personal appearances and went on suspension. Robert was visiting her at the time the commotion began and, in the midst of the confusion and conferences, he made a very sane suggestion. "Come on home and let's get married," he said. And Jane, knowing of his impending induction into the Army, made her decision.

Two weeks after their wedding, Robert left for Officers Candidate School at Fort Benning, Georgia. A week later, Jane followed. There were no special movie-star privileges. She traveled as best she could by train—in a two-passenger coach seat shared by three. Air-conditioning was a prewar memory and any thought of sleep was usually interrupted by the cries of unhappy babies. When they weren't consoling one another, Jane and the other wives took turns consoling the babies. Because troop trains received priority, the trip took five days.

When Jane arrived in Columbus, her black taffeta dress was as crushed as her spirits and her high heels felt like stilts. With the exception of the boy who volunteered to carry her suitcase into the Travelers Aid office, she knew no one.

Her first step was to look for a place to live. Everyone with a spare room in Columbus had pitched in to help in overcoming the housing shortage. Even attics were being cleared and rented, but space was still scarce. After several hours of searching, Jane returned to the Travelers Aid. "I'm sorry, but this is where I'll have to sleep," she told the lady in charge. "Just



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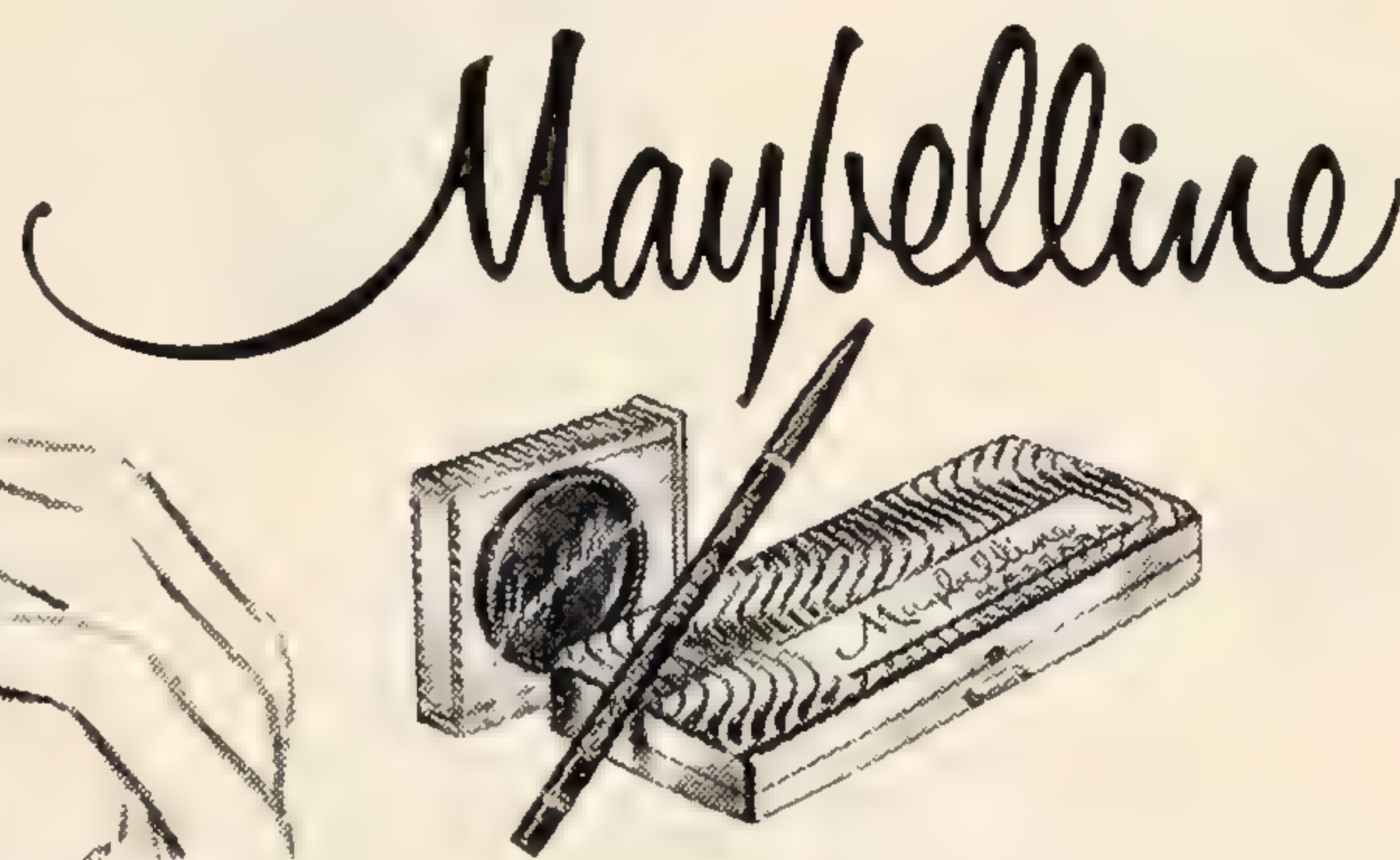
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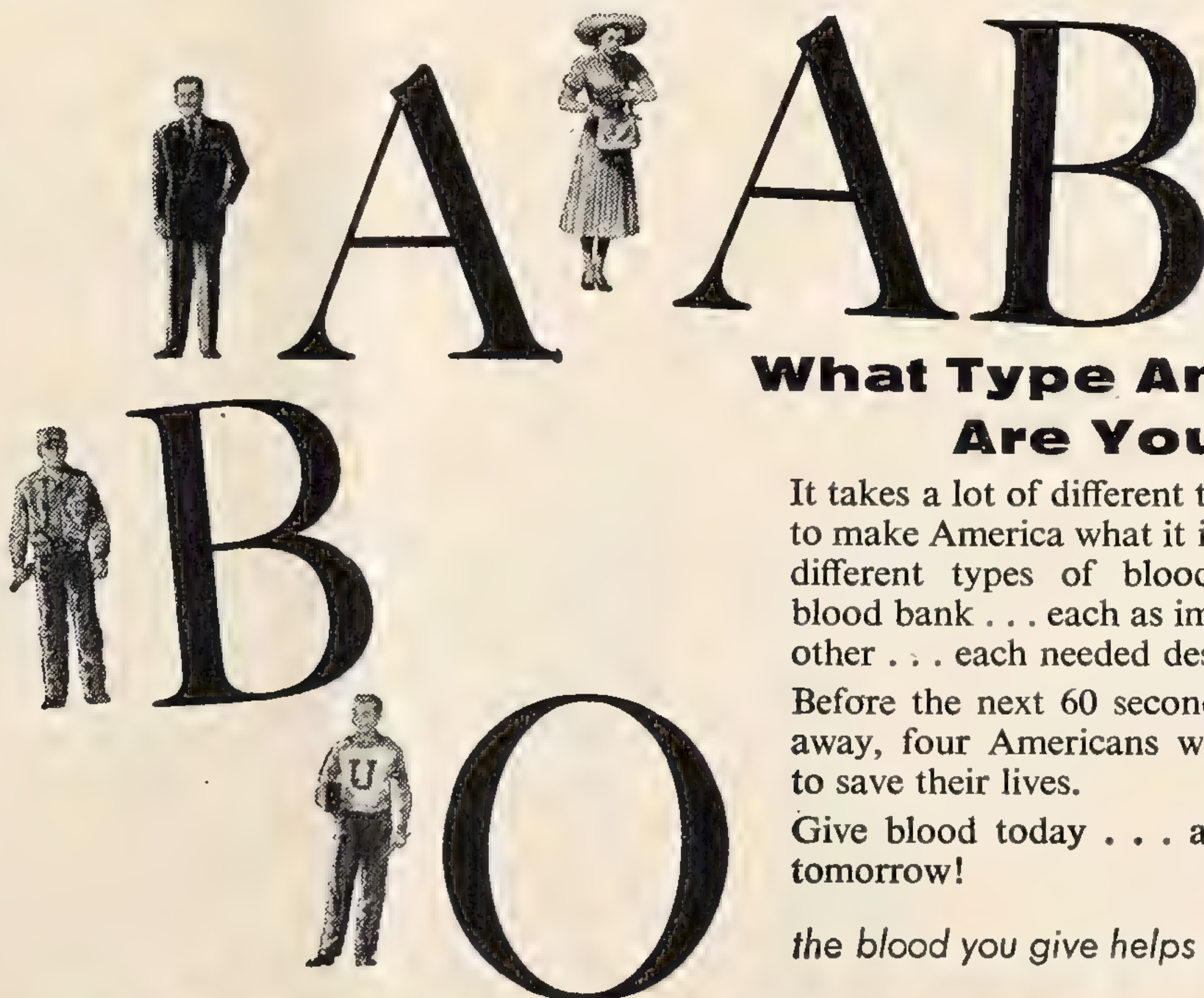
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close the door when you leave for the day." After a while a temporary haven was located—a barracks at Fort Benning had been provided for wives and mothers of servicemen. It featured cardboard walls, more unhappy babies and almost unbearable summer heat. "It's not a mansion, but it's home," one girl grinned at her when she walked in. "And you've heard of the three-day time limit?"

It helped to be able to laugh, but sometimes it was hard. Robert found his bride in the barracks. As an officer candidate, he was given a half hour of free time each evening and, hitchhiking over, he had a chance to say hello before it was time to hitchhike back to his own quarters. "When he showed up, we just stood there looking at each other," Jane remembers. "Perspiration was running down our faces—and tears through the perspiration. That was our honeymoon."

Along with the other wives, Jane made daily treks to Columbus and eventually found a room. She and Robert shared kitchen and bath privileges with four other couples, and she put in a special request for the use of the kitchen on Saturday nights when Robert could leave Benning and come home for a late dinner. "You're mighty optimistic," the girl across the hall told her. "After all the drilling and studying those boys do, when my husband gets time off he's too tired to eat!" And Jane soon discovered that their neighbor was no exception.

Jane had come from a large family and was accustomed to crowds, but it was hard to imagine Robert—an only child and used to privacy—enjoying life with a houseful of strangers. However, the problem was temporarily solved by a newspaper article and a lovely lady named Dorothy Coney. The local paper ran a picture of Jane, mentioning that she was among the many Army wives searching for a home. Mrs. Coney called her. "I have an apartment to rent," she told her. "And I'd like to have someone who will take good care of it."

"Please don't call anyone else," said Jane, telephone in one hand, suitcase in the other. "I'll be right over."

To the Waterfields, their new home seemed like a palace—two bedrooms! "It was nothing elaborate," says Mrs. Coney. "Just comfortable and homey. Jane left it pretty much the way it was, except for one bedroom, where I had an old-fashioned antique bed. She wanted something fussy, so she fixed up the bed and made draperies—though I'm not sure what Bob thought of the frills!"

Still, it was something—an extra touch which every wife likes to add when she tries to make a borrowed home her own. And it was their first real home. But privacy was a luxury that Jane and Bob couldn't afford. Space was one thing. Money was another. So they went back to their Grand Central Station style of living. They rented the back bedroom to a bombardier—a jovial but mysterious fellow who stayed for a while and then one day paid an entire month's rent in advance and disappeared. They never saw him again. The bombardier was followed by a couple—Jeanne and Andy Dudish. And Jane's cousin, Pat, arrived and was bedded down on the living-room couch.

With financial problems ever-present, Jane and Pat found it necessary to go to work. Pat found a job selling war bonds in a wooden tank in the middle of one of the main streets. Jane found work doing make-ups in a local beauty parlor. She stayed with it a week, then reached the conclusion that even if she were swamped with business, she would be making approximately five dollars a week less than her cousin. A few days later,

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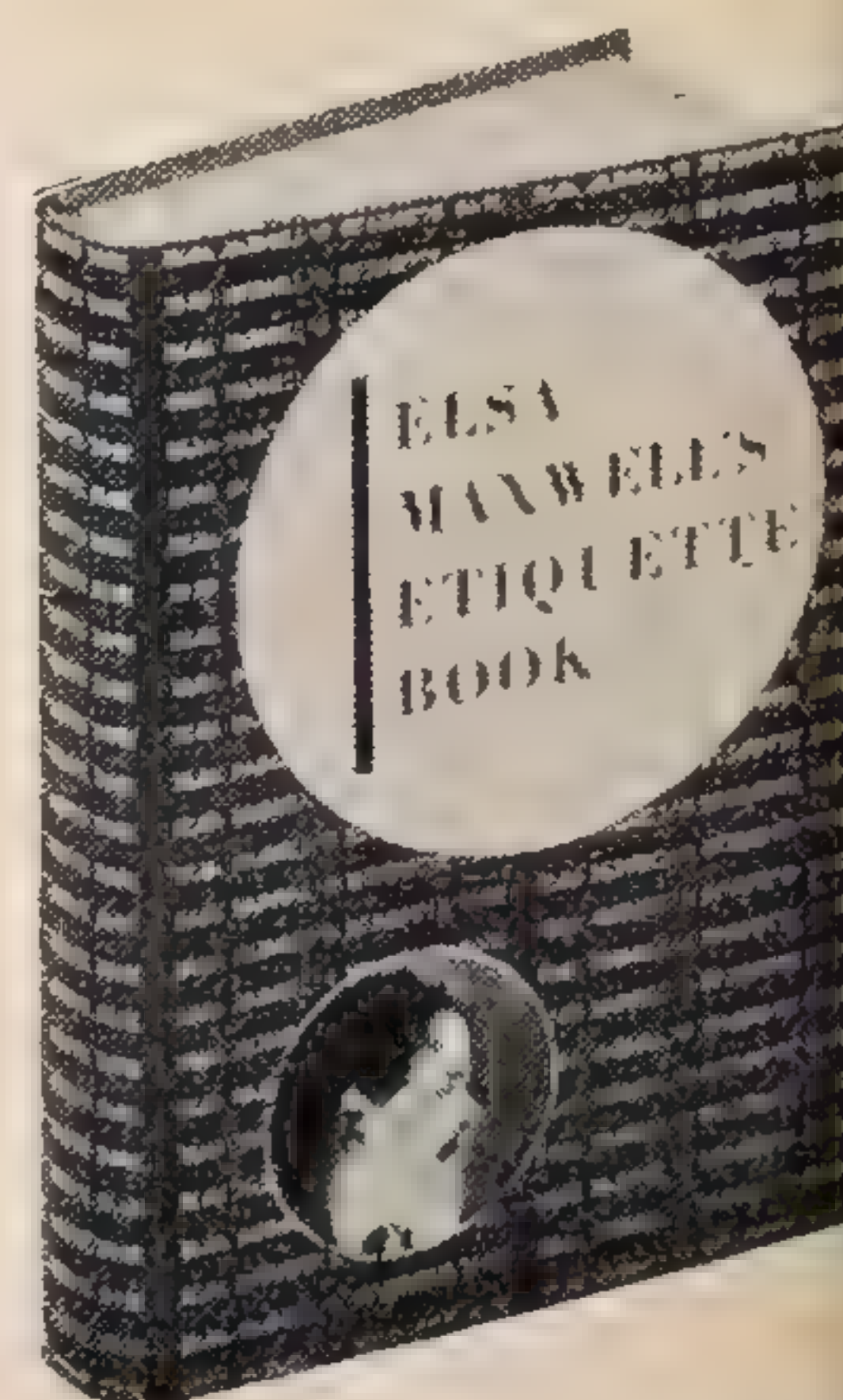
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she joined Pat in the bond tank which was sponsored by local radio stations. Because of the wage freeze, each week they brought home salaries of only eighteen dollars apiece. Bob drew twenty-one dollars per month. The grand total was their entire income.

All the time, Jane lived for the end of the workday. Then she'd walk through town and catch an Army bus to Fort Benning and spend a half hour with Robert. They'd sit under a tree by the side of the road and try, as best they could, to plan their future. They built their house a hundred times and always the foundation was a "some day."

"It was crazy," says Jane today. "It was wonderful."

When the half hour ended, she'd catch a bus back to Columbus, walk through town again to her own bus stop and head home for dinner. The schedule was interrupted by a crisis which came to the bond tank. Neither Jane nor Pat knew how to keep books—one of the duties for which they had been hired. And the books refused to balance. Then, too, friendly ushers at a near-by theatre had invited the girls to come in any time and see a free movie. They took turns slipping away and invariably one of them would be missing when bond-tank executives came by. It happened once too often, and one day they found themselves unemployed. However, the girls did recover from a sense of mathematical inadequacy when they learned that the employees who followed them into the bond tank were also unable to balance the books.

About this time, Robert received his commission and a two-week furlough, which the Waterfields spent in California. Jane wrote to Howard Hughes telling him that since she had signed a contract she thought she should fulfill her part of the bargain. But she did want to be with Robert as much as possible. "Howard did a wonderful thing," she says. "He put me back on salary, gave me a bonus and sent me back to Columbus."

And there was time for making friends—and the friends Jane made in Columbus have remained her friends. Not long ago when Jane went east on a personal-appearance tour, she called Doris and Charlie Taylor to invite them to be her guests while she was in Birmingham, Alabama. The Taylors, who still live in Columbus, bundled daughter Tracey into their car and headed for Birmingham, where they had a large-type reunion.

"But it's a wonder we ever actually became friends," Charlie grins, recalling his first meeting with Jane.

When Robert received his commission, Jane became entitled to officers' wives' privileges at Fort Benning. One day she decided to take up horseback riding. She was accustomed to a Western saddle, but they gave her a horse with an English saddle. And she'd never met a more obstinate horse.

It was customary to take a few turns around the paddock before obtaining approval to ride outside. The general idea was to ride around the ring, but Jane's

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horse kept taking a short cut through the middle. Lt. Taylor, the officer in charge of the stable, stood watching her. She got mad. She gave the animal a piece of her mind—and her heels. Seeing this, Lt. Taylor began to burn. "That's no way to handle a horse, young lady," he shouted. "All right then, you take him around," Jane shouted back.

He tried. He, too, found himself taking the short cut. Then he dismounted and shouted, "Get this horse off the property!"

He turned to Jane. "I'm very sorry," he said. After which he added, "But the fact remains—you still don't know how to ride."

"So teach me," said Jane. So he taught her.

"Right away, she wanted to know when she'd be ready to go along on one of our hunts," Charlie Taylor recalls. "I told her she'd need five or six more lessons. As I might have expected, she appeared at the stable the next day at dawn.

"To some fox hunters, getting the fox is entirely secondary. The chase is what counts. And it's a formal sport, with everyone dressed to kill, so to speak, but Jane showed up wearing khaki pants and an old sweater. Then we had to find some boots to fit her. Before we left, I asked if she was sure she wanted to go. 'Sure,' she said.

"We covered about twenty-five miles that morning. On the way back, Jane had nothing to say. Just gritted her teeth and hung on to the horse. But after that, she rarely ever missed a hunt."

Jane went with Charlie to get his marriage license and was on hand to meet Doris, his bride-to-be, when she arrived for the wedding. Along with another couple, Tracy and Charlie Walsh, she stood up with the Taylors when they were married. Today both the Taylors and the Waterfields have daughters named after Tracy Walsh.

It was during their year in Columbus that Jane and Bob began to set the pattern for their married life and created the formula for their successful marriage. "Robert was going his way, I was going mine," says Jane. "And we'd meet at home—the way we do now."

"They're as different as their interests," says Charlie Taylor. "Bob's reserved. He doesn't warm up to anyone unless he's known them a hundred years. If he has nothing to say, he doesn't say anything—a quality which very few of us have.

"One thing's certain. Jane may be the star at the studio, but when Bob gets home, he's the star."

Jane seemed to be summing up her feelings on an autographed picture which now rests in the Taylors' scrapbook. It's one of the famed haystack photos and across the top is written: *So what? Jane Waterfield.*

"It's like a Cinderella story," says Mrs. Coney, who has followed Jane's and Bob's careers since their departure. "Thinking of the way they lived here, they can appreciate success more than someone who had an easy time, and I doubt if it's changed them. Jane had ambitions. But above all, she wanted to be happy with Bob."

Today, the Waterfields live in a luxurious home on a Hollywood hilltop. They have two lively children, and even Dun and Bradstreet could not sneeze at their bank account. Jane seldom talks of her marriage, but there is no doubt in anyone's mind that it comes first in her life. It always will.

She'll never forget that day in Columbus when their future was to be decided. Robert had gone to the post to get the results of a physical examination. They were to learn whether he would receive a

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medical discharge or whether they would be going on to another post. While she was waiting, Jane put her thoughts on paper. "It's very strange," she wrote. "A milestone. What will it be? Robert will drive in soon with the answer and I'll know by his face—before he even speaks a word. Home? Free? Or what? Macon, Georgia; the desert; North, South, East or West . . . crowded dirty streets, couples holding close when all around is strangeness. Working for semblances of home and finding unconscious happiness in their effort. But they live in the past and the future; the present is unreal.

"Will we be allowed to go home? Is it possible that we might settle and go ahead with our lives, or will it be postponed like all the others? And if we go home, will we stay close and fulfill our dreams and plans or be spoiled like fruit open to the air, fall apart and lose the clinging oneness we've found. . . .

"In a few minutes, I'll know. I am not anxious. It's very strange. . . ."

She looked up as she heard the car. Robert came straight into the house and walked toward her. He didn't stop until his face was only a few inches away from hers. Finally, he made another of his very sane suggestions. "Let's go home," he said.

THE END

Liz Takes French Leave

(Continued from page 45)

"We seldom see money, Mike and I," Liz said.

"Where does the shy stuff hide?"

"Oh, business manager, agent, taxes, payments on the house," Liz said. "I am hungry."

Her hunger was not due to poverty. She had breakfasted in London on fruit juice, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, but that was hours before—three hours at least.

She was saved from collapse by the magic appearance of the stewardess with tea and sandwiches. The stewardess was rewarded with an angelic smile. Angel Liz is heaven's child; her wishes bring quick response. She has had but two subjects for sorrow: Nibbles and Nicky.

Nibbles, her chipmunk, passed away in his fifth year from overindulgence in chocolate marshmallow sundaes. He died happy, Liz observed philosophically. Liz herself inclines toward the Epicurean school of chocolate-marshmallow philosophy. After Nibbles' demise, she found consolation in his biography which she composed and lovingly illustrated. It was a bestseller in chipmunk circles.

Nicky, no chipmunk but no less charming, was her first husband, Conrad Nicholas Hilton. Their romance was a cyclone that whooshed them into marriage and, as suddenly, set them down, baffled, facing opposite directions. Benevolent hens of Hollywood who diagnose cardiac troubles declared they were too young to marry. Mere chicks, nineteen.

Liz, in whose deep sea-blue eyes lie fathoms of wisdom, does not subscribe to the illusion of age.

"I was in love with Nick when we married and I'm sure he was in love with me," she told me with the candor of one whose life is an open book. "It didn't work out, but I wouldn't say it was his fault more than mine. Maybe we didn't love one another as much as we thought and took too much for granted."

After her divorce from Nicky, she married Michael Wilding, twenty years older, and the roost clucked fearfully over the difference in age. Again Liz brushed away



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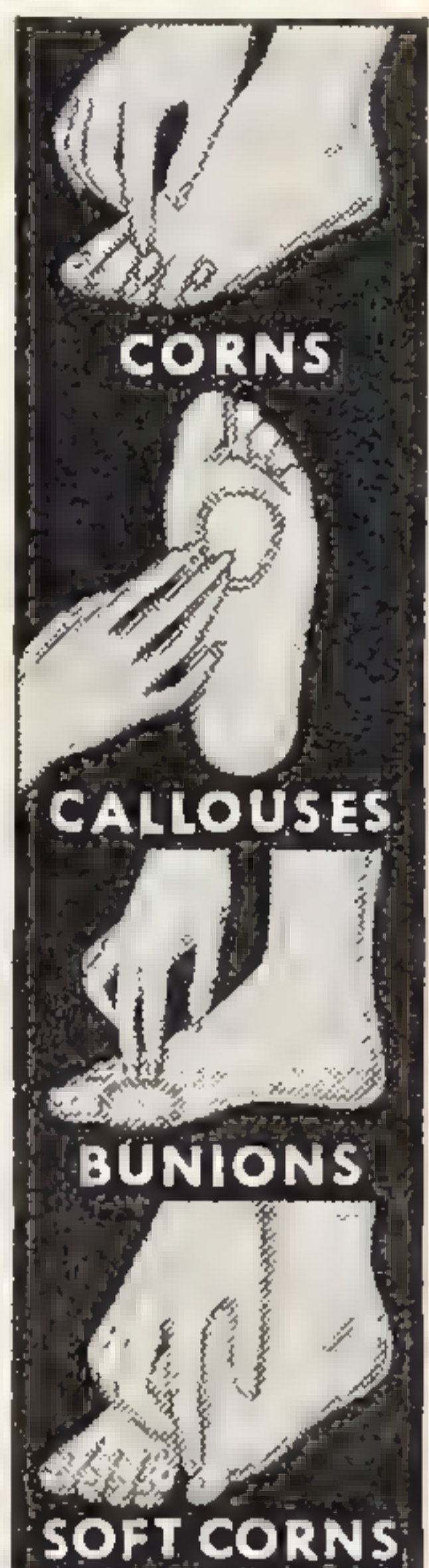
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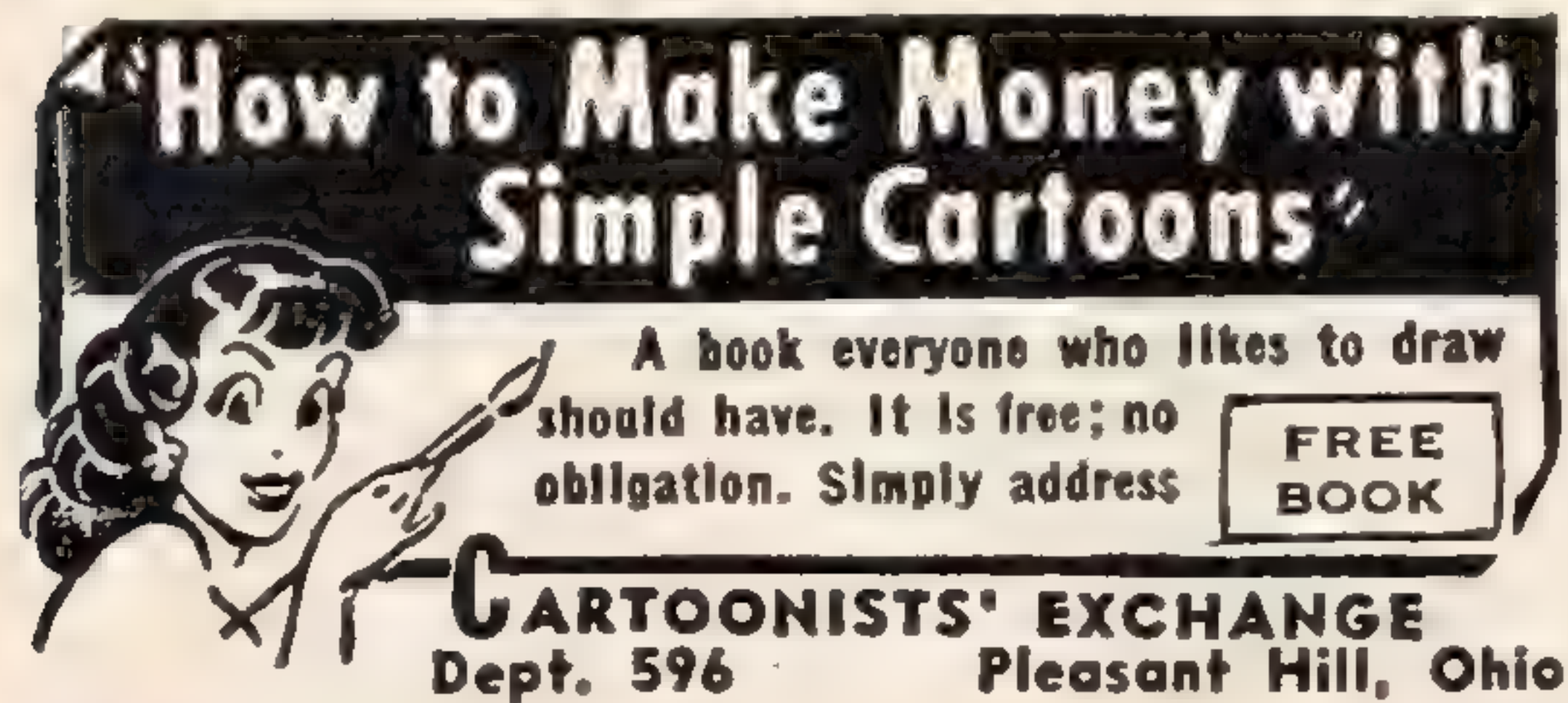
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without a worry that cobwebbed fetish. "If you fall in love, you fall in love; nothing else matters," she said. "You certainly don't start making comparisons."

Mike for his part says, "I am mentally retarded, fortunately," and adds, "Liz is 'way in advance."

"Every American woman should know an Englishman," Liz stated.

"Mike is always relaxed," she added. "He is as lazy as I am."

"Some American men are lazy, too," I said patriotically.

Mike says Liz will always have her beauty because of her gift for relaxation. "She is incapable of worry," he explains. "I have never known anyone like her."

Before Liz flew to London for their marriage in 1952, Mike cabled her to be sure to bring her birth certificate, divorce papers and other documents required for a marriage license. He met her at the airport and asked at once if she had the papers.

"No," said Liz, blandly.

"She showed no concern, no clasping of the brow or, 'My Heavens! I forgot them,'" Mike says. "She just smiled and took my arm. We had to do a lot of telegraphing and oathing to satisfy the registry bureau."

"Liz is never on time," says Mike. "Only exception was our wedding, and that was because Anna Neagle, her attendant, needed her."

The only time Mike was known to show perturbation was for the wedding. He is casual and carefree, looking with humor on all things. Formality is beyond him. He does not own a matched suit of clothes. Tweed jackets and flannels are his natural attire.

Mike does Liz romantic injustice in declaring she is never on time. Liz never missed a single weekend plane to Paris. But this may be due to the labor of Paul Mills, personal relations man for M-G-M, who officiates over Liz's punctuality as Anna Neagle did.

At the Paris airport of Le Bourget, Mike, debonair and youthful in his usual tweeds, embraced Liz off the plane.

"Hungry?" he asked, showing deep understanding of his little wife.

"Famished," said Liz, who had had nothing to eat for twenty minutes.

They paused only for an apéritif before speeding to the Mediterranean Place de l'Odeon, their favorite lunching spot. On Liz's first visit there, she was served grilled baby lobster. There were two encores. Now triplet lobsters greet her arrival.

"I have been dreaming of this all week," Liz said with a honeymoon smile for Mike.

More is required than the tiny tendrils of baby lobsters to knot two hearts in happy wedlock. Fortunately the Wildings share interest in many things: bacon and eggs, for example, Mickey Spillane, animals, singing and painting, strolling and loafing. Transcending all, of course, is Michael Wilding II, age one.

Mike Esq. was holding the fort in London with nurse Yvonne Lang while mummy and daddy frisked in Paris. He is the image of his dad, who exclaims fervently, "He looks like Liz, thank God." Handsome, magnetic and affable of nature like his parents, he also has interest in many things. "Chiefly his three hearty meals," says his mummy with sympathy.

In Paris, mummy and daddy, after lunch and long loafing over coffee, went window-shopping along the Rue de Seine. Art galleries and butcher shops stand shoulder to shoulder fraternally along this street. The chefs d'oeuvres of the boucheries did not tempt the Wildings so soon after lunch but they were attracted to the paintings of the thirteen-year-old artist Evelyne Firmin. They purchased four.

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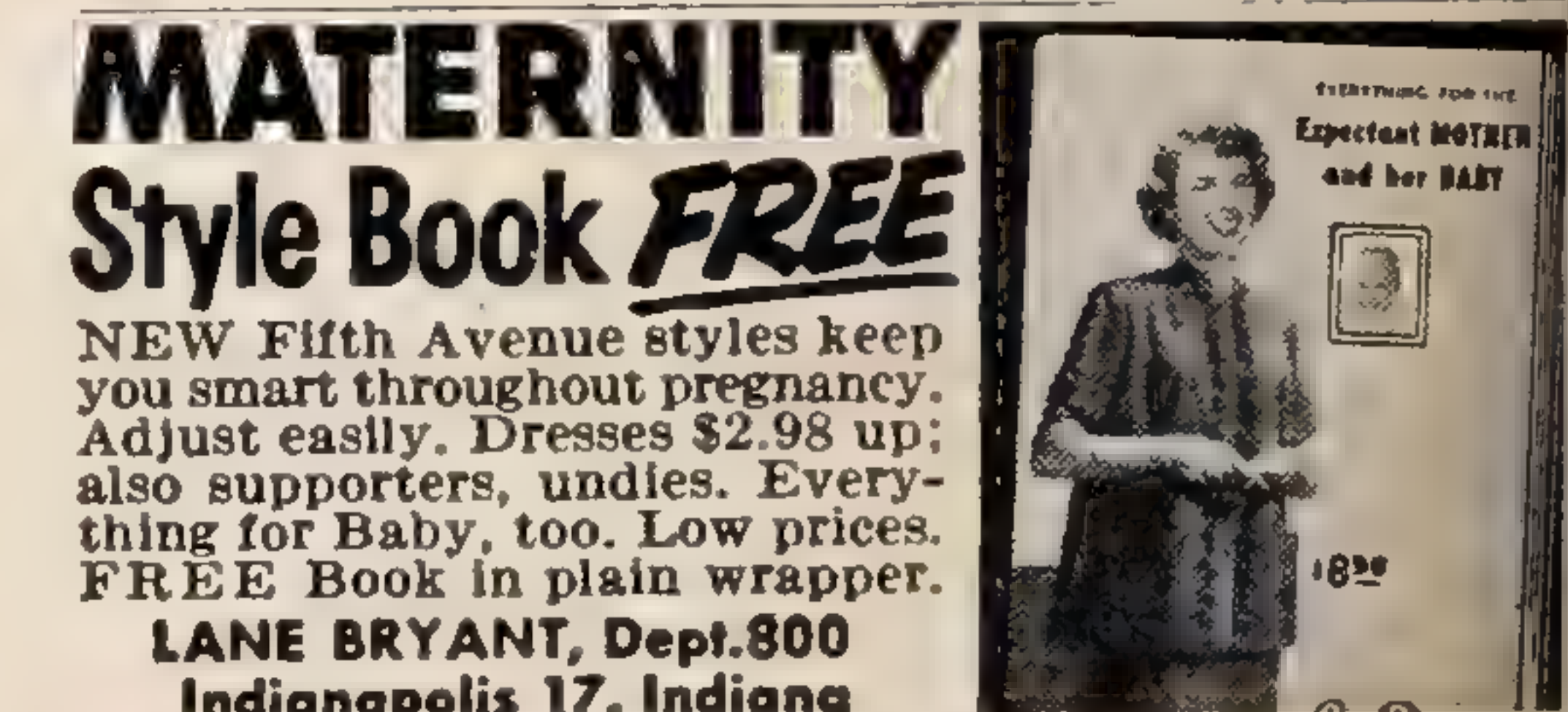
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Both Mike and Liz were ardent painters in their teens. This year in London a wealthy widow left Mike a bequest of thirty guineas in her will because she had seen him at age nineteen working as a pavement artist to earn money to rescue a dog from the pound. Along the Thames embankment he had placed on sale his entire collection of paintings from art school. When sales lagged, he offered to do portraits of passers-by on the sidewalk for threepence each, money back if not satisfied. The widow, Mrs. Mary Salvage, a lover of animals, cherished that memory for twenty-three years.

Liz's love of animals is likewise legendary. "Our home is an animal shelter," muses Mike.

The shelter comprises a main house of four large rooms—a super-size kitchen—and a guest house of three rooms. It is situated on a hill above the mists of Beverly. The ample grounds and swimming pool afford relaxation for both human and animal families.

The animal residents, who entertain stray guests on a lavish scale, include as of latest census: Honey, a golden retriever; Fricka, the wire-haired; Gigi, the poodle; Gigi's daughter Mugwumps; two Siamese cats, two Maltese cats and King the horse.

King is the star boarder. He was discovered by Liz for the role of The Pi in "National Velvet" and he reciprocated by carrying her to stardom. When M-G-M gave the King to Liz at the end of the picture she declared in a transport of joy that it was the happiest moment of her life. For twenty years King has loafed in luxury, love and kisses.

While Liz and Mike were visiting the animals of Paris, the zoo cannily offered for sale a surplus elephant for \$4,850. Liz was tempted. It was without doubt the biggest bargain in Paris. Mike tactfully suggested tea and led Liz to a taxi. The elephant collapsed in tears.

That evening, Liz and Mike went to the Lido on the Avenue des Champs Elysees, a night club with a review they consider the best in Paris and to Ciro's where the gypsy violinists always serenade Liz with her favorite airs.

They finished the night at Mike's favorite Russian boite. The musicians greeted them with Mike's theme song and demanded he sing. He sang the song in Russian. At age two and a half, Mike spoke Russian better than English. He attended kindergarten in Russia, where his father, a retired English army officer, had business before the Bolshevik revolution. All he remembers of the language now is the words of one song. He speaks French and German and says he aims to speak good international English like Ronald Colman and Larry Olivier.

At the Russian night club, patrons burst into song as the spirits move them. Mike urged Liz to sing. She loves to sing, especially with baritone Mike, who complains that she holds back her voice in public.

"Liz is a bathroom soprano," Mike says. "She is at her best in the shower. If she doesn't sing there, I yell, 'Sing, Liz, sing,' and the rafters ring. She has a huge voice, vibrato—like Kathryn Grayson's."

After the song fest in the Russian club, Liz and Mike were inspired to trudge up the butte of Montmartre and greet the dawn from the terrace of Sacré Coeur, the highest point in Paris.

The sun breathed a flush on the city below. Birds struck up the morning serenade. Along the terrace balustrade, at intervals, couples merged in single silhouettes. In Paris, lovers are conspicuous if they fail to merge. Liz and Mike do not choose to be conspicuous. THE END

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 18.



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

Some 3-D films are also being shown in 2-D versions. Check your theatre to see which is being used.

✓✓ ACT OF LOVE—U.A.: Kirk Douglas and newcomer Dany Robin interpret the ill-starred love affair of a GI and a French waif. Filmed in France; interesting backgrounds. (A) April

✓✓ ALASKA SEAS—Paramount: Staunch Brian Keith and shifty Bob Ryan battle over Jan Sterling and northern fishing grounds. (F) May

✓✓ BAIT—Columbia: Efficiently written little melodrama. Gold prospector Hugo Haas plots to get rid of his partner, John Agar. (A) April

✓✓✓ BEACHHEAD—U.A., Technicolor: Gripping action story of World War II. Tony Curtis, Frank Lovejoy and Mary Murphy elude Japs and get vital information on a Pacific isle. (F) May

✓✓✓ BEAT THE DEVIL—U.A.: Wonderfully wacky characters in a melodramatic satire, shot in Italy. Bogart tangles with uranium-seekers, eccentrically neglects Gina Lollobrigida to dally with Jennifer Jones. (F) May

✓✓✓ BOY FROM OKLAHOMA, THE—Warners, WarnerColor: Will Rogers, Jr., and Nancy Olson score in a delightful yarn of a peace-loving sheriff in a rootin', tootin' town. (F) March

✓✓✓ COMMAND, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Guy Madison, aided by Joan Weldon, saves a wagon train from Indians in a vigorous, thoroughly entertaining Western. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ CONQUEST OF EVEREST, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Scalp-prickling, magnificently photographed record of a true adventure, the British expedition up earth's highest peak. (F) March

✓✓ CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON—U-I, 3-D: Exciting if unscientific science-fiction. Richard Carlson and Julia Adams find a prehistoric fish-man in Amazon jungles. (F) May

✓✓✓ CRIME WAVE—Warners: Expert, crisp thriller. Detective Sterling Hayden checks on parolee Gene Nelson and wife Phyllis Kirk, snared in a robbery plot. (F) September

✓✓✓ DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD—Columbia: Mickey Rooney's fine as a first-rate but undersized driver-mechanic lured into crime by Dianne Foster. Taut, well-scripted action. (F) May

✓✓✓ EDDIE CANTOR STORY, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Keefe Brasselle strikingly impersonates Eddie in an affectionate film biography, from slums to uneasy fame. (F) March

✓✓✓ ELEPHANT WALK—Paramount, Technicolor: In a flamboyant drama, Liz Taylor's the bewildered bride of Ceylon tea-planter Peter Finch. With exotic locales and Dana Andrews. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ EXECUTIVE SUITE—M-G-M: A star-bright cast topped by Fredric March and William

Holden shows the intense struggle for power that follows a business tycoon's death. (A) May

✓✓✓ GENEVIEVE—Rank, U-I; Technicolor: Nice British comedy about antique-car fans. With Dinah Sheridan and dashes of sex. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ GLENN MILLER STORY, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Rich in rhythm and genuine feeling. Jimmy Stewart, June Allyson team engagingly as the late bandleader and his wife. (F) March

✓✓✓ HELL AND HIGH WATER—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Gaudy action yarn. Widmark captains a sub checking on Red A-bomb activity, romances with scientist Bella Darvi. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ HOLLY AND THE IVY, THE—London Films: Splendidly acted though talkative British movie. Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Celia Johnson tell the intimate story of a country minister and his unhappy family. (A) May

✓✓✓ INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (A) May

✓✓✓✓ IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU—Columbia: Clever, likable comedy starring Judy Holliday as a fame-hungry girl in New York, wooed by Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ LIVING DESERT, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Beautiful, amusing, exciting documentary of wild life in the Southwest. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ LONG, LONG TRAILER, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz make a rousing return to movies in the hilarious misadventures of a honeymoon by trailer. (F) April

✓✓✓ MAN BETWEEN, THE—U.A.: Unusual suspense story shot in Berlin. Claire Bloom and James Mason flee Red police. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ MARTIN LUTHER—de Rochemont: Niall McGinnis portrays the founder of Protestantism in a splendid religious film. (F) November

✓✓✓ MONEY FROM HOME—Wallis, Paramount; 3-D, Technicolor: Gambler Martin and animal-lover Lewis set out to fix a steeplechase race in a giddy, giggle-loaded farce. (F) February

✓✓✓ NEW FACES—20th; CinemaScope, color: Bright, sophisticated stage revue filmed with the original cast, including Eartha Kitt. (F) May

✓✓ PHANTOM OF THE RUE MORGUE—Warners; 3-D, Technicolor: Chiller about atrocious murders in Paris of 1900. Psychologists Steve Forrest and Pat Medina are threatened. (F) May

✓✓✓✓ PICKWICK PAPERS, THE—Mayer-Kingsley: Mellow, adeptly stylized British version of Dickens' beloved novel. James Hayter and Nigel Patrick head a fine cast. (F) April

✓✓✓ RED GARTERS—Paramount, Technicolor: Westerns take a ribbing in an imaginative musical. Rosemary Clooney runs the dance hall; Guy Mitchell trails a killer; Pat Crowley and Joanne Gilbert are decorative. (F) April

✓✓✓ RHAPSODY—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance given weight by fine music and real European locales. Liz Taylor's a possessive rich girl who loves violinist Vittorio Gassman. (A) May

✓✓✓ RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO—U-I, Technicolor: Fast, humorous Audie Murphy horse opera, with luscious Susan Cabot. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ ROB ROY—Disney, RKO; Technicolor: Robust, full-flavored action, shot in the Highlands. Richard Todd plays Scotland's Robin Hood; Glynis Johns, his bride. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ SAADIA—M-G-M, Technicolor: Rich, strange romance of modern Morocco, filmed there. Doctor Mel Ferrer, Arabs Rita Gam and Cornel Wilde combat disease and violence. (F) March

✓✓✓ SASKATCHEWAN—U-I, Technicolor: Satisfying Northwestern. In the Canadian Rockies, mountie Alan Ladd defends Shelley Winters and other whites against warring Sioux. (F) May

✓✓ SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—RKO: Homespun comedy. Bob Mitchum is a country doc; Jean Simmons, a foolish philanthropist. (F) September

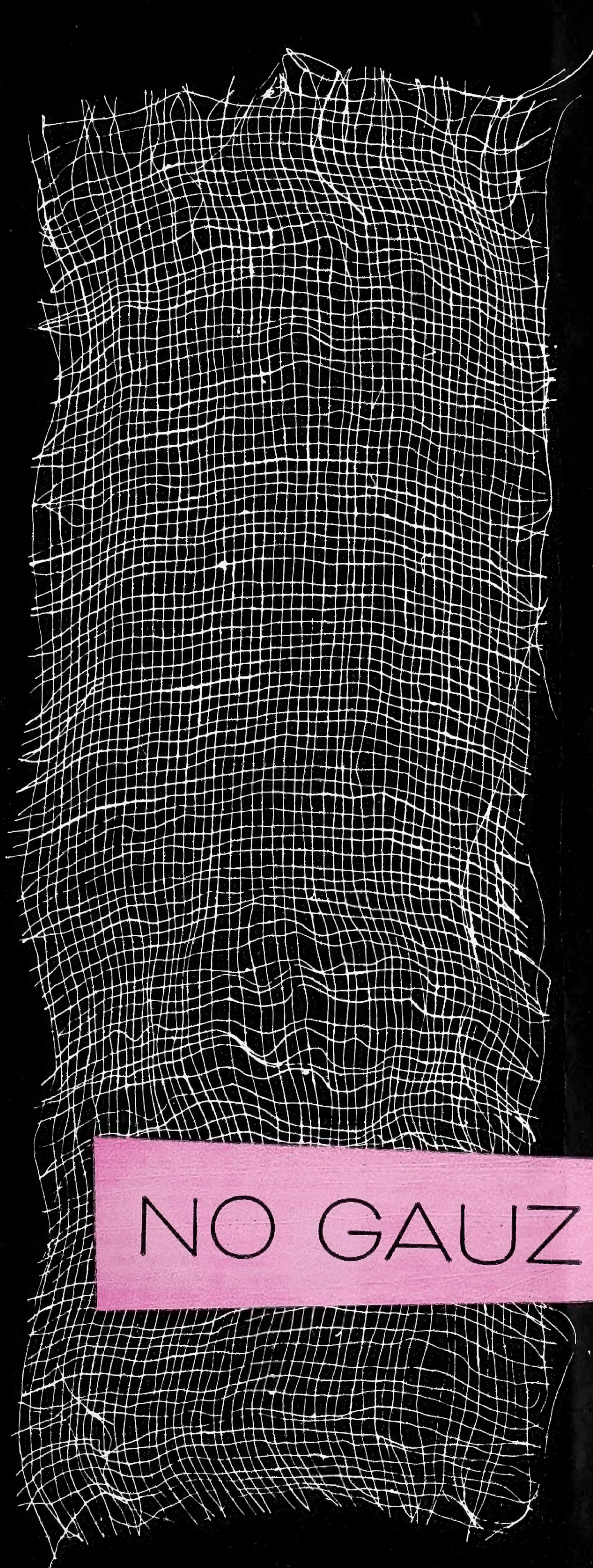
✓✓ TAZA, SON OF COCHISE—U-I: 3-D, Technicolor: Big chief Rock Hudson tries to keep the Apaches on the reservation and off the war path. Barbara Rush is a lovely squaw. (F) April

✓✓✓ TENNESSEE CHAMP—M-G-M, Ansco Color: Cheerful, off-beat tale of a religious hill-billy (Dewey Martin) groomed for the prize ring by unscrupulous manager Keenan Wynn. Shelley Winters scores as Wynn's wife. (F) May

✓✓ TOP BANANA—U.A., color: Literally photographed Broadway musical. Phil Silvers is hilarious as a conniving TV star. (F) May

✓✓ WILD ONE, THE—Columbia: Moody Marlon Brando and fellow motorcyclists disrupt a town in a mystifying, arty drama. (A) February

✓✓ YANKEE PASHA—U-I, Technicolor: Florid adventure story. Jeff Chandler's a frontiersman come to North Africa to rescue Rhonda Fleming, enslaved by Barbary pirates. (F) May



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